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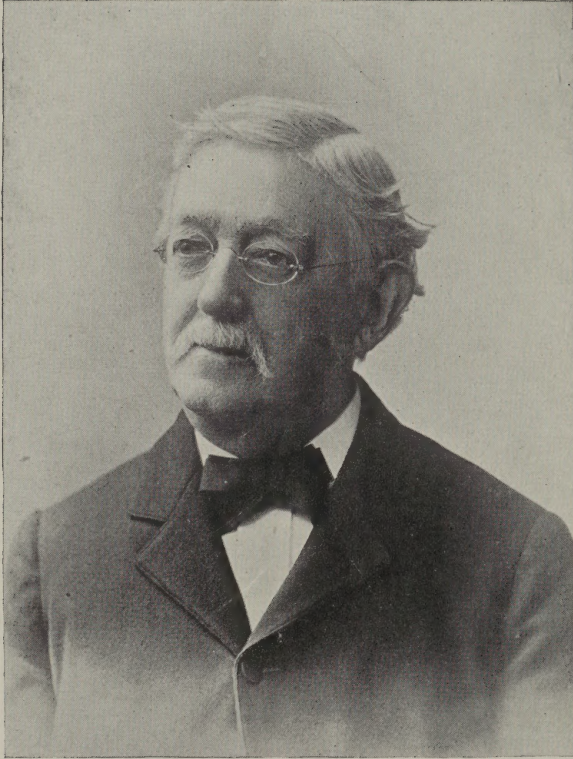
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Autumn.

When the voice of summer's evening
Plaintive grows—then still;
And the touch of gold and russet
Steals o'er wooded hills;
When the grey of evening's sunset
Robs reluctant day,
And the breath of cruel night-time
Blights the bloom of May:
Then it is you will remember
That 'tis reckless, chill November.

Ah! but 'tis a joyous time of
Rest and sweet content :
Golden bounty has been garnered—
Field and orchard sent
Wealth of fruit and grain and forage.
By the firelight dim,
In that hour the soul goes onward,
Now we turn to Him:
And with thankfulness remember
That 'tis He who brings November!

J. A. GARBER.

President William J. Rolfe.

William James Rolfe, son of John and Lydia Davis (Moulton) Rolfe, was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1827. His boyhood was mainly passed in Lowell, Mass., where he was fitted for college in the High School. He entered Amherst College in 1845, graduating in 1849. After teaching for some months in Kirkwood Academy, Maryland, he became principal of Day's Academy in Wrentham, Mass., where he remained until December, 1852; he then took the mastership of the Dorchester High School and held that position until the summer of 1857, when he was invited to take charge of the High School in Lawrence, Mass. After four years there, he removed to Salem; but the next year he was offered the mastership of the Cambridge High School. This he accepted, and has continued to reside in Cambridge, though he resigned his position in the school in 1868. Since that time he has devoted himself to editorial and literary work.

From 1869 to 1893 he was one of the editors of the *Popular Science News* (formerly the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*), and for nearly twenty years had charge of the department of "Shakespeariana" in the *Literary World* and *The Critic*, being one of the "staff contributors" of the latter. He has also written articles for the *North American Review*, *Arena*, *Poet-Lore*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other literary, scientific, and educational periodicals.

In 1865 he published a "Handbook of Latin Poetry" in conjunction with J. H. Hanson, A. M., of Waterville, Me. In 1867 he published an edition of Craik's "English of Shakespeare." Between 1867 and 1869, in connection with J. A. Gillett, he brought out the "Cambridge Course in Physics," in six volumes. In 1870 he edited Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and followed it up with editions of "Julius Cæsar," "The Tempest," and "Henry

VIII." Other plays were called for, both by teachers and the general reading public, and in 1883 the edition was completed in forty volumes. In 1906 Dr. Rolfe finished a thorough revision of this edition, also in forty volumes. It has long been reckoned one of the "standard" critical authorities on Shakespeare, being quoted as such by leading English and German editors.

He has also edited a volume of selections from Gray's poems, and others from Goldsmith's and Wordsworth's; also the minor poems of Milton, Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; the complete poems of Scott; Tennyson's "Princess," "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," and three volumes of selections from that poet; an *edition de luxe* of Tennyson's work in twelve volumes, and another (the "Cambridge" edition) in one volume; Byron's "Childe Harold"; two volumes of selections from Browning; and Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." He is also the author of "Shakespeare, the Boy" (with sketches of the home and school life, the games and the sports, the manners, customs, and the folklore of the time), the "Satchel Guide to Europe," and a book on the "Elementary Study of English." With his son, John C. Rolfe, Ph. D., Professor of Latin in the University of Pennsylvania, he has edited Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." He has since published a series of elementary English Classics in six volumes. He has also supervised the publication of the "New Century" *edition de luxe* of Shakespeare in twenty-four volumes, besides writing for it a "Life of Shakespeare," which is now published separately.

He received the honorary degree of A. M. at Harvard in 1859, and the same degree in 1865 at Amherst, where in 1887 he received the further honor of Doctor of Letters. From 1882 to 1888 he was president of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. He has also been an instructor in

the summer sessions of the State University of Illinois, Colorado College, and several other Summer Schools. In 1903 he was elected President of Emerson College of Oratory, a position which he still holds.

Dr. Rolfe was married, July 30, 1856, to Eliza Jane Carew (a graduate of his school), daughter of Joseph and Eleanor (Griffiths) Carew. She died March 19, 1900. Of this union are three children, John Carew, professor of Latin in the University of Pennsylvania, George William, instructor in the Institute of Technology, Boston, and Charles Joseph, who is a lawyer in Boston. Charles married Josephine Jefferson, a granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. They have one child, Josephine, who was a special pet of her great-grandfather.

Shakespeare as a Moral and Religious Teacher.

Extracts from a Lecture by Dr. Rolfe.

What was Shakespeare's religious belief? Books and essays have been written to prove that he was an infidel, a Roman Catholic, and a good English Churchman. They prove at least that he was no narrow or bigoted sectarian who could be easily labelled. He was no infidel, and his Christianity was too broad to be measured by the petty standards of the sects.

He was no saint and no preacher, but when he has occasion to deal with sacred things he shows a reverence and a depth of feeling which seem to be really his own. I cannot think of them as merely put into the mouths of his characters as in keeping therewith—they are subjective and sympathetic.

Whatever may have been his theological opinions, his moral convictions were always sound and healthy. "On human duty he speaks with no uncertain accent." In his

works there is no sophistical confusion of the distinctions between right and wrong. He is eminently a moral and religious teacher; and it is a significant fact that he has been so regarded and eulogized by the great majority of the holiest men from his own day down to our own.

Canon Ainger, in a sermon delivered at Stratford-on-Avon (on the accepted anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, 1896), after dwelling upon the fact that in the poet's "whole treatment of life and conduct we are never left in doubt as to what side he is on, the side of good or the side of evil," and upon our "great cause of thankfulness to Almighty God that the greatest name in our literature should be also our wisest and profoundest teacher," goes on to say, "How infinitely much we owe to the fact that this great poet and prophet should have been also a *dramatist*"; that he should have given us "a world of human possibilities, *living out their lives* and revealing their true selves, developed before us, like ourselves, through circumstance and discipline. It is thus that truth strikes home to us, and we recognize and welcome it and take it to our hearts. It is from the men of the Bible that we learn most surely the lessons of the Bible. . . . It is so in human history, it is so in the highest utterances of literature. . . . True, it needs a Shakespeare among dramatists to give to his creations *life*. That is the privilege and prerogative of God's great gift, which we cannot define or analyze, the gift of genius. . . . It is because Shakespeare had this miraculous gift that he is our *teacher*. We are the better and the wiser because he was faithful to the great truths which God commissioned him to teach."

Bishop Stubbs, in a sermon entitled "A Thanksgiving for Shakespeare" (Stratford, April 25, 1899), similarly dwells on the peculiar impressiveness of Shakespeare's moral and religious teaching because he was a dramatist.

He says that he was "not a preacher," but "perhaps something better and higher: he rises above mere morals, and preaches to us, prophesies to us of *life*." He adds, "The gospel of Christ, remember, is not a book of morals, but the story of a *life*,—a life in which we see the perfection of human character; . . . and is there any prophet of our modern dispensation who knew these things better or could prophesy of them more vividly through *life* than did Shakespeare?"

"There are some things in Shakespeare," the bishop continues, "I almost fancy he might have been burnt for had he been a theologian, just as, certainly, there are things about politics, about civil liberty, which, had he been a politician or a statesman, would have brought him to the block. But God made him a player, and neither of these things, and so he could teach a message to his age which it much needed. . . . He was no priest, it is true, he waved no censer. Yet who can tell, when we consider the thousands of souls who have learnt the lessons of Shakespeare, how much he had done to humanize, nay, to Christianize mankind?"

I have quoted Canon Ainger and Bishop Stubbs somewhat at length on account of their insistence on the special value of Shakespeare's ethical and religious teaching because it grows out of his dramatic presentation of *life*, and because this is what I myself have most profoundly felt and have constantly taught for more than fifty years.

Bishop Browne, of Bristol, (in a sermon at Stratford) remarks: "We all of us know the power of Shakespeare's characters in our own thoughts. We know the noble man, the lovable woman; we know the ignoble, the hateful. He does not describe them to us, he makes them speak. We hear them; we see them; we know them; we feel their influence. The dramatic form gives added force to the intrinsic power. To be something like this one, to bear no

resemblance to that, is an aim worthy of any man, of any woman. And the secret of his power to teach us and guide us thus is mainly this, that his creations are true to nature."

In closing his discourse he says: "It would be easy to use inflated language, on an occasion so remarkable as this commemoration, in his own home, in his own church, in presence of his ashes, of one who reigns supreme in the world of European language. But this we may say in quietness and confidence, speaking to those who know and love him so well, that, so long as the world shall love to think of all things pure and fair, so long will this day be kept here as we now keep it, with rejoicing for the treasure-house full of treasures which he has bequeathed to us, with thankfulness to Almighty God for this his so great gift."

Rev. Mr. Laffan, who was for eleven years head-master of the Stratford Grammar School, in a sermon on "Shakespeare the Prophet," remarks that he is "essentially a prophet of righteousness, the more convincing, the more irresistible, because with veracity so limpid and so transparent he gives you the truth as it has come to him from his own observation of human life and human character, and makes you able to see it for yourself."

Rev. Dr. Nicholson, of Leamington, in a sermon on "Shakespeare the Man and the Poet," after treating of "Art as one of the great moral educators of the world," adds: "For the drama we claim a like high moral teaching and the perfection of Art. Of the world-famed poet whose name stands first in our literature, I would say in the words of a modern critic, that 'both from an artistic and a moral point of view the highest honor that could be conferred upon a poet was the prerogative of Shakespeare.' As to Art, the great works of our poet are the highest development of the dramatic art. . . . In the union of the Ideal and the Real is the perfection of Art. . . . Closely

allied to this perfection of Art, and, indeed, directly springing out it, we have the moral teaching of the poet. I do not attempt to disguise the fact that, in the past at least, sometimes unfavorable views have been taken. For instance, Dr. Samuel Johnson goes so far as to say, 'He seems to write without any moral purpose.' It is amazing that such should be the judgment of a mind like that of Johnson. We allow that there are some things which may give color to such a judgment,"—evil personages who "speak and act in conformity with their character,"—but we have no right to "charge upon the poet, as proper to his own character, the sayings and sentiments of the evil agents in the drama." Shakespeare "never clothes vice in the garb of attraction. . . . With him vice is treated as the base badge of the lower nature."

A sermon by Bishop Charles Wordsworth, in April, 1864, at the tercentenary festival in commemoration of the birth of Shakespeare, is appended to the third (1880) edition of the bishop's well-known "Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible,"—the best of several books on the subject. In this sermon he says: "It is not merely as a *poet*, or even as a poet who wrote (in a high and genuine sense of the work) religiously, but as a *man*, a Christian man, that we, as a congregation of Christians, should be content to honor Shakespeare. . . . What truth has he not taught? What duty has he not enforced? What relation of life and of living things, rational or irrational, has he not illustrated? How has he looked *through* nature, and above all into the heart of man, with intuitive knowledge! . . . In him, as a *poet*, poetry has fulfilled *every* purpose for which in the mercy of God it was given to our race, as, next to Revelation, his most precious boon. . . . And as in the surface of a majestic stream the traveller sees a true reflection of the heavens which are above his head, so in the poetry of Shakespeare the reader may behold no uncertain image of

the Word of God, may behold shining in its depths the starlike truths of the Bible, may behold and may adore the Sun of Righteousness, overclouded from time to time with the mists of earth, but still shedding abroad his divine rays, and lightning up all with faith and hope, with love and joy."

These tributes to Shakespeare as a moral and religious teacher might be multiplied indefinitely, but I will add here only a few of the briefest. Dr. Adam Clarke said, not without humor, "The man who has not read Shakespeare should have public prayers put up for him." Dr. John Sharp, in Queen Annie's time said, "The Bible and Shakespeare have made me Archbishop of York." Dr. Milman, dean of St. Paul's, a poet himself, in his "Latin Christianity," classes Shakespeare among "the great Christian poets,—poets not merely writing on religious subjects, but instinct with the religious life of Christianity." Dr. Hugh McNeill, dean of Ripon, said, "Next to the Bible, I have derived more benefit from the study of Shakespeare than any other author, he so thoroughly knew the human heart." Keble, the saintly singer of "The Christian Year," said of him in one of his Oxford lectures, He favored virtue from his very soul, and led the way to sounder views even upon sacred things."

David Masson.

Great Scotch Scholar: Friend of Carlyle.

By E. Carlton Black, LL. D. (Glasgow.)

For more than half a century the name of David Masson has stood for solid contributions to literary criticism and sane historical research. Sixty-three years have passed since Carlyle hailed the author of "The Three Devils: Luther's, Milton's and Goethe's" as the honestest of literary craftsmen and a friend who was simple, sincere, open-minded, helpful. So long has Masson's work been completed, and

so identified it is with the sagacity, scholarship, dignity and breadth of the golden age of nineteenth century literature, that many readers must learn with surprise that he died only yesterday, passing quietly at the noontime to be forever with his immortal friends of a bygone generation. But until very recently he was in excellent health for a man who was born when only half of the *Waverley Novels* had been published and when Byron's "Vision of Judgment" was startling the length and the breadth of Tory England. Only a few weeks ago a visitor to Edinburgh might have seen him taking his afternoon walk on the Colinton road to the south of the city, one of the most interesting and venerable figures in this gray old world. He was a man of middle size, stoutly built, with a shock of grizzled Carlye-like hair and beard, his wonderful eyes ringed round with infinite wrinkles. In these last years he walked firmly but slowly, and frequently he would pause on the old road trodden so often by the boy Stevenson, and as, patriarch-like, he leant on the top of his staff, his eyes would sweep the landscape, which he loved so well and which, when he was young and walked there with De Quincey, he described so memorably: "Calton Hill near * * * * the Lion of Arthur's seat grimly keeping guard; the wooded Corstorphines lying soft on one side; the larger Pentlands looming behind at a greater distance; down from the main ridge, and across the separating chasm, with its green and rocky slopes, the beginnings of a new city split out of the old; and, over these beginnings, the flats of the Forth, the Forth's own flashing waters, and, still beyond them, sea and land in fading variety to the far horizon—the shores of Fife distinctly visible, and, under a passing burst of sunlight, the purple peaks of the Highland hills!"

Though some years have passed since Masson retired from active work as teacher of English literature in Edinburgh University, he remained until very recently in shining harness as historiographer royal for Scotland, editing the interminable series of Privy Council Registers with the thoroughness and the forceful grip of essential which characterize his magistral and monumental *Life of Milton*. Such were the solid, scholarly activities, even in his eighty-sixth year, of him whom Lord Rosebery described a few months

ago as 'the dean and father of men of letters in Great Britain, the illustrious Professor Masson.'

MASSON AND DAVIDSON.

Like the late Thomas Davidson, whose eulogy as a knight errant of the intellectual life has been writ large by Professor James and Professor Knight, Masson was an Aberdeenshire boy, born and bred. Two men more different in every way than these two modern Scots, different in intellectual fibre, in aim and in method, could not be imagined; but both are typical Scots. Davidson, all-accomplished, restless, was our modern Admirable Crichton; he wandered all the world over, ready to break a lance with anybody or everybody; freakish, with all his accomplishments; flying to Concord, Mass., to read his learned paper on Heraclitus to Emerson. This he did while the sage slumbered and slept, blessedly unconscious of the fluid philosophy. Davidson is a type of the learned Scot in whom the Gael predominates; in David Masson the perfervidum ingenium is balanced by the stubborn perseverance, cool determination and honest power of taking infinite pains, which characterize the preponderance of Teutonic and Scandinavian elements. Within ten years of his leaving Aberdeen University Masson's worth, weight and sanity as a critic of letters were attested to by such men as Hugh Miller and Thomas Chalmers. When he became editor of the newly founded Macmillan's Magazine, there rallied about him as contributors all the best men of the time, Carlyle, Tennyson and Thackeray among them. When in 1852 he succeeded Arthur Hugh Clough as professor of English literature at University College, London, it was Carlyle who recommended him, beginning then to call him what he called him to the end, "the good Professor Masson." When, thirteen years later, on the death of William Edmonstoune Aytoun, Masson was called to the famous chair of rhetoric and English literature in Edinburgh University, everybody felt that for once the time, the place and the man were all together. All the world knows how, as professor in Edinburgh University, he justified the confidence and good will of those who placed him there. He accepted the high responsibility as a sacred trust, and

to the last maintained the noble dignity of one who revered his subject, who revered his humblest pupil and who revered his calling as a man of letters. Within a few years he trained and sent into the world of living letters a band of writers whose work is known to half the world today. Never had a teacher of literature a nobler roll of worthy pupils, from Ian Maclaren and Henry Drummond in the late sixties, to Samuel Rutherford Crockett and James Matthew Barrie in the early eighties. Only one teacher of rhetoric and English literature in the university, and yet that one teacher had as his students these famous contributors to creative literature! And each one has been proud to stand up and acknowledge that he received the vital impulse to write nobly and worthily, with his eye ever on the best things, from him who was in very deed, as Lord Rosebery described him, the Dean and Father of men of letters in Great Britain.

LOWELL'S CRITICISM AND PRAISE.

Today there is little need to analyze or discuss those elements and qualities in Masson's published work, which won for him the affection and regard of men so different as Chalmers, De Quincey, Macaulay, Carlyle, Mazzini and Gladstone. It was not his graceful diction or his deft way of putting things. Nothing could be easier than to hold up to ridicule certain mannerisms of sentence structure found in all his writings. His expression is often as heavy and lumbering as that of Samuel Johnson or of old Ben Jonson. But apparent to those who had eyes to see and hearts to feel were the cleanness of the workman's tools, the simplicity of his purpose, and the noble sincerity of his toil. Even James Russell Lowell in the end saw how jejune and beside the mark were the witticisms at Masson's expense which introduce his review of the first volume of the "Life of Milton." There is a doubled-edged truth in the old saw about passing judgment upon half-done work. No one who heard it will ever forget Lowell's tribute to Masson in his address on Shakespeare before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1883; and in the following year, at the tercentenary celebration festival of Edinburgh University Lowell again made amende honorable in Masson's own study, Browning

standing and genially nodding approval in front of the open fireplace. But it is interesting to note that another American man of letters saw in this same initial volume of the "Life of Milton" and the "Studies in Recent British Philosophy," which succeeded it, such evidence of high ideals and sincerity of purpose in literary and historical research of a worthy kind, that he did not rest until he had procured a portrait of the man who had these aims and who toiled along these lines. Henry James, Sr., kept upon his writing-desk in the study in the old home on Quincy street, Cambridge, a photograph of young Masson; and it is one of the pleasant memories of the present writer that one June afternoon in 1902 he had the rare joy of bringing together for a quiet talk the venerable historian of Milton and Professor William James, who was then delivering before Edinburgh University his Gifford lectures on the "Varieties of Religious Experience."

But while Masson's historical, critical and philosophical work is open to all for consideration and judgment, it may be interesting to many to have a glimpse of his classroom work and to see, if possible, what it was that he said or did which stimulated the best of his pupils to such high endeavor and noble achievement. In each week of the college session Professor Masson's ordinary class work included three one-hour lectures on the general history of English literature, and one lecture on style and the principles of rhetoric. A fifth hour was devoted to practical exercises in composition and drill in the mechanics of diction. In all Masson gave his students some sixty lectures on the development of English literature from Celtic times to the great writers of the nineteenth century, and about twenty-five talks on "How to write"—a wholly different thing from talks on "How not to write." The differentia of a great teacher is that he tells you what to do, of a small one that he tells you what not to do. But, after all, Masson did not emphasize the teaching of composition in college classes. He held, as Carlyle did, and Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, that to attempt to teach what is sometimes called the art of correct and graceful writing to those who have neither eyes to see nor hearts to feel, is but wire-drawn trifling or systematized pedantry, leading to either silly self-consciousness or

superficial cleverness and stylistic smartness, both of them cloaks to conceal the absence of real ability and genuine vision into the truth of things.

TRUE GREATNESS IN LITERATURE.

The Masson point of view may be easily misunderstood and has been often misrepresented. There is a place for grammars, rhetorics, English composition textbooks, omneque hoc genus, but this place should be subordinate to that instruction in literature where the end, the ideal, which should be kept in eternal view is to ennoble individual, social, political existence by bringing men and women into living contact with the best life and thought of the past. Masson's view of literature was that which Robert Louis Stevenson always insisted upon in these illuminative criticisms which some would not exchange for whole libraries of "Treasure Islands" and "David Balfours." At the close of "The Lantern Bearers"—that marvellous bit of boy psychology—is the Masson note; it sounds like one of the old professor's obiter dicta: "In noble books we are moved with something like the emotions of life—however variously this emotion be provoked. We are so moved when Levine labors in the field; when Andre sinks beyond emotion; when Richard Feverel and Lucy Lesborough meet beside the river; when Antony, 'not cowardly, puts off his helmet'; when Kent has infinite pity on the dying Lear * * * These are notes that please the great heart of man. Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice, and death, and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them; we long to try them; we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also. * * * We have heard, perhaps, too much of lesser matters. Here is the door; here is the open air. Itur in antiquam silvam. This is the way into the heart of the ancient wood."

Everywhere in Mr. Barrie's best books the same elemental note as to what constitutes true greatness in literature is heard sounding like a strain of noble solemn music amid the comic situations and little ironies of his creative work: "To be able to write! Throughout the old schoolmaster's life, this had ever seemed the great thing, and he

ever approached the thought reverently, as if it were maid of more than mortal purity. And it is, and because he knew this, she let him see her face which shall ever be hidden from those who look not for the soul, and to help him nearer to her came assistance in strange guise, the loss of loved ones, dolour unutterable. Night by night, when the only light in the glen was the schoolhouse lamp, she hovered over him, nor did she deride his hopeless efforts, but rather, as she saw him go from black to gray in his service, and from gray to white, were his luminous eyes sorrowful because she was not for him, and she bent impulsively toward him, so that once or twice in a long life he touched her fingers, and a heavenly spark was lit, for he had risen higher than himself, and that is literature."

FACT FIRST; THEN EXPRESSION.

Vision is the parent of expression. That is the keynote of Masson's theory of composition. It was Carlyle's, Goethe's, Milton's, Bacon's, Dante's. *Rem tene, said old Cato the Censor; verba sequentur*: Get hold of something worth while; the words to express it will follow naturally. Great literary expression has nothing to do with mere tricks of diction and unusual forms of speech, or with the odd, the fantastic, the bizarre. Famous writers may have begun with such tricks and oddities, but they grow clear and strong as they grasp the meaning of life, until at the last they are simple, sincere, great. Compare the fantasticalities of young Dryden, young Keats (the Keats of the early poems), young Stevenson, with the strength of expression in their latest work.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

The well-spring of great expression is sincerity—absolute sincerity. Art, great art, art worthy of the name, is sincere representation of what is seen by the sympathetic, loving heart. Out of the heart are, ever have been, ever will be, the issues of life. Little wonder, then, that so genuine a man as Masson, strong in the belief that life is "a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as best we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny," sounded a clear call to noble

youth. "He showed his students how to put their houses in order before they began to write, and in what spirit they should write. They knew from him that however poor their books might be they were not disgraced if they had done their best, and, however popular, if they were not written with some of his aims, they were only cumberers of the ground."

HUMOR IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

Masson repeated his lectures from year to year, with little variation in the text, but infinite variety in the illustrations, the applications and the extempore comment. Full of humor, he repeated jokes year after year, and how richly he enjoyed the way in which some students, with notebooks handed down from predecessors on the benches, revealed their knowledge that certain jokes were due! Out of sheer of fun he would then occasionally omit the expected joke, and that often proved the best joke of all! But though the text of his lectures remained substantially the same—he kept revising his Shakespeare lectures to the end, and in the Shakespeare work the possessors of inherited notebooks were often caught napping—his work in the class was always alive with enthusiasm, the enthusiasm born of broad scholarship and resolute conviction that he had a great message to deliver. The text of the lectures was not the main thing; it was the man. Belief, not novelty, is the basis of all originality. Masson did not seek to train special researches along Ph. D. lines of barren activity; his aim was ever to develop that latent power of vision which is the source of all great literary expression: "Fool, said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write."

Heart-cultivation, the basis of true culture, is the natural result of such literature instruction as Masson gave his students these long ago winter afternoons in the dimly lighted humanity classroom of Edinburgh University. He cultivated the sense of pleasure in great books by accustoming his pupils to see the world of humanity and of nature as great writers have seen it, by teaching them to understand and place themselves as nearly as possible where the world poets, novelists and interpreters, stood and understood. We develop character by quickening in our pupils

the good that is in them; and there is no more effective way of doing this than by liberating the imagination and arousing enthusiasm for great men. Hence the stress that Carlyle laid, the emphasis he put, upon hero worship. We cultivate genuine pleasure in noble literary work by stirring up in the minds of our pupils those ideas which respond to the sublime, the beautiful, the noble ideas enshrined in great books. Thoughts not entirely mean, lying somewhere like dull sparks in ourselves, burst into flame in the atmosphere about great writers.

SYMPATHY THE KEYNOTE.

Thus it is that from the power of true appreciation, good and worthy expression comes. This, Masson held to be the open secret of good writing—the key to composition of the best kind. The more sympathetically—that is, with the sincere open heart—we read the works of the masters, the easier is it for ourselves, when we speak or write, to say what we mean. This does not imply that we make models of great books set before us, acting “the sedulous ape.” Far from it. It means that every sincere effort to capture the power of a bit of noble literature, or the ethical influence of a great book, quickens the divine spark in ourselves. It is not scholarship—it is not formal instruction—it is the power which vitalizes scholarship.

It will now be plain why it was, that in his English classes, Masson put such stress upon the interpretation of the work of the masters. In his readings from Celtic literature, from Anglo-Saxon literature, as in his Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon and Milton lectures, he delighted to show how these bits of bygone literature are still in vital touch with the common talk of the man in the street. While he had no patience with the “chatter-about-Harriett” kind of criticism, and in his classroom regarded all gushing over the greatness of contemporaries as sheer waste of precious time, there was as little of the esoteric as of the commonplace and the Philistine in his sympathy and appreciation. Mr. Barrie has shown the import and significance of Masson's definition of a man of letters: “It is curious and, like most of his departures from the generally accepted, sticks to the memory. By a man of letters Masson does not

mean the poet, for instance, who is all soul, so much as the strong-brained writer whose guardian angel is a fine sanity. He used to mention Geoffrey Chaucer, Skelton, the Wolsey satirist, Sir David Lindsay, Ben Jonson in the seventeenth century, Samuel Johnson in the eighteenth, as typical men of letters from this point of view, and it is as a man of letters of that class that Masson himself is best considered. In an age of many whipper-snappers in criticism he is something of a Gulliver."

Such was David Masson in his work as professor of English literature in Edinburgh University. His system of education was education by atmosphere—after all is said and done, the realest kind of education, for it develops character and its results are eternal. He awoke the mind. Development along the lines of power is the ideal of education. Every student on the benches knew that the man Masson was himself the living embodiment of those ideals which he held before them. In this way he won the love and regard of every student. He had a clear and unchallenged claim to their respect. By his thoroughness, by his simplicity, by his sincerity, by his enthusiasm, he became "the good professor" and "the illustrious dean and father of men of letters in Great Britain."

October the Ninth.

Richard Mansfield: An Appreciation.

M. Eden Tatem.

A sense of loss so overwhelming as to bring with it the depression of a keen personal grief, cast its shadow over the hearts of those who loved him when the sudden and sad news came that Richard Mansfield was dead. Coming at a time when if one is to believe the veteran critic, William Winter, the stage has fallen on evil days, the glamour of its romance dispelled, the actor's vocation vulgarized, his art peddled, and he himself treated as a commodity controlled by "sordid, money-grubbing tradesmen," Mansfield's death is a crushing blow to all who would see preserved the finer traditions of acting.

At his death he was without a living peer on the American stage. What Irving was to the English stage, Mansfield has been to the American. Like Irving he gave his public intellectual master-pieces made vivid by his own superb talent, broad culture, indefatigable effort. Like Irving he added new dignity to his profession; and in an age of gross materialism he kept his art free from the taint of commercialism. He never lowered it to cater to popular taste nor to swell the receipts of the box office, but unafraid and with all diligence served it as something sacred. Lacking the gentleness of Irving, the personal charm of Jefferson, Mansfield possessed his own peculiar magnetism and to those who loved him he was ever first and last. Through all the passionate storm of his nature, they caught glimpses of a soul serene and strong in his unwavering devotion to his art, his tenderness for little children, his ideal home-life, and his splendid loyalty to his friends. Disliked by many, misunderstood by most, he dominated hostile critics and an indifferent public by sheer intellectual force, mature art, and a personal splendor of its kind irresistible. How he would have loved to have been loved! It was this note of appeal, never wholly absent from his work, even when the storm within gave to it at times a quality "hard as nails," that made those who understood love him.

Genius does not always go hand in hand with the serenity of disposition that takes its ease on Zion. Jane Carlyle early discovered that rare gifts did not prevent a man from "making pudding in his teacup and scratching the fenders with his boots," nor from having his equanimity upset by the early crowing of cocks and brewing of cooks. The creator of a *Paradise Lost* with an unquestionable magnificent Devil—the less said about his God, perhaps, the better—spent the latter part of his honeymoon sans wife, engaged in writing an eloquent treatise on divorce. And one readily recalls sundry rueful remarks of

Goldsmith regarding the great Dr. Johnson whose warmth of heart was only equalled by the enthusiasm with which he "tossed and gored" his friends between huge sips of tea. Garrick's cupidity, Booth's moroseness, Forrest's violence are shadows that no longer fall aslant the memory of their genius, and perhaps time, that most passionless of critics, will do as much for Mansfield.

The violent temper inherited from his mother, who gave him neither love nor tenderness, embittered by the struggle in his early days with hunger, cold, and loneliness, and later with an unresponsive and unappreciative public is to be regretted, first of all, for Mansfield's own sake and because it gave to little minds the opportunity to use the man's weakness as a stone to be hurled at the artist's achievement. When treated with tact the lion part became all lamb, and an appeal to his sense of humor would invariably dispel his irritability. Recently at a rehearsal, when the company had tried his over-worked nerves beyond endurance, Mansfield thundered at a terror-stricken soupe, whose one line was the cue for the star's entrance: "Say it like this!" and thereupon uttered the words in his own masterly way. Admiration overcame the soupe's fear. "If I could say them like that, sir," he said, "I shouldn't be working for five dollars a week." Mansfield's brow cleared, a kindly twinkle came into his eye. "If you are working for five dollars a week," he exclaimed, "say them any d—way you please." The next day the soupe was given a better role and his salary raised.

His love for children is well known. A little boy, one day, brought a message to the hotel where Mansfield was staying. He found the actor in a towering rage, pacing the room, and calling upon God to send him a stage manager of ordinary intelligence. As he took the letter from the child's hand, he noticed that the shoes were so worn that the boy's feet were exposed to the cold. With an exclama-

tion, Mansfield thrust a ten dollar bill into the grimy little hand. "My lad, get you some shoes," he said, and gently pushed the little fellow out of the door, too bewildered by his good luck to voice his thanks.

The story of how he achieved his first success is well known. The part of Baron de Chevrial, in a Parisian romance, refused by Stoddard, had been given to an unknown young actor, Richard Mansfield. "The half palsied hands, the halt in the gait, the cynical humor of the old roue captured the town and the nation." Richard Mansfield had won for himself success in a single night. This was followed by Beau Brummell, a trumpery play in itself, but idealized through Mansfield's impersonation into a flawless bit of art. In Shakespeare he was not seen at his best. His Brutus, a thankless role, was a failure; his Shylock and Richard, while not lacking in virility and original insight, have been surpassed by other actors; and his Henry the Fifth was only partly redeemed by the delightful way in which he played the love scene with the Princess Katherine. The role that proved a signal triumph and added much to his fame was Cyrano de Bergerac. A friend had sent him Rostand's play. For days it had lain neglected on his desk. One morning at breakfast he carelessly opened the book and read a few lines. His breakfast was forgotten, the work of the day neglected. The play had captured him, and that night he cabled Rostand. Those who have seen Coquelin the Elder, play the part will recall with delight the exquisite finesse of the actor, the dignity of his Cyrano, the rapier-like thrusts of his humor. Mansfield brought to the role an impassioned power, a splendid sweep, a vivid patriotism that reached the heart where the other had only stirred the admiration. "The infinite passion of the finite heart" of his Cyrano, his valor, his indomitable spirit, haunted, held, conquered the imagination. The exquisite delicacy of his Beaucaire, the simplicity and ten-

derness of his Prince in Old Heidelberg, are delightful memories. A repertoire, including Moliere's Alceste, Don Carlos, Ivan the Terrible, and Dimmesdale from the Scarlet Letter give some idea of his prodigious versatility.

With the years had come a softening of harsh angles, a new tenderness making itself felt in his work. This change was unusually apparent during his last engagement in Boston. When the curtain fell on his Don Carlos and in response to a splendid wave of enthusiasm he came before the audience, looking down upon the sea of upturned faces a light flashed into his own and suddenly and unexpectedly Mansfield smiled. To many it was given that night to see the real Mansfield.

There was something regal about him. He never compromised. He never groveled. The appreciation accorded him by the public, was, at the best, not generous, and came late. But he never stooped to any tricks to win popularity. With Hazlett he might say: "There was never a line of mine that licked the dust." His last words, spoken to his wife, words that seemed to have risen from the depth of that peace in which the storm and stress of his life had at last found rest, were "God is love." He is gone and the loss is ours. In gratitude let us forget all save that he was one of those that served his age, loved his art, and gave to us his best.

Among The Magazines.

The November *Everybody's* in a story entitled "No Merry-Go-Roundin'" tells of the picnic doings of the Flickinger family one never-to-be-forgotten Labor Day. The writer, Miss Bessie R. Hoover, describes their adventures as follows: (a cutting.)

On Labor Day morning, in the dingy yellow tenement that the Flickingers called home, the wildest chaos reigned, with the storm-center in the pantry where Ma was packing the picnic dinner.

For Pa Flickinger, partly out of politeness to his employer, who was giving a picnic to the men in his factory, but mostly because he himself wanted to go, was preparing to take the whole family for a day's outing

at St. Joe, a summer resort just across the river on Lake Michigan.

Pa and his two sons, Bill, the autocrat of the family, and Jed, who founded himself on Bill, and the boys' ten-year-old sister, Opal, came and went in all stages of apparel; jerked open reluctant bureau drawers, pawed the contents wiidly over without seeing the things that lay uppermost, and hunted excitedly for their best-clothes.

"It does seem as if all the duds we've got is lost," cried Ma. "Git out of them bureau drawers, Jed; a fool'd know his shoes wasn't there."

Pa's clean socks were also missing. "You come in here," declared Ma, mashing butter into a cup, "as if the pantry was your regular dressing-room;" for Pa was standing meekly by with his best shoes in his hand.

"Take your time, old woman, take your time—no hurry." Pa spoke placidly enough, but it could be seen at a glance that his very soul was anxious about socks.

"Ma!" called the deep voice of Bill from the stairway.

"Hey?" answered Ma absently.

"Could them socks be in the clothes-basket?" inquired the anxious husband.

"That's jest where they be; git 'em on to yourself; and then hunt up a collar—You make me nervous! Let me see, what was I worryin' about?"

"Ma! can't you hear nothin'?" yelled Bill. He was the eldest son, and his pampered spirit could not easily brook delay.

"Yes, Billy, in a minute."

"Come now, I want to ast you somethin'."

"I'm busy; spit it out."

"Anybody down there?"

"Nobody here but me and your Pa and Jed and Opal; no, there's nobody here."

"Come to the stairway a minute. Hustle up!"

Bill stood half-way down the narrow stairs, holding at arm's length a fire-red necktie, and a green one sprinkled with purple stars.

"Which?" he inquired mysteriously.

"Which what? We won't git to St. Joe till doomsday if we fool around so."

"Which tie shall I wear? Sophie sorter likes the red one; but she's never saw the green—it's a beaut!"

"Put 't on—you look like a speckled pig—take 't off. Wear the red one, Billy; that's jest enough color to set you off."

Ma went back, smiling to think that Bill cared for her advice on so delicate a matter as pleasing his girl. For Sophie Budzbanowsky had been invited to eat dinner with the family that day, and although she and Bill had been "going together" for some time, they had never seen her.

"Lemme in!" shouted a small boy, pulling frantically at the screen door.

Opal hastily admitted Butch, her little nephew, who lived in the next house. Once inside he began to wail with noisy and preconceived earnestness.

"What ails you, Butch?" inquired Pa.

Butch blubberingly replied that company had just come from Indiana on an excursion, so none of his folks could go to the picnic.

"Ain't that provokin'!" exclaimed Ma. "We might take Butch—What say, Pa?"

"Couldn't keep Butch out'n Lake Michigan; he's the worst there is." Whereupon Butch became inconsolable.

"I wanter see Bill's Budzbanowsky," sniffed Butch. This was his way of referring to Bill's girl.

"Shut that up, kid," commanded Bill, secretly pleased. "Of course you can go. Your Uncle Bill'll see that you don't fall into the drink. I'll look after Butch, Ma."

By slow degrees the Flickingers donned their best clothes, and at nine o'clock crowded into the front room to wait for Ma, who was laboriously jerking on her black alpaca.

"I've got a word to say before we start," announced Pa, raising his voice formally to address the assembled family. "We're poor folks and can't spend no fortune on this picnic. The boss of the factory, he pays the car fare, and your Ma, she supplies the dinner. So far—good. But now I'm comin' to them attractions at the resort that ain't no good for us—leastways for our pocketbooks.

"I've got a little spare change," and I suppose you boys have—so if anything should happen—. But we ain't goin' to spend it on nonsense. Everybody hear that? No merry-go-roundin', no tintypin', no paddlin' in the lake and drowndin' in a hole—no foolishness whatever. All mind your Ma; look sharp for pickpockets; keep your hats on your heads, and remember you've got on your best clothes. And we'll all keep together, avoidin' merry-go-rounds and things afore-mentioned, and I guess we'll come home right side up.

"But"—here Pa smiled and gave a sigh of relief to think that his lecture, in which Ma had privately instructed him, was over—"we'll all take a ride on that there baby railroad—that ain't more'n half as big as a real one; and that's about as much dissipation as we can stand in a day—that and the dinner."

All listened respectfully to Pa's ultimatum, except Bill, who grinned and said: "Sorry, Pa, but I couldn't keep to your little old program for five minutes—it wouldn't do."

"Well, Billy, I dunno as 'twould, seein' you've got sixty-five cents to burn; besides, you've got to treat your girl like a gent ought; but the rest of us, we've got our work cut out."

"I declare I didn't know this family could turn out such a stylish outfit!" cried Ma, as they started down the street toward the car line.

"Fares," said the conductor, as soon as they were safely seated in the street-car.

"Fares!" echoed Pa with a stare; "the boss he pays for this ride."

"This ain't the picnic car—git off or pay."

"We git off."

But the very next car bore the welcome tidings that it was reserved for the factory crowd.

The loaded car fairly flew across the marshes and it was not long till it stopped at the park in St. Joe.

The family had been sitting on a park seat but a few minutes when Bill and Sophie Budzbanowsky, came up. Bill led the girl straight to Ma and said: "Mis' Flickinger, Miss Budzbanowsky," and felt that he had done the correct thing.

Sophie Budzbanowsky was a neatly dressed, good-looking Polish girl of eighteen, with dark-brown hair and a fair complexion. She worked in the knitting factory and so far she considered Bill perfection.

"I hope we don't set here on a bench all day," remarked Ma.

"No law ag'in movin' on," grinned Pa.

"You sure must see Silver Beach," said Sophie.

"We can't take it in if we set here," declared Bill, and rose and conducted them to the lake.

Butch, being in a foreign country, clung closely to Opal's hand, as they made way down the bluff and through the deep white sand to where a huge pavilion spread its wing-like roofs beside the waves, while toboggan slides, a miniature railroad, a noisy merry-go-round, and kindred attractions allured the public. Beyond Silver Beach, which was already thronged with people, lay Lake Michigan, a rippling semicircle of a sparkling blue.

Bill soon trailed off with Sophie, remarking that they would be back by dinner-time.

"The first thing—and the last thing, remember—on our program today," announced Pa, "is a ride on the baby railroad. All hands pike that way."

In three minutes they were seated in the small compartments behind the little engine that dragged its heavy load of picnickers around a none too steady track, which made an uneven circle in the sand.

Butch was so delighted that he scarcely touched the seat, but vibrated on the edge like a mechanical toy with a wobbly spring. Opal leaned back in placid enjoyment—for once there was no baby for her to tend. And Jed tried to look as if he were not intensely enjoying himself.

When at last they left the baby railroad, it seemed as if they had been riding for hours. But they were caught by another lure farther down the board walk. It was the merry-go-round, and its jangling

music ground out a catchy tune as the family neared it, while the gay animals flew by at giddy speed.

For some time they stood in a little group, mutely admiring this prohibited attraction.

The miniature railroad had been as a sip of inspiring liquor to Pa, creating a desire for more and swifter locomotion. "As a rule I'm dead ag'in merry-go-roundin' in any form," he affirmed; "but if I've got the change, I'll take us all."

So in a happy dream the eager children and babies were bundled with their elders on the gaudy animals for a number of dizzying revolutions.

The dinner, which was eaten on the beach in the shade of the pavilion was the crowning success of the day; for besides the good things to eat, there were Sophie Budzbanowsky and Bill, adding to the prosaic life of the family the glamour of their budding romance.

"Gimme your jack-knife," demanded Ma, when it was time to cut the lemon pies.

"My knife—" Pa felt in his pocket—felt in all his pockets, then turned very red.

"Spit it out," snapped Ma; "where's your knife?"

"Home—in my old clothes," admitted Pa, crestfallen.

"There never is no knife at a picnic," observed Ma with settled pessimism.

Sophie Budzbanowsky silently slipped something into Pa's hand.

Clearing his voice he proudly exclaimed, "I've found my knife!" and held up the penknife that Sophie had lent him.

"If it only could do," said Sophie anxiously.

"Of course it'll do," cried Ma, delighted, and began snipping at the pie.

After dinner they started out again to see the sights, and tintype galleries fairly yawned with hungry jaws as they went down the board walk.

"If we ever did anything like other folks, we'd have ourselves all took in a group," observed Ma.

Then Pa, who until that time had steadfastly kept up the fiction that he was protecting his family from too much merry-go-rounding and from all tintyping, came out in his true colors, counted his loose change, and boldly proclaimed that he would pay for pictures for the whole gang.

The photographer work quickly, huddling the family into a ragged group that overflowed at the edges; but every one was taken entire except Jed, who was represented only by a portion of an empty-looking sleeve.

The Flickingers were by this time demoralized into a regular picnic crowd out for a good time, trailing happily along, joking and laughing. Instinctively they made toward the merry-go-round.

"Mebbe the children'd like another ride," hinted Pa, "and it'd be

nice to have Miss Budzbudz—budz—Bill's girl, to go with us."

"I dunno, though, but what it looks foolish to spend our last cent. We've rid on the thing once today."

"The boss he pays our fare home," encouraged Bill.

"Here goes then!" shouted Pa recklessly; "all hands come on!"

"I thought we'd ought to do the fair thing by Butch, seein' we brought him along," explained Pa Flickinger to Ma. "He don't get to go nowhere so often."

As they dismounted from the last round, dazed and unsteady, they saw a crowd collecting a short distance away at the water's edge, and started down to see what had happened.

"A little boy's fell into the lake about the size of Butchie," said Pa, catching sight of a small limp form.

"Where *is* Butch?" shrieked Ma; "who had him on the merry-go-round?"

The family stared blankly at one another; nobody had had Butch.

"It's Butch that's drowned," said Bill with solemn bluntness.

"Break away there," he growled to the crowd, "let his folks through."

"I might 'a' knowed better," moaned Ma wildly; "I always said that some of our family would get drowned in Lake Michigan."

"I ain't drowned, Gra'ma," sniffed Butch, suddenly sitting up at the sound of her voice. He had only dropped into a few inches of water from the railing of the pavilion, and had been pulled out so quickly that he was scarcely wet; but seeing the strange faces about him, he had been too frightened at first to speak or move.

"You ought to be cuffed," cried Ma angrily, wiping her eyes. "What'd you go an' fall into the water for? An' what'd you run away from us for, anyway! Bill, you promised to look after Butch."

"I had my eye on him—off and on—all day," answered Bill soberly.

"Particularly off!"

"It's been a day without a blot," moralized Pa, as they started home a little later; "barrin' Butchie's mishap. We didn't exactly carry out the program that was laid down," he admitted, "about merry-go-roundin' an' such, but you know, Ma, circumstances alter folks—summat."

"The sale of the Mammoth Western," by Will N. Harben, is by all odds the most interesting short story in the November *Century*. The situation with which it deals is decidedly unique: Mr. Sedgewith, the main character, invests at a public auction in the purchase of "a one-horse circus," and then to the amazement of his family and the townspeople proceeds to make money by re-selling the circus piece meal to a variety of purchasers, including the Revival Committee of a near by church. The story offers splendid opportunity to the impersonator, and no doubt many will be only too glad to add a cutting of it to their repertoire.

The August *American Magazine* contains two contributions of unusual merit. The first, "Big Frank," by Bernice Fearn Young, gives a realistic picture of the typical Southern darkey as he is today, "patient, willing, humble, devoted, dumb." The second, "Cupid Goes Slumming," by Alice Hegan Rice, is as interesting as its title implies. Both selections, if properly cut, would make excellent readings, particularly the latter because of that happy mingling of pathos and humor which appeals so strongly to the popular audience. In fact, "Cupid Goes Slumming" may safely be ranked with any of the well known cuttings of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and should prove a god-send to the reader on the lookout for something attractive and new. A. G. S.

Editorials.

The Opening There are two periods of the school year to which student and teacher alike look forward with much interest,—an interest usually characterized by happy anticipation and more or less anxiety. Long before the green of field and wood has declared the return of spring, the student is busy counting the number of weeks till commencement—and then the close! And hardly does vacation seem well begun, when again the same student finds himself "counting time" till the opening. And so the school years pass, a series of beginnings and endings,—a sort of epitome of life,—and yet the old regularly gives birth to the new. There is much of interest in the opening of the school year: when the old student returns, his heart throbs with a peculiar joy as he greets friends amid familiar scenes; while the new student usually possesses—or is possessed by—a somewhat different feeling. His star of hope and inspired enthusiasm seem to grow dim together; and he recalls of a sudden a simple dwelling far away and he still sees a figure standing by the gate. Another day passes, a week, and his surroundings gradually take on a new and pleasing color; and in a short time he becomes adjusted to his new environment and takes up his work with earnestness and courage. He looks far into the future and his vision is redolent with home and expectancy.

So every school year begins; so Emerson opened September the twenty-third. From every quarter they came, the old and the new. The South sent a larger delegation than ever before; the middle West had its usual number of representatives, while the Coast states were more generous than in former years; and from Canada and the Provinces came a goodly number. Thus began most auspiciously another year for E. C. O.

This is not the Editors' *debut* speech—that will appear on request; or, if the reader cannot wait till a request reaches the writer, will he please refer to the first number of any magazine that chances to be at hand? That's what we would say in our speech. Nor is this editorial for the purpose of dilating on the proposed policy of the magazine. No; it is merely to call attention to several distinct features that should give an added interest to the publication.

This will be a *biographical volume*. Beginning with a frontispiece and sketch of Dr. Rolfe in this issue, in each number following a likeness and the biography of some member of the Faculty will be given. Next month a picture of Dean Southwick will be presented, together with some interesting facts concerning his life.

The *Magazine Review* department, which was begun last year, will be continued. Here we hope to be of service in helping our friends to find some *new readable* stories. All of the leading monthlies will be reviewed by the editor as carefully and thoroughly as may be.

In a general way, it is our wish to have the Magazine represent the work of the College; and we would particularly urge our older friends, as well as the newer, to send in contributions that will help us to realize our wish. To the Alumni I would say again, *we need your support*. We appreciate your criticisms of the Magazine, which come to us

from time to time, but we would value your support. Anybody can criticise—that's easy to do, but only the earnest friend, I am convinced, will ever give substantial support; and so to the alumnus, our friend, I would say: send us a contribution; if not a lengthy literary article, then a bit of news that will be of interest to your old friends. The *live letter*, which we hope to be able to publish each month, will be enjoyed by all. YOU NEXT!

It is seldom that we take occasion to call attention
David Masson to any particular article in a current issue, but such are the merits of the essay on David Masson, by Dr. Black, that it is felt that we would be remiss in our duty if we failed to mention this production. The literary merit of anything coming from the pen of Dr. Black is unquestioned; but it is the fascinating personal touch, the expression of appreciation and devotion of a student to a great master that constitute the chief merit of this article. Dr. Black knew well and loved better the man of whom he writes; but he sees him with a clear eye; never once is there a suggestion that his vision is clouded by the mists of emotion. Sanity, sincerity and a manly tenderness combine to make his estimate of this great man of letters most interesting and valuable. In securing this contribution the Magazine considers itself peculiarly fortunate.

G.

Recital Course.

Martin Chuzzlewit.

"Martin Chuzzlewit," the first play in the list of dramatic masterpieces offered in the Southwick Course of Interpretative Recitals, was presented on Friday, October eighteenth, by Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp. The play centered on the relations of Tom Pinch and Pecksniff, and told its story simply and with steadily increasing interest.

Mr. Tripp's interpretation was entirely adequate. The characters, ten or more, were remarkably clear-cut and finely discriminated. This was true not only of the unctuous hypocrite, Pecksniff, and the imple, kindly Tom Pinch, but also of the minor characters, such as

Young Martin Chuzzlewit, Mark Tapley,—each stood out by himself, perfectly individualized. The almost constant chuckle, upon the part of the audience varied by frequent bursts of laughter, testified to the success of Mr. Tripp's presentation.

Cyrano de Bergerac.

On Friday evening, October twenty-fifth, as the second number of the course Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker presented Rostand's masterpiece, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Except for the fact that Mrs. Baker's enunciation was not equal to the bad acoustical properties of Chickering Hall, her presentation was thoroughly enjoyable. Although Cyrano is a play of much complexity Mrs. Baker succeeded admirably in keeping the main lines clear and the characterizations distinct. Roxanne, though perhaps a trifle girlish for a recognized wit, was made very lovable indeed; and Cyrano, the soldier, poet, philosopher, and wit, was presented with such strength and sincerity that he held the interest and sympathy of the audience to the very last. The action of the play was developed with constantly growing interest to Cyrano's supreme renunciation as the climax, and the twilight beauty of the last act was in no respect an anti-climax.

Mrs. Baker's introduction and incidental comments were in perfect harmony with the spirit of the play, and indeed with Rostand's poetry. Clearness of vision and sincerity of presentation were the most striking characteristics of Mrs. Baker's work; for true artist as she is she "draws the thing as she sees it for the God of Things as they are."

GEORGE MCKIE.

Vacation Doings of the Faculty.

Dr. Rolfe enjoyed the quiet of his beautiful home in Cambridge. Some time was put on the preparation of a new series of Shakespearean lectures.

After the close of the summer sessions of Emerson College and the University of Tennessee, the Dean and Mrs. Southwick betook themselves with their family to North Sandwich, New Hampshire, to enjoy a much needed rest. But how much resting they did is still a question of debate. However, not one of the happy recipients of those personal messages headed "Tamarack Cottage" is likely to forget the thoughtful kindness which prompted the sending of nearly four hundred letters and postals to as many Emerson students.

Mr. Tripp, after one week of strenuous life at the Summer School, resigned in favor of the ladies and hied himself away to parts unknown. Later in the summer he spent some weeks at the Piper House, Pequaket, New Hampshire, where he succeeded in recovering his good looks and vigor.

Two other members of the Faculty spent a good share of their sum-

mer Pequaketing at the Piper House, Mrs. Puffer and Miss Smith.

Mrs. Hicks preferred the attractions of Maine, and it must have been with good reason, for she returned at the end of four months looking as brown as the typical Indian maid. She says she played as hard all summer as she worked all winter. To see her is to believe her.

Dr. Alden with his usual good sense buried himself in the Maine woods. His experiences and adventures at Five Islands Camp would be first class material for an entertaining story of genuine out-door life.

Mrs. Whitney spent the summer, if we are to believe her own statement, on the Empire State Express. Incidentally she stopped off now and then to give a reading or two. It is a pity she couldn't have stopped oftener, for all her audiences were so favorably impressed that they are fervently hoping she will come again next summer.

Miss Chamberlin divided her vacation between Middletown, New York and Canaan Street, New Hampshire. Miss Chamberlin's absence from College is the cause of many expressions of regret.

June, July and August found Professor Kidder enjoying the rural charms of farm life at Stoughton and preparing the examination reports of the Emerson students. It is no wonder he felt the need of a two-week's jaunt just previous to the opening of College.

Dr. Black's vacation was scarcely worthy of the name, a fact that will be evident to all when that new edition of Hudson's Shakespeare, which Dr. Black is re-editing, is brought out by the publishers.

Miss McQuesten made herself and family happy by spending her summer at home.

Mr. Gilbert went to Minneapolis in June but, finding life too dull, returned to the Hub in August. From then till Registration Day he divided his attention between friends in the country and Boston landlords.

Miss Tatem spent part of her vacation at home and the rest of it somewhere else. The name and locality of the place and the reason why she went she has not yet deigned to reveal.

Professor Ward gave no account of himself, but judging from the genial smile which he brought with him to the opening, his vacation was a pleasant one.

Mr. Kenney, after his return from abroad, spent most of his vacation at his home in Leominster.

There are other members of the Faculty whose strange and mysterious conduct is known only to themselves, hence we must be silent. However, all are happily absorbed in their school duties again.

College News.

Echoes from the Residences.

Emerson College has taken possession of St. Stephen's street and adorned its various houses with neat little signs, bearing these words, "Emerson College Residence." In fact as you pass down the street, it seems as though half the houses bore these words, but in truth there are but six of these homes for the college girls. For homes are just what they aim to be and are.

On the right side, at the corner of the Batavia and St. Stephen's streets is the home of the Kappa Gamma girls. Next door, at 39, we find a cozy, home-like atmosphere; here most of the Delta Delta Phi girls live. Then comes the Phi Eta Sigma house, attractive and inviting. On the same side of the street is No. 47. The girls of this hall take their meals across the street, thus forming one family with girls of No. 50, or Vawn Hall as it is called. Then there is 38, the home of the Alpha Tau Lambas, which fact is stated by the Greek letters upon their door. And now leaving St. Stephen's street we pass to No. 8 Westland Avenue another college home.

In all there are nearly one hundred girls living in these residences, and about fifty of them take their meals in the dining room at 27 St. Stephens street. The College having the first suite in this building, where are found three dining rooms, an office in the front and a kitchen in the rear. The girls from the different halls have their own tables, presided over by the various chaperons. The advantage of having these homes on one street and so short a distance from the College can be easily seen. The girls have jolly social times and enjoy the community of interests which the home and college life create. These halls are under the management of Mrs. Southwick, assisted by Miss Todd.

Cupid's Busy Season.

During the long summer vacation when others were flying to mountain and coast seeking rest and pleasure, the little love god was hard at work. That his labors were not in vain is known from the following statements, the "Hard Hits:"

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Billingsley announce the marriage of their daughter, Romaine, '98, to Mr. Newton B. Hammond, August seventh. The wedding took place at the bride's home at California, Pennsylvania.

Rena Marion Lotridge of the class of 1907 and Albert Earll Hodge were married the 30th of last April, at Fonda, New York.

Two former Emersonians, Louise Adelaide Irvine, '02, and James Oliver Lawson were married in Boston, August the 28th.

A pretty June wedding was that of Janie Boyd Sharp, '07, and Austin Hervey Filtz at the bride's home in South Boston.

Irene Smiley, class of 1904, of Kentucky, has become Mrs. Cosner, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Another August wedding was that of Bertha Juainta Boynton, '99, and Atherton Bean. Mr. and Mrs. Bean will be at home after November first, in New Prague, Minn.

From Iowa comes the news that Olive Inez Orton, '06, and Oscar Elwood Anderson were married in August.

Mable E. Grobell, '06, in May became the bride of Paul Richard Zinser, also of '06.

A lovely October bride from the class of 1907 was June Shaw, who married Mathew Jack Baker, of Portland, Maine.

And as yet Cupid has no vacation in sight.

Madge Farnum, '07, has announced her engagement to Mr. James Staurt Wilkerson, of Cuba.

At West Acton, Mass., on October 12th, Clara Lewis Stone, '02, became the wife of Mr. Walter Irving Gage.

Another summer wedding, on June the 29th, at Phillisburg, Quebec. Alice Hastings, '04, and Fritz Clarence Bickfork were married.

An Emerson duet—Georgia McNally, '07, and William Slovens McNutt, were married on August 6th in the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mr. and Mrs. McNutt appeared this summer with Keith and Proctor's in an original sketch written by Mr. McNutt.

The Sororities and Frat.

Kappa Gamma Chi. Leta Heinemann, president; Berenice Wright, vice-president; Ailene Powers, secretary and treasurer.

With the beginning of the school year the Gamma chapter of Kappa Gamma Chi announces the following new members: Christine Hodgdon, Malden, Mass.; Dealsey Brooks, Fresno, Cal.; Margaret Conklin, New Hampton, Mass.; Blanch Boyden, Lisbon, North Dakota.; Lillian Waggoner, Beaver, Pa.; Pocahontas Staufft, Alleghany, Pa.; Alma Bruggeman, Pittsburg, Pa.; Alice Davidson, Saco, Me.; Nellie Munro, Binghamton, N. Y.

The fraternity entertained at an informal tea at their residence, No. 2 Batavia street, Friday afternoon, October eleventh, in honor of their honorary members, Mrs. Foss Lamprell Whitney, Miss Lilia B. Smith and Mrs. William Howland Kenny. All are delighted by the return of two of our charter members. Miss Jane Mitchell has come back to take a position in the faculty and Miss Maud Germonde, who brought the charter from Ohio Wesleyan University, has returned to continue her Post Graduate work. During the past summer invitations were issued to the Kappas of the respective chapters of Ohio Wesleyan University,

Smith College, Mount Holyoke and Emerson College for a convention and house party held at Ballast Island, Lake Erie. The Alpha chapter of Gamma Chi was founded at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1890.

Alpha Tau Lamda.

The Alpha Tau Lamda Sorority, is comfortably domiciled in its Chapter House, 38 St. Stephens street, and the members will be pleased to welcome friends on any Wednesday evening during the ensuing year.

The old members who have returned to College this year are, Mrs. Kent, and the Misses Coolidge, Sleight, True, Tiller, Richardson, Arguello, Holme and Ross, and the new pledged members are as follows: The Misses Blodgett, Chaffee, Cook, Corbin, Gannon, Righter, Shine and Weaver. Among the members of the Faculty, the Sorority has been fortunate in having as guests the Dean and Mrs. Southwick, Mr. Gilbert, Miss Noyes and Miss Sleight. On the evening of October 24th, at their home on Commonwealth Avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Bond entertained the Alpha Tau Lamda Sorority, and the evening will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant events of the year. The Sorority takes pleasure in welcoming Mr. Hicks and Mr. Tripp as new honorary members. Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd has accepted an invitation to be the guest of the Sorority during her stay in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Baker (nee June Shaw) will also be welcomed as guests within a few weeks.

Delta Delta Phi.

During the vacation, the sorority of Delta Delta Phi has become a national organization, in high class professional schools, having a course of at least two years. The first national convention and house party was held the last two weeks in June, at Bayview, Milford, Connecticut, where the Alpha Chapter, New York Froebel Normal, entertained three delegates from each of the other chapters.

Frances Woodbury, Frances Town, N. H., Edna Thomas, Birmingham, Ala., Alice Rudisill, Altoona, Pa., and Ruth Harter, Berwick, Pa., have been added to the membership of Delta Delta Phi. Gamma Chapter, Emerson College of Oratory, now contains thirteen members, most of whom reside at 39 St. Stephen street.

Phi Eta Sigma.

The Phi Etas have taken 43 St. Stephen street and are happily situated with Mrs. Hobart as chaperon. The girls enjoy their house very much and have very pleasant times by entertaining their friends at dinner and social evenings.

The new members are, Ruth M. Whistler, Maud W. Heusch, Edna Van Clowes, Agnes McNally, Margaret Jones.

Phi Alpha Tau.

The good townfolk of Wayland, Mass., who perhaps fancied that the

"Redskins" were again on the war path, when their slumbers were rudely broken on the night of October twenty-third, by lusty songs and cheers, may be somewhat relieved to know that the sounds which echoed through the countryside emanated solely from the well-trained vocal apparatus of the Phi Alpha Tau boys, who were bidding good-night to Brother McKenna and his hospitable home in their own enthusiastic way. If any one wishes to hear a glowing account of generous hospitality and a dinner that was fit for a king, let him ask a member of Phi Alpha Tau for more detailed information concerning the above-named date.

Phi Alpha Tau will be officered this year by Bard, Farr, Harrington, McKenna, and Sparks. Under the leadership of Brother Bard, the year bids fair to be a fine and progressive one. Various activities are being considered *sub rosa*, which will perhaps cause Emersonians to sit up and take notice later on. Keep your eye on Phi Alpha Tau, meanwhile.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association held its annual reception for the members of the Freshman Class, Saturday evening, Sept. 28th, in the College rooms. Miss Carmen Mac Intyre entertained throughout the evening with vocal solos and violin selections. Light refreshments were served and the new students became acquainted with the teachers and upper classmen.

The Association held its first regular meeting on the afternoon of Oct. 11. Mrs. E. Charlton Black gave a very interesting and inspiring talk and several readings from portions of the Bible. On Oct. 18, Miss Gertrude McQuesten had charge of the meeting, and after her little heart-to-heart talk with the girls every one felt a fresh impetus to go forth and do better her share of the world's work. Mr. Raymond Jelliffe of the Central Congregational Church helped us greatly by his address on Oct. 25th. The Y. W. C. A. was pressed into service at the opening of College in meeting the new arrivals at the depots and comforting the home-sick ones. In fact the Y. W. C. A. girls were greatly sought after by perplexed freshmen and other dismayed ones. Under the efficient leadership of our president, Miss Berenice Wright, the Y. W. C. A. of Emerson College is looking forward to a helpful, happy year.

Alumni Notes.

Our Graduates—Where They Are.

'06.

Just a few days ago from the far West came word of a good position awaiting a good teacher, and May Belle Adams is now speeding across the prairies on her way to Washington. By the time this reaches our

readers, we trust that Miss Adams will be happily located in her new field of work.

Helen Badgley is now out on a thirty-weeks' recital tour. She will travel for the most part through the North-west.

Herbert D. Bard, who for the last two years has been supporting at least two hospitals, is again Herbert of old. He is engaged in private teaching here in the city.

Robert H. Burnham is busy with his recital work. Mr. Burnham and Catherine Porter have some very clever sketches which are delighting audiences through this part of new England.

Erving Coolidge has returned to our alma mater as a member of the faculty.

Alice Mary Crawford is enjoying a very busy life teaching Reading and Expression in the High Schools in Jolntown, N. Y.

Fanny Fern Falk is back at Emerson teaching the girls how to do for themselves what nature has failed to do. Her classes in Make-up are as enthusiastic as they are large.

We are glad to see Nina Everett Gray's genial smile about the College, accompanied by its owner. Miss Gray is taking some special work.

Jessie Mabel Hall is enjoying a rest at home in the Dakota.

Will some one tell us where Effie Mae Hancock is teaching?

To the Old Dominion has gone the "Princess." Blanche Heslyn finds her work at Rawlings Institute, Charlottesville, Va., very delightful.

Harriet Alice Howell has returned to the University of Nebraska.

The winds and the cold of New England were two strenuous for Willie R. Jenkins; but our loss is another's gain. She is teaching in warm, genial Texas, at Brownwood.

Monica Keating is lost:—to the writer; he would like to know of her whereabouts.

The principal of the Oratory department in Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga., says: "We are all very fond of Miss Kenyon; we think she is fine!" Of course she is; we have always known it.

Bernard Lambert has resumed his work in the Duluth High School, Duluth, Minn.

Anna E. Marmein is back at E. C. O., teaching the students how to write. We will have a number of Rhetoricians by May.

At Mount Allison College, Sackville, N. B., is a duet of last year teaching Oratory and kindred subjects,—Alice Mitchell and Hazel Tait.

From Liberty, Mo., comes word that Edith Nickerson is very happy in her new field.

When Sarah Parry deigns to write us something from Murfreesboro, N. C., where she is now teaching, we will tell you all about it.

Olive Pratt is a home girl this year.

It was a delightful call that Annah Remick made the Office a few days ago. She, too, will sit by the old familiar hearthstone this winter.

Clara M. Pence is finding her experiences in Waynesburg College, Waynesburg, Pa., more than interesting.

A contagious smile is heard about the corridors occasionally, and you recognize it as belonging to Abby Sumner. She is in the city for some special study during the winter.

Is any one surprised to learn that Sydney Thomas is now studying in the University of Chicago?

Marie Walter has a splendid position in St. Stephen's College, Columbia, Mo.

Roy W. Zinser, as announced elsewhere in this issue, has been busy getting himself married. He is now in Cincinnati studying about it.

'07.

I shall mention of the Senior graduates of last year only those who are teaching, or such as may be doing studio and recital work. The writer must be pardoned if he misses some who have good positions; diligent inquiry failed to yield definite information, in a number of instances. More than twenty of the class are back for Graduate study; others report that they are coming later.

Zola Bauman is the first in the list, and it is with pleasure that we mention the fact that she is teaching with much success in Manitowac, Wis.

On another page you will read of the doings of Frank Le Roy Beck. Frank and his Company are now booked for the entire winter, and he assures us that he is "making good," and newspaper reports support the statement to the fullest. Frank gladly divides honors with Madge Farnum who is the second member of the trio.

Stella Bosworth is located at Danville, Va. She is to be congratulated on securing a position in Randolph Macon Institute.

In Moultrie High School, Moultrie, Ga., Mary Boyd is teaching the boys and girls to "speak pieces,"—and Mary declares she doesn't let them "drawl-one-bit."

Anna Butts is contenting herself just now with private teaching at home.

Potter College, Bowling Green, Ky., is much pleased with the manner in which Margaret Cave is conducting the Department of Expression.

Who would have thought that Etta Dier would be coaching amateur theatrics? Well, she is, and with most excellent success.

Leona Kehm, Christine Logie and Florence Spalsbury are three of the four members of '06 who are having real experience in theatrical life. At present all three are playing in New York.

Mrs. Maud Kent is teaching at Bradford Academy and in one or two schools in the city. She is also doing some Graduate work.

Georgia McNally, like Mr. Zinser, now possesses a companion. An account of her work is given elsewhere.

Another reader who will be on the road through the winter is Kate Munch.

Fay Nickerson is now teaching at San Antonio, Texas.

Kentucky called for another of our class—Grace Petty. Miss Petty is at Owensboro College, Owensboro.

The names of both Jeanie Sharp and Jessie Shaw have appeared under the heading, "Cupid's Busy Summer." I suppose I need hardly add anything.

Harriet Sleight has returned unto her own and her own received her gladly. It is needless for me to say that Miss Sleight is a valuable addition to the Faculty.

All the talent does not leave home: Alice Smith is teaching in the High Schools of her home town.

Louise Southwick finds plenty of work in her new position at Terrytown, N. Y.

Adeline Stallings had returned for Post-graduate study, but when a good position to do recital work came, she left us.

A lady in much demand is Mabel Todd, the assistant Preceptress, assistant Residence Manager, and teacher. Yes she is at the College—most of the time night and day.

Louis Vann is teaching in her home state, but she has not told us where and we don't happen to know.

Only one of our class is in the Imperial City—Miss Elizabeth White. She should be able to cope successfully with Romans. If you are uneasy about her, address a letter to Shorter College, Rome, Ga.

If any one feels slighted, write us an abusive letter, and we will publish it; if you don't have any such feeling, write us anyway—just so you write.

General Items.

Alice Hamlin, '04, has accepted a splendid position as Emerson Instructor in Maine Wesleyan Woman's College, at Kents Hill, Me.

Mrs. Leda Hammond Russell, '02, writes from Worchester, Mass: "We have a very sweet little girl in our home, born last February. Her name is Helen Gwendolen." Congratulations.

Anna Eva Butths, '07, of Hartford, has sent out a neat little announcement concerning her work for this year. She is ready to take engagements for public and parlor readings and will organize classes in voice and physical culture.

Margaret Lynds, '00, has been appointed to fill a vacant position in the Provincial Normal School, at an excellent salary. Miss Parry, as noted elsewhere, succeeds her at Murfreesboro, N. C.

Olive Inez Orton, '06, has had a most successful year in teaching. Her senior class presented "As You Like It" at commencement, with great success; and Miss Orton also gave several readings during the year.

Miss Howell, '98, of Lincoln, has been taking summer work at the University in Lincoln, Nebraska.

A western gale brought news of Zola C. Bauman, '07, who is teach-

ing in the High School of Manitowac, Wisconsin. Miss Bauman's letter was full of the breeziness of the west, enthusiasm for her work and good cheer for E. C. O.

"Campaspe," by John Lyly, was given Oct. 1st, 1907, by students of the Maine Wesleyan Woman's College under the direction of Miss Alma Gitchel, '04, of the Oratory department.

Florence Inez Jaynes, '03, who taught last year in the East Maine Seminary, Bucksport, Maine, has promised to return for another year. Miss Jaynes's work at the Seminary has been most successful.

Mary L. Murry, '05, of Charlestown, Ohio went to Midland College, Atchison, Kan., to introduce the Emerson system of Physical culture and to establish a department of Oratory. She also will do extensive lyceum work. In her letter to the College Miss Murry said that she obtained her position by means of a "good circular."

Katherine S. Brown, '03, has given up her position at Vincennes University, Vincennes, Ind., to become a member of the faculty of the Willett School of Singing, Kimball Hall, Chicago. She will have charge of the Dramatic Art department. Miss Brown gave a scene from "L'Algon" at the Grand Conservatory, on October first, which delighted her audience.

Lena Budd Powers, '06, has been very successful in her work. Recently she established a School of Expression and Dramatic Art in San Francisco, Cal.

Irvin Lewis Potter, '05, is teaching at the University of North Carolina during Mr. McKie's leave of absence for graduate work at Emerson and Harvard.

Helen Badgely, '06, dramatic reader, starts November seventh on a tour to extend over some twenty weeks. Miss Badgely is booked as one of the special attractions of the Wheeler Pitts System of entertaining.

Mabel Grobell, '06, who has been married to Mr. Zinser, of Cincinnati, will continue her teaching in Cincinnati, in a school of expression.

The engagement of Miss Arleen Hackett, of Lakeville, Mass., to George B. Hunt, a theatrical manager of New York City, has been announced. Miss Hackett is a former Emersonian, class of '07, and for the past few seasons has been playing Natalie, the maid, in "Zaza," with Mable Montgomery, in a company owned by Mr. Hunt. The coming season she is to play Ruth in "Zira."

Grace Aspell Dunn, '97, a short time ago, gave a most pleasing and skillful interpretation of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." The comments of the press and the applause of the audience showed that Miss Dunn had made "a hit."

"I have accepted two positions to teach, one at Venus and the other at Everman, a town some twenty miles from here," writes Esther Tolleson, classes of '07, from Venus, Texas. She goes on to say that "Everman is a new town, not much more than a settlement, but the people are anxious to have the best of schools and we are hoping for a splendid department in expression work."

Most glowing accounts come from Mankato where the Normal Dramatic Club, of the Normal School, presented "The Taming of the Shrew" during commencement week. Nellie Louise Woodbury, '02, under whose direction the play was given, received many compliments upon the brilliant and artistic success of the performance.

Nina Milligan, of Camp Hill, Pa., '03, has been doing some splendid work along dramatic lines. She has made the coaching of plays her specialty and from the National Park Seminary and the University of Minnesota come reports of her successful endeavors. Miss Milligan is a

graduate of the King's School in Pittsburg, and a former Emersonian.

Miss Elizabeth Keppie, '08, in her annual tour through Canada this summer did some unusually fine work. Miss Keppie's Scotch dialect is captivating and she is equally pleasing in her other impersonations and dramatic work.

The Pasadena News gives the following account of a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Hayden to the Pasadena Emerson College alumni association. Mrs. Hayden belonged to the class of '92. The affair was given in the golden oak dining-room of the Hotel Maryland in Altadena. Plans for organizing an Alumni Association of the Emerson College graduates of Pasadena and Los Angeles were talked over. Dean Southwick was the guest of honor and the beautifully decorated table "fairly scintillated with witt and repartee."

The California Sentinel, California Pa., and tells of a most pleasing entertainment given by the Hammond Entertainment Company on October 12th, 1907:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hammond were peculiarly fortunate in their selections of numbers, all of them being refined and full of opportunities for the display of those talents which each possesses in so marked a degree. The delightful little sketch, 'The Decision of Court,' was about the neatest thing of its kind ever presented to a California audience."

Harry S. Ross '97 is now the Acting Principal of the Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass. The academy is well known and is doing a splendid work. Its science department is given credit by Cornell University. There are eight buildings on the campus, and a new one costing \$80,000 is being completed. The faculty consists of sixteen teachers and two hundred and seventy boys are enrolled in the Academy for the year '07-'08.

On the first of October The Vanderbilt University School of Expression opened as a new department of the University under the direction of Prof. A. M. Harris, E. C. O. '93. So far as we know this is the only full fledged school of Expression south of the Mason and Dixon line. Located as it is in the educational center of the South, and backed by prestige of a powerful University, the new school ought to become a strong factor in oratorical circles.

Marcia Van Evera Eacker, '07, gave a most pleasing recital in Albany, on October 7th. An Albany paper says: "Miss Eacker's work both in lines of humor and pathos cannot be surpassed; her personality is charming and she has an excellent stage presence, which, coupled with a pleasing voice, means that she cannot help but succeed. We predict, for her a brilliant future."

"Beyond all possibility of doubt the recital given by Miss Rosa Jones '08 was the most creditable entertainment of the kind ever given in Anniston," declares the *Anniston Review*, Anniston, Ala. The item goes on to say: "Her remarkable versatility was the most impressive feature of the recital. Whether the subject be comic or tragic, she is thoroughly sympathetic and her every action is graceful. Her encores were particularly happy and her rendition of selections from McCarthy's 'If I were King, could hardly be excelled.'"

Alberta F. Black, '06, who taught in Mt. Allison Ladies College, Sackville, N. B., last session now has charge of the classes in Elocution and Gymnastics in Tilton Seminary, Tilton, N. H.

On October 15th, at Truro, Nova Scotia, Frank Le Roy Beck and Madge Farnum gave a most pleasing entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. building. The following clipping is taken from a Truro paper:

"Of Miss Madge Farnum's reading it can be said they took the audi-

ence by storm. Her impersonations of the "small boy" and other characters were natural and easy, holding her audience in breathless expectation. She was enthusiastically encored at each appearance, to which she generously responded.

In the sketch "Seth" Miss Farnum and Mr. Beck took their parts in an able and finished manner. Miss Farnum's representation of Sarah, and Mr. Beck, Seth, being perfect, the character of the sketch being one that admitted of complete changes in voice and acting. In the sketch "Such is Life," an entirely different part was taken by these two artists, which was cleverly done.

This party of entertainers cannot fail to please wherever they may go."

Miss Reed, of the senior class has been busy this summer making a name for herself in teaching and reading. Recitals given by her in Albany and West Hebron, N. Y., met with great success. She was also heard at several concerts, when her humorous character—delineations as well as her more serious numbers produced marked enthusiasm.

The folling is a clipping from the *Albany Journal*:

"Those privileged to hear Miss Grace S. Reed give her first recital in Albany last evening certainly enjoyed a treat. Miss Reed is of charming personality and besides being talented shows the high class training the Emerson College of Boston stands for. The program was carefully selected, ranging from grave to gay. Miss Reed's voice is musical and vibrant and capable of making and sustaining the necessary changes which the presentation of several characters in a sketch requires.

Miss Reed will easily take a leading place among the instructors of Elocution in Albany."

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HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK.

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Oh Give Me A Night.

Oh give me a night when drifts of white
Go swirling through the gloom,
And the poplars tall by the crumbling wall
Like shrouded sentinels loom;
When the pine tree lone makes shuddering moan
As the shrieking wind goes by,
And the moon grown pale is a shadowy sail
Adrift on the cloud-swept sky.

For on such a night when the logs burn bright
In the fireplace old and high,
And the shutters shake and the rafters quake
To the wild wind's shivering cry,
A mystical spell that I love full well,
Stealing out of the firelight glow,
Bids me bury the past in the song of the blast
For dreams that the past could not know.

A. G. S.

Dean Henry Lawrence Southwick.

Henry Lawrence Southwick was born in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, June twenty-first, 1863. After spending his early years in the free schools, he completed the prescribed course at the Harris School, Dorchester, Mass., at the age of fourteen. The following year he entered the Dorchester High School, and from here he was graduated in 1880 with high honors and as valedictorian of his class.

Possessing literary taste and ability, this young graduate sought a position on the *Boston Herald*; and for seven years "Harry" was a familiar figure about the *Herald* office. Not only did this boy-reporter prove himself a valuable addition to the newspaper staff, but during this time he improved his spare moments by attending the Monroe College of Oratory. And here "fair-haired Harry" pursued his course of study with splendid success. His graduation in 1887 marked the closing of his journalistic work; but previous to this time his energy and scholarship won for him a distinguished triumph which should be mentioned. In competition with a score or more he won with his historical essay, "The Policy of the Massachusetts Colony toward the Quakers and Others whom they Considered Intruders," the Old South Prize.

The next year Mr. Southwick conducted the classes in Oratory at Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute; and in the autumn he was made Master of Elocution and Oratory in the William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia.

It was during this year's stay in the city of Brotherly love—and other loves—that the Southwick-Eldridge marriage occurred. On the thirtieth of May, 1889, Jessie Eldridge became Jessie Eldridge Southwick. The following year Mr. Southwick returned to Boston and became part owner with Dr. Charles W. Emerson of the Emerson College of Oratory, where for six years he remained as profes-

sor of Literary Interpretation, Oratory and Dramatic Art.

1896-'97 was an important year in the life of Mr. Southwick, in that he was given an opportunity to demonstrate in a larger way that he possessed unusual dramatic as well as great literary ability. His year in England with Augustin Daly's company was one both of profit and of pleasure. In the fall of '98 he was called back to the William Penn Charter School, where for three years he taught as Master of English; but his interests were in Boston, and at the close of the third year, he returned to Emerson College of Oratory, and in partnership with Mr. Kenney purchased the school. Since then he has served as Dean of the institution. With the assistance of the mature judgment of President Rolfe and the services of a competent corps of teachers Dean Southwick has succeeded in broadening and strengthening the courses of study until to-day the College stands for a higher scholarship than ever before.

In addition to his duties as Dean of the College he is kept busy given recitals during the winter vacations, and through the summer months his services are called for by many chautauqua and summer school managers. He usually finds time to give about four score recitals yearly. He makes annual visits through the South, to the Pacific Coast and into the Provinces; and there are but few entertainers of his class on the lyceum platform who are better known. His popularity as a reader is not based upon "popular" programs, but upon the scholarly and entertaining method he employs in interpreting classic literature, and in saying this the writer does not under-estimate the charm and force of his personality.

And he is known to the public not only as a reader but as a lecturer. He gives many addresses upon literary and patriotic subjects. His "Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare" and "Patrick Henry" are perhaps the best known of his lectures. It has been well said that "his addresses

leave you with the impression that you have met and have held long conversations with living men of flesh and blood instead of hearing a lecture on puppets in a book.' He has made a special study of the pedagogical side of Oratory and Reading, and his talks before teachers' institutes have attracted such wide attention that his services along this line are in constant demand.

For more than a dozen years Dean Southwick has been teaching in the Summer School of Methods, at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia. Two years ago he was called to Knoxville to take charge of the Expression and Public Speaking courses in the Summer School of the South.

Dean Southwick plays as hard as he works. Mountain climbing is a passion with him. He clambers over rock and bramble with the ease of the mountain-dweller. He never seems to tire. When abroad he climbed to the top of Matterhorn, and he was not satisfied until he saw into the crater of Vesuvius. During the month of August he seeks some quiet retreat where he rests, rambles over mountains and eats beans.

Despite the fact that he is well known personally and by reputation throughout the country, the following story which the Dean is fond of telling on himself proves once again that greatness is often a stranger where close friendship is naturally expected. The incident occurred in the far West, and the Dean's version, unedited, follows:

"In a little town out there I was introduced to my audience by an individual who employed for that purpose the spread-eagle style of oratory. He took twelve minutes for that introduction, laying on his eulogies as with a large shovel. Suddenly, and apparently before he expected it himself, he came to the point of introduction. He hesitated a moment, then stammered, 'Mr.—Mr.—.' He had

forgotten my name. This performance was repeated, and then he started off on a new tack.

"‘I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce to you one who is known not only in this country, but in Canada. Not only there, but wherever English, and the best of English, is spoke, is this gentleman known. He is, as I say, the greatest of living orators, and I have the honor of presenting him to you this evening, ladies and gentlemen. I have the honor of calling him by name before you all, and presenting to you this great actor, marvelous lecturer, surpassing teacher, and eloquent awrator, Mr.——.’

"‘Here he balked for good, and turned helplessly to me.

"‘Call it Southwick,’ I answered, and audience and I laughed together at the expense of this gentleman, who, I am since informed, has had no peace whatsoever from his townsfolk.”

At present Dean Southwick is residing in Brookline, where he and Mrs. Southwick, together with their three children, Ruth, Mildred and Jessie are always “at home” to Emerson students. Not the least delightful of the many delightful memories which will linger with the alumni in after years will be the recollection of winter evenings spent at the Southwick fireside.

The Theatre.

Notes from a Chapel Talk by Dean Southwick.

Numerous questions concerning the scope and nature of our Dramatic courses at Emerson, together with inquiries if we encourage students to go upon the stage, and if not, whether we are not illogical in giving prominent place in our curriculum to theatrical preparation have led me to speak to you concerning that matter this morning. And while I am on my feet, I propose to state frankly my own attitude toward the theatre as an institution, toward the

drama as an art, toward the theatrical business as a business and then to give my views upon the nature, worth and place of dramatic study.

I speak first as an appreciator—a lover of dramatic art, a patron of the theatre and one who during a quarter of a century has had the opportunity and made it his business to see the best things which have been presented in this country, and who has also been privileged to see some of the best in Europe. I speak also as a teacher who has earnestly studied the theatre in relation to public education, and particularly the nature and influence of dramatic training, present and remote, upon students of Expression. And I speak also as a student, an amateur, an experimenter who has played and directed plays for many years, because he loved the work. And I speak, moreover, as one who knows something of the stage from the stage—from the professional point of view. For not only have I had personal acquaintance with a dozen artists, well known by reputation to all of you, but I played as a professional actor in this country and in England under the most scholarly and most distinguished manager America ever produced—Mr. Augustin Daly. I felt that my preparation for teaching dramatic work would be incomplete without such training as it was my very good fortune to receive, and my personal experience was an exceedingly pleasant one and in every way profitable.

I say these things because it is well at the outset that you understand the point of view—the several viewpoints from which I approach this discussion, and if I offer any criticisms of existing conditions it is neither that I reflect the prejudice of those ignorant of the facts nor the jaundice of those whose personal experiences embittered. And if I err, it will probably be through over-fondness for the theatre and a too sanguine estimate of its power for good. But it is farthest from my purpose to make a special plea. I want with you to look the facts squarely in the face.

"There is today in this country a large body of people representing not merely the narrow—the old-fashioned, the Bourbon element which never learns and never forgets, but some of the most thoughtful and earnest people outside the church as well as in it, some of our professors, scholars and humanists who believe the theatre morally pernicious and

unworthy of serious consideration as an educational influence."

They tell you that the majority, the overwhelming majority of the plays of the day, cannot by the utmost stretch of imagination be regarded as of an educational value—that they teach no lesson worth the learning, exercise no helpful influence, awaken no aspiration. Are they right? Examine the list of attractions advertised in the dozen theatres of Boston or the four dozen or more theatres of New York during the past weeks and see if you can confute this statement. You will not find an answer in favorable statistics. Some of the plays are degrading, and the pernicious play is by no means confined to the low theatre.

It is said that the majority of the plays written or produced are trashy, trivial, unworthy investments of time and money, even when not absolutely degrading; that the preponderance of influence is downward rather than upward and that our necessary estimate of a man or an institution must rest upon the general trend, the prevailing tendency of influence.

The same influences which work ill for the community work double ill for the player folk themselves. It is said that the wandering and Bohemian nature of the lives which players lead, removing them of necessity from the restraints and standards, the uplifting influences of institutions and that support and fear of public opinion which obtains in more stable occupations, herds them together, makes them a law unto themselves and tends subtly but inevitably to a lowering of the moral and social tone. They tell us that conditions of advancement so far from being open and fair, giving merit chance of recognition, and incompetence its proper fate, are sometimes such as to be utterly destructive of self-respect, degrading to manhood and womanhood.

" They tell us that the stage is in the control of managerial hucksters, men of low tastes and slender educational equipment who would sell art by the yard and brains by the pound. They tell us that hundreds of players enter the calling without preparation, without any special fitness, and without ideals, because it seems an easy livelihood—a business that may be carried on without capital. What advancement may be expected from an art which even its pro-

fessors hold in such low estimate? ¹ Why should others believe in that which they do not themselves believe in? What can be hoped from those who have no professional conscience? They tell us that false standards are created by the very nature of the unreal, make-believe, gas-light existence in which whatever is not is and whatever is is not, that this everlasting emotional, over-wrought, nerve-racking existence vitiates mental and moral stamina.

They point out the fact that the moral status of many actors and actresses is low—openly and flagrantly a violation of law and decency and that the private lives of many of the leaders of the profession would not bear investigation. They point to the fact that the stage is the refuge and the resort of those whose only claim to interest is notoriety in the prize ring or the the divorce court—and while a Sir Henry Irving, the leader of the profession, a bankrupt, driven from his own theatre, wanders homeless in the provinces, a Nan Patterson is offered a contract of two thousand dollars per week. What, ask these earnest moralists, can we expect from an institution of which all these things are true? Can any good come out of Nazareth?

This is a severe indictment. It is not my purpose to answer all these claims. Frankly, some of them cannot be completely met, for they are in part true. ² But if the majority of the plays produced are trivial and of no abiding value, would a survey of the novels and the verses of a corresponding period give more satisfactory results? I think not. Shall we therefore abolish the novel and the poetry? ³

If the private lives of some of the men and women of the theatric profession show black and grained spots under the limelight that beats so fiercely upon them, would the lives of some in the other walks of life show whiter if subjected to the same relentless glare of publicity? I cannot say. If hundreds drift into dramatic work without special gifts or fitness or education or ideals, is the situation essentially different in music and art?

From these questions you will readily see that the truth at which I am pointing is that the real measure of an art is like the true measure of a man—the best that is in it—the utmost height to which it can rise. We judge a church by the good it can do, not by the self-seeking the

hypocrisy or the double-living of some of its unworthy members. We test an army by its fighting record, not by the cowardice and depravity of its camp followers. "We estimate the spirit of a school by the earnestness, loyalty, conscientiousness of its student body, not by the snarling dissatisfaction of a few ill-conditioned members and the uneasiness of the weaklings whom these may disaffect." We estimate literature by its greatest creations. We estimate a man by his utmost reach—his greatest spiritual altitude—by the best he sees and does, not by his worst or even by his average. And our estimate of the stage, if it be a just estimate, should be based upon the best it has to give us—the best plays, the best acting—and we estimate players by the noble men and women whom we love because they enoble the calling which they adorn.

"But the larger truth is this: the theatre is here and is here to stay." The demand for it is in the human heart. The dramatic instinct is heaven-born, it is of God. To say that what is true in experience, in expression, in perception, but is not literally and immediately true of a given man in a given situation should never be simulated, is not only to condemn the drama, but would sweep from existence every myth, legend, all the exquisite symbology of fairyland, the indirect teaching of the parable; it would destroy, every novel, it would blot from the world's possession most of the world's noblest poetry, it would brand as satanic the plays of childhood. What a universe! And yet a young man three or four years ago wondered whether he was not committing a sin by reading Shakespeare, William Tell to his Mountain, Spartacus to his Gladiators, the Song of Marion's Men, because a clergyman from somewhere or other had told him that it was moral wrong to dramatically assume anything that is not so. I wonder if that parson ever played when he was a child, and how he hopes for salvation if he ever read Scott or Hawthorne, Thackeray or Dickens, George Eliot or Browning, or Tennyson, or how he reconciles the power of the imagination—the mother of every art, the forerunner of every discovery and invention with the "divine scheme." Perhaps he classes it all with the lusts of the flesh, and as such to be trampled under foot.

But there are signs of cheer. First, we must not try

to exact of the theatre the work of the class room or the pulpit. "Often the theatre does teach and it does preach by indirection. Its chief function is to amuse, to relax. And is not this a worthy function? I think so. "It is said that laughing is the cheapest pleasure in existence. It is cheap even when we pay for it if we cannot laugh enough without paying. Relaxation and mirth are wholesome blessings in themselves, and we need an institution which provides them." The demoralizing play like the demoralizing book or picture should be sternly suppressed—but the play that causes simple relaxation, that like some current books, does not make one think at all, has its useful place. "We need to forget at times, to have no problems, to be simply comfortable, and frankly mirthful."

And then what deep lessons are taught by the higher class of plays and taught all the better by indirection—by these concrete pictures which are themselves object lessons of principles—lessons of the sinfulness of sin, of the homeliness of home, of the worth-whileness of goodness, of the stupidity of cunning, of the nobility of heroism! These lessons steal in upon us unawares, and are all the more effective because they do take us unware, and the great plays that reflect all the playful ripples and the tragic deeps of human life, like all great art, are filled with lessons, teach life's meanings, flash truth as the diamond flashes light. "Unquestionably I feel that the stage at its best is an educational influence, and it is probably quite as near the truth to say that all books are not educational as it is to say all plays are not educational."

Another sign of encouragement is the fact that the only plays that have been great money-makers—plays which continue through the years to make money are clean plays. There is to this but one striking exception, which only proves the contention to be true. I refer to a play which while teaching a lesson of charity, tends to demoralization rather than to elevation. As it is usually presented it is in text and action free from all that would disgust and yet its harmfulness is more insidious for that fact. I refer to the play called "Camille," which has retained its popularity solely because it affords a superb vehicle for talented actresses of the distinctly emotional type. The sympathy

of the unsophisticated and the impressionable is so misdirected that moral perspective is lost—and the unthinking transform into a saint the courtesan who dies of artistic tuberculosis and in a becoming white gown in the last act. We may put the white gown upon the repentant sinner—if we are sure that she is repentant—but it does not do to put it on the sin, and right there is the danger in “*Camille*.” Plays of this character war the sympathies until moral perspective is blurred and the worse becomes the better reason. Therefore, are they far more harmful than those that are frankly disgusting, for healthy unspoiled nature recoils from the openly vicious. But with the exception of this play which maintains its popularity, as I said, solely because of the emotional possibilities of its title roll; all the plays of the last thirty or forty years—whether or not of great literary merit—that have proved great money-makers are wholesome plays—the “*Two Orphans*,” “*Rip Van Winkle*,” “*Old Homestead*,” “*Uncle Tom’s Cabin*,” “*Esweralda*,” and others that will come to your memory. What does this prove? It proves that the people love clean plays, will pay best for them. Even in vaudeville, which does not belong to the legitimate drama at all, and whose greatest appeal ever has been and ever will be stronger among the unskilful than among the judicious, a man has made millions because he had the insight to perceive and the courage to act upon his perception that clean vaudeville, in which nothing could offend taste or morals should be tolerated, would pay best and pay longest.

And this brings us to the main point—that the future of the theatre is in our hands—yours and mine. We, the common people, can have just the kind of laws passed we want and can have them enforced if we want.⁴⁴ If we cannot inspire the creation of the greatest art, we can, out of that which is already created, have our choice.⁴⁵ We can have the journalism we want. If you advertise in a sensational, a “yellow” paper, if you buy it and read it, you want it, and you help to feed one of the cancers of our social life. If you refuse to have anything to do with a yellow journal and at the same time buy a clean paper and advertise in it, you help to kill yellow journalism by showing those responsible for it that it is not wanted.⁴⁶

Not the theatric manager, but you and I, the common people, hold in our hands the future of the theatre. It is here to stay. It will be just what we make it. The responsibility is ours. He who goes to the theatre and the play that is unobjectionable and who stays away from the play that is objectionable does the only thing that will ever better the stage. The church cannot hurt the stage. It might do much to help it. Heaven knows it needs help. The theatrical manager will cater to the wishes of those who go to the play, not to those who stay away. Christian people may, if they see fit, by an intelligent and discriminating and conscientious patronage, encourage art and virtue and the clean drama, and deal the foul play, the obscene drama, the deathblow of financial failure. That which is unprofitable will not be produced. The managerial pander has no heart to touch, no conscience to appeal to. He is a creature with one vital organ—his pocket book. Hit him there, and hit him hard.

The actor has his duties toward his art, the manager his responsibilities. Even the critic is far from being an unadultered nuisance. but, after all, it is the community that shapes the destiny of play and play house; and by its apathy or its enmity the Christian community permits abuses which it might eradicate in an institution which is in its midst, which is immortal because of its inherent hold in human nature itself, and is immoral because of its neglect or uncharitable abuse by humanity's natural teachers. The theatre is and ever will be what you make it.

As an art the drama seems almost divine and as a business it often seems satanic. And therefore, because largely of its business aspects, I advise students to let it alone as a business. Always? No, not quite always—I feel that one with great natural endowment, whose talent is for dramatic expression and who seemingly has no other talent—should follow the gleam, or what seems to him the gleam.

But to many it is a stony path, followed with bleeding feet, to a most uncertain goal. The peculiar glamour, personal vanity, and quite as often, the insane folly of flattering friends, some of whom will be found to say to every young woman who recites acceptably in their hearing:

"Why, you ought to be on the stage," and so on ad nauseum—are responsible for the presence on the boards of many unfortunates who have mistaken their calling. To these the thought that real success means the greatest sacrifices and the very hardest kind of hard work never enters their head. "I am going on the stage," announces the candidate, as if the stage were there merely waiting to be gone upon. It requires no capital and in their belief no education, and then, "Its just lovely!" Perhaps a pretty face or a personal introduction will get them into a chorus. And then—?

Well, what of it as a business? First, for the rank and file, the uncertainty of engagements, the uncertainty of the survival of a company of which one is a member and the shortness of the season make it one of the most poorly paid of the professions. Second, it is the only business which I can recall in which one is out of a job almost every year. Think of a young broker, baker, railroad man, mechanic, civil engineer, teacher, having to hunt up a new situation every season. Think of the utter absurdity of it from a business point of view! Again, remember that fully one-half of the theatric profession are out of employment at any given time. Remember the conditions of travel, the long jumps, bad hotels, sleepless nights, draughty dressing rooms, discomforts in every form and guise, most intimate association with uncongenial companions, or isolation. Remember that the career is usually incompatible with satisfactory domestic life, and involves a virtual severance with old ties and loved environments. Is the picture alluring? "Sammy," said the elder Weller when Sam had written a valentine, "when you are married, you'll know a good many things you don't know now, but vether it is vurth vile to go so far to get so little is a question."

(To be Continued.)

At Christmas Time.

I hear a voice all sweet and low
Now calling, calling, calling
As o'er the world December snows
Are falling, falling, falling.

I see the wistful, love-lit eyes
Now gazing, gazing, gazing
On early Yule-logs that with song
Are blazing, blazing, blazing.

I feel the touch of sacred hands
Now clinging, clinging, clinging:—
A Home and Mother—and Christmas bells
Are ringing, ringing, ringing.

G.

The Problem of Moral Failure.

Edward Howard Griggs.

Notes from a lecture delivered before the students of Emerson College.

We have seen that the meaning of life is not to be found in any one achievement, but in the ever higher achieving of wisdom and love. This process of human development, which goes as far as we can see and probably much farther, is being broken constantly by an element that comes into the problem from the outside,—the element of evil. This is the element that enters so terribly into human life and, despite our high dreams and lofty ideals, leads all too often to deplorable failure; this is the element that causes human beings to make such sad work of their lives.

From the day of Job, the problem of evil has been the center of the great riddle of existence. The necessity of evil is involved in the very conception we have of human life. In this conception man is an imperfect creature with a vision of higher perfection toward which he may struggle; but the vision changes with every step and, as he approaches, recedes farther and farther, so that it is not to be

wondered at if the weary traveler often falls in discouragement. Evil becomes inevitable because of the ever widening abyss between that which man is and that which he hopes to be.

Personal existence, or that which man is, changes to that which man hopes to be by expansion and integration. The boy who ties a tin can to the dog's tail is not bad. If we did not know that the dog was uncomfortable, we would enjoy it too. By the process of expansion or extension of sympathy, our personality has reached out and we feel the dog's distress. This growing ability to feel the pain and joy of other creatures somewhat as we would feel our own is one of the means by which we grow towards perfection. The other means of growth, integration, is evidenced in the substitution of a definite aim for mere whim or desire as the chief governing motive of all action. And the higher the aim, the faster will be our growth toward that which we hope to be.

With this thought arises the question, "Does a high aim necessarily mean a good deed?" It does not. In any moral situation there are always two elements: what you meant to do and what you did. You must mean the best and you must also achieve the best, if your action is to be pronounced unqualifiedly good. You have to see the best and then be loyal to it. If you do not see the best, you go down; if you see the best and are disloyal to it, you go down. In either case, the result is moral failure. Nature holds us responsible not only for obeying the law, but for knowing the law, for knowing under all conditions what is the one best thing to be done. Nor is there any situation which a human being can conceive in which there is not a best thing to be done.

As there are two elements—what you meant to do and what you did—involved in any moral situation, even so there are two kinds of consequence that follow every act, the one

absolute, the other relative. When you lie, you blunt your own instinct for truth; your punishment is in the lie itself, for the man who lies to others soon learns to lie to himself. This is the inside punishment that comes to your own soul. There is also another punishment: the world will find you out finally and you will be excluded from the society of good, truth-speaking people. The first punishment is absolute, irrevocable; the second is relative and may or may not come. Furthermore, the first punishment depends mainly upon your motive. If you tell what is not so, but mean to tell the truth, you keep the purity of your instinct for truth, though you may dull your judgment a little. But the consequence out in the world depends on the deed itself rather than on the motive back of the deed. Society has little patience with mere good intentions.

Evil is a strangely self-multiplying process. Most human beings mean practically well at the start. Nobody chooses life instead of death, but we get a little element of evil mixed up with the good, being unable to distinguish between them; or we love a good thing out of its right relation, and the harm that results carries us very fast down hill. Each moral mistake brings with it a whole train of unforeseen consequences, and though we think we can stop anywhere, we keep on slipping until we find ourselves at the bottom. We start out with reasonably noble motives, but the little weaknesses betray us and the good becomes distorted.

To change this natural self-multiplication of evil, four distinct elements break in upon the process of moral regeneration. The first element is suffering from without. Sooner or later the untruthful man discovers that honesty is the best policy. This is not a very noble discovery but it at least helps him to turn about and go the other way. The second element, higher than the first in moral significance, is suffering from within—remorse. It is God's signal that you

have drifted out of harmony with the universe; it is to make you conscious within yourself that you have done wrong. Remorse, however, is not atonement. People make the mistake of thinking they can atone by being sorry. The only atonement you can offer to God, man and the universe for evil done is to do the best thing that remains today. The third element that enters into this process of regeneration is the saving principle of love, that everlasting, miracle working power of the universe. You can never anticipate its consequences. If a man on the downward path falls in love with something above himself, the whole situation is transformed, for the degenerate begins to climb the other way. In other words, he is redeemed. Last of all, there is the practical giving of yourself to the aim you believe to be right. This is a mighty check on the process of moral degeneration. In fact, regeneration depends to a great degree on this conscious effort of the individual. We must remember that things which were good yesterday are kept good only by making them better today, and to make them better requires conscious and untiring devotion to the end you have chosen as right.

There are, then, these two complementary truths in regard to moral failure: there is no forgiveness that can make the deed of yesterday as if it had not been; and the power of recovery of the human spirit is beyond all that the ethical teaching of the past would seem to imply. That is why remorse should be put behind your back. Turn to yesterday only to get its lesson, then continue your journey toward the heights.

Among The Magazines.

Ellis Parker Butler has contributed to the December *American Magazine* a short story which undoubtedly will add to his fame as the author of "Pigs is Pigs." No one can read "Fleas Will Be Fleas" without being convulsed with laughter; and, as the story is not only humorously but dramatically told, a cutting is given here that the weary searcher for a new and interesting selection may read and take courage.

Mike Flannery was the star boarder at Mrs. Muldoon's, and he deserved to be so considered, for he had boarded with Mrs. Muldoon for years.

"Mike," said Mrs. Muldoon one noon when Mike came for his lunch, "there was a Frinchmin askin' would I give him a room and board, this mornin'. He was a pleasant-spoken man, enough. 'Tis a professor he is."

"There be many kinds of professors," said Mike.

"Sure!" agreed Mrs. Muldoon. "This wan is professor of fleas."

Mike Flannery grinned silently at his plate.

"I have heard of thim, too!" "But 'tis of insects they be professors, and not of one kind of insects alone, Mrs. Muldoon, mam. Ye have mistook th' understandin' of what he was sayin'."

"I beg pardon to ye, Mr. Flannery, but 'tis not mistook I am. Fleas, th' professor said, and no mistake at all."

"Yis? Well, mebbey 'tis so. He would be what ye call one of thim specialists. They do be doin' that now, I hear, and 'tis probable th' Frinchmin has fleas for his specialty."

"I should think a grown man would want to be professor of something bigger than that, but there's no accountin' for tastes."

"If ye understood, mam, ye would not say that same, for to the flea professor the flea is as big as a house. He studies him throo a telescope, Mrs. Muldoon, that magnifies th' flea a million times."

"'Tis wonderful!"

"It is so! But 'tis by magnifying th' flea that the professor is able t' study so small an insect for years and years, discoverin' new beauties every day. One day he will be studyin' the small toe of th' flea's left hind foot, and th' next day he will be makin' a map of it, and th' next he will be takin' a statute of it in plaster, and th' next he will be photy-graftin' it, and th' next he will be writin' out all he has learned of it, and then he will be weeks and months correspondin' with other flea professors in all parts of th' worrld, seein' how what he has learned about th' little toe of th' flea's left hind foot agrees with what they have learned about it, and if they don't all agree, he goes at it agin, and

does it all over agin, and mebbly he dies when he is ninety years old and has only got one leg of th' flea studied out. And then some other professor goes on where he left off, and takes up the next leg."

"And do they get paid for it?"

"Sure, they do! Good money, too. A good specialist professor gits more than a hod-carrier. And 'tis right they should, for 'tis by studyin' th' feet of fleas, and such, they learn about germs, and how t' take out your appendix, and 'Is marriage a failure?' and all that."

"Ye dumfounder me, Mike Flannery. Ye should have been one of them professors yourself, what with all the knowledge ye have. And ye think 'twould be a good thing t' let th' little Frinchmin come and take a room?"

"'Twould be an honor to shake him by th' hand," and so the professor was admitted to the board and lodging of Mrs. Muldoon.

The name of professor who, after a short and unfruitful season at Coney Island, took lodging with Mrs. Muldoon, was Jocolino. He had shown his educated fleas in all the provinces of France, and in Paris itself, but he made a mistake when he brought them to America.

The professor was a small man, and not talkative. He was, if anything, inclined to be silently moody, for luck was against him. He put his baggage in the small bedroom that Mrs. Muldoon allotted to him, and much of the time he spent in New York.

"I dunno what ails th' professor," said Mrs. Muldoon, one evening when she and Flannery sat at the table after the rest had left it.

Flannery hesitated.

"I dunno not like to say for sure, mam," he said, slowly, "but I'm thinkin' 'tis a loss he has had, maybe, that's preyin' on his mind. Ever since ye told me, Missus Muldoon, that he was a professor of th' educated fleas, I have had doubts of th' state of th' mind of th' professor. Th' sense of studyin' th' flea, mam, I can understand, that bein' th' way all professors does these days, but 'tis not human t' spend time givin' a flea a college education. Th' man that descinds t' b- tutor t' a flea, and t' teach it all th' accomplishmints, from readin' and writin' t' arithmetic and football, mebbly, is peculiar. I will say he is dang peculiar, Missus Muldoon, beggin' your pardon. Is there any coffee left in the pot, mam?"

"A bit, Mr. Flannery, an' you're welcome t' it."

"I understand th' feelin' that makes a man educate a horse, like that Dutchman I was readin' about in th' Sunday paper th' other day, and teachin' it t' read an' figger, an' all that. An' I can see th' sinse of educatin' a pig, as has been done, as you well know, mam, for there be no doubt a man can love a horse or a pig as well as he can love his own wife——"

"An' why not a flea? 'Tis natural for an Irishman t' love a pig, if 'tis a pig worth lovin', and 'tis natural, I make no doubt, for a Dutchman t'

love a horse th' same way, and each t' his own, as th' sayin' is. Mebby th' Frinch can learn t' love th' flea in th' same way, Mr. Flannery."

"I say th' same, Missus Muldoon, an' I say th' professor has done that same, too. I say he has educated th' flea, an' mebby raised it from a baby, and brung it from his native land, mam, an' taught it, an' learned t' love it. Yes, Missus Muldoon! But if th' educated horse or th' educated pig got loose would they be easy t' find agin, or would they not, mam? And if th' professor come t' have a grrand love for th' flea he has raised by hand, an' taught like his own son, an' th' flea run off from him, would th' educated flea be easy t' find? I'm thinkin' th' reason th' professor is so down is that he has lost th' flea of his heartt."

"Poor man!"

"An' th' reason I'm thinkin' so is that, if I be not mistaken, Missus Muldoon, th' professor's educated flea spent last night with Mike Flannery!"

"And listen to that, now! Mike Flannery, do you be thinkin' th' professor has two of them? Sure, and he must have two of them, for was it not meself was thinkin' all last night I had th' same educated flea for a bedfelly? I would have caught him, but he was too brisk for me."

"There was forty-sivin times I thought I had mine, but every time whin I took up me thumb he had gone some other place."

At the breakfast table the next morning Professor Jocolino sat silent and moody in his place, his head bent over his breakfast, but the nine other men at the table eyed him suspiciously. So did Mrs. Muldoon. There was no question now that Professor Jocolino had lost his educated flea. There was, in fact, ground for the belief that the professor had had more than one educated flea, and that he had lost all of them. There was also a belief that however well trained the lost might be in some ways their manners had not been carefully attended to, and that they had not been trained to be well behaved when making visits to utter strangers.

"'Tis in me mind," said Flannery, when the professor had left, "that th' professor has a whole college of thim educated insects, an' that he do be lettin' thim have a vacation. Or mebby th' class of 1907 is graduated an' turned loose from th' university. I had th' base ball team an' th' football gang spendin' th' night with me."

"Ho!" said Hogan, gruffly, "'twas th' fellys that does th' high jump an' th' long jump an' th' wide jump was havin' a meet on Hogan. An' I will be one of anny ten of us t' tell th' professor t' call th' scholarsds back to school agin. I be but a plain uneducated man, Missus Muldoon, an' I have no wish t' speak disrespect of thim as is educated, but th' conversation of a gang of Frinch educated fleas is annoyin' t' a man that wants t' sleep."

"I will speak t' th' professor, gintlemin," said Mrs. Muldoon, "an' remonstrate with him."

But the professor did not come back that day. He must have had urgent business in New York, for he remained there all night, and all the next day, too, and if he had not paid his bill in advance Mrs. Muldoon would have suspected that he had run away. It was Flannery who at length took the law into his own hands.

It was late Sunday evening. The upper hall was dark, and Flannery stole softly down the hall in his socks and pushed open the professor's door. The room was quite dark and Flannery stole into it and closed the door behind himself. He drew from his pocket an insect-powder gun, and fired it. It was an instrument something like a bellows, and it fired by a simple squeeze, sending a shower of powder that fell in all directions. It was a light, yellow powder, and Flannery deluged the room with it. He stole stealthily about, shooting the curtains, shooting the bed, shooting the picture of the late Mr. Timothy Muldoon, shooting the floor.

As he was shooting into the pocket of a pair of striped trousers the door opened and Professor Jocolino stood on the threshold. There was no doubt in the professor's mind. He was being robbed! He drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. The bullet whizzed over the bending Flannery's head, and before the professor could fire a second time Flannery rose and turned and, with a true aim, shot the professor!

Shot him full in the face with the insect powder, and before the blinded man could recover his breath or spit out the bitter dose, or wipe his eyes, Flannery had him by the collar and had jerked him to the head of the stairs. It is true; he kicked him down-stairs. Not insultingly, or with bad feeling, but in a moment of emotional insanity, as the defence would say.

That night the professor did not sleep in Westcote, but the next afternoon he appeared at Mrs. Muldoon's, supported by Monsieur Jules, the well-known Seventh Avenue *restaurateur*, and Monsieur Renaud, who occupies an important post as *garçon* in Monsieur Julies' establishment.

"For the keek," said the professor, "I care not. I have been keek before. Of the keek I say not at all, but the flea! Ah, the poor flea! Excuse the weep, Madame Muldoon!"

The professor wept, into his handkerchief, and the two men looked seriously solemn, and patted the professor on the back.

"For the flea I have the revenge! How you say it? I will be to have the revenge. I would to be the revenge having. The revenge to having will I be. Him will I have, that revenge business! For why I bring the educated flea to those States United? Is it that they should be deathed? Is it that a Flannery should make them dead with a—with such a thing like a pop-gun? Is it for these things I educate, I teach, I culture, I love, I cherish those fleas? Is it for these things I give up wife, and patrie, and immigrate myself out of dear France? No, my Jules! No, my Jacques! No, my madame! Ah, I am one heart-busted!"

"Ah, now, professor," said Mrs. Muldoon, soothingly, "don't bawl

anymore. There is sure no use bawlin' over spilt milk. If they be dead, they be dead. I wouldn't cry over a million dead fleas."

"The American flea—no! The Irish flea—no! The flea *au naturel*—no! But the educated flea of *la belle France*? Ah, Madame Muldoon, it is no common bunch of flea! Of my busted feelings what will I say? Nothings! Of my banged-up heart, what will I say? Nothings! But for those dead flea, those poor dead flea, so innocents, so harmless, so much money worth—for those must Monsieur Flannery compensate."

As the professor's meaning dawned on Mrs. Muldoon a look of amazement spread over her face.

"And would ye be makin' poor Mike Flannery pay good money for thim rascal fleas he kilt, and him with his ankles so bit up they look like the small pox, to say nothin' of other folks which is the same?" she cried. "'Tis ashamed ye should be, Mister Professor, bringin' fleas into America and lettin' them run loose! Ye should muzzle thim, Mister Professor, if ye would turn thim out to pasture in the boardin' house of a poor widdy woman."

The professor and his friends sat silent under this attack, and when it was finished they arose.

"Be so kind," said the professor, politely, "to tell the Flannery the ultimatum of Monsieur the professor Jocolino. One hundred educated French flea have I bring to the States United. One dollar per each educated flea must he pay, that Flannery! It is the ultimatum! I come Sunday at past half one on the clock. That Flannery will the money ready have, or the law will be on him. It is sufficient!"

The three compatriots bowed low, and went away.

"Thief of th' worrld!" exclaimed Flannery, when Mrs. Muldoon told him the demand the professor had made. "Sure, I have put me foot in it this time, Missus Muldoon, for kill thim I did, and pay for thim I must, I dare say, but 'twill be no fun t' do it! One hunderd dollars for fleas, mam! Did ever an Irishman pay the like before? One week ago Mike Flannery would not have give one dollar for all the fleas in th' worrld."

The more Flannery thought about having to pay out one hundred dollars for one hundred dead insects the less he liked it and the more angry he became. He did not believe the fleas were worth the price, and he inquired diligently, seeking to learn the market value of educated fleas. There did not seem to be any market value. One thing only he learned, and that was that the government of the United States, in Congress assembled, had recognized that insects have a value, for he found in the list of customs duties this:—"Insects, not crude, 1-4 cent per pound and 10 per cent. ad valorem."

As Flannery leaned over his counter at the office of the Interurban Express Company and spelled this out in the book of customs duties he frowned, but as he looked at it his frown changed to a smile, and from a

smile to a grin, and he shut the book and put it in his pocket. He was ready to meet the professor.

"Good day to yez," he said, cheerfully, when he went into the little parlor on Sunday afternoon, and found the professor sitting there, flanked by his two fellow countrymen. "I have come t' pay ye th' hunderd dollars Missus Muldoon was tellin' me about."

The professor bowed and said nothing. The two gentlemen from Seventh Avenue also bowed, and they too said nothing.

"I'm glad ye spoke about it," said Flannery, good-naturedly, "for 'tis always a pleasure to Mike Flannery to pay his honest debts, and I might not have thought of it if ye had not mentioned it. I was thinkin' them was nawthin' but common ignorant fleas, professor."

"Ah, no! The very educated flea! The flea of wisdom! The very teached flea!

"Hear that now! did they realy come all th way from France, professor? Or is this a joke ye are playin' on me?"

"The truly French flea! From Paris herself. The genuine. The import flea."

"And to think ye brought thim all the way yerself, professor! For ye did, I believe?"

"Certain!" cried all three.

"An' t' think of a flea bein' worth a dollar! Thim can't be crude fleas at sich a price, professor."

"No! Certain, no!" cried the three men again.

"Not crude, and imported by th' professor! 'Tis odd I should have seen a refrince t' them very things this very day, professor. 'Tis in this book here." He took the list of customs duties from his pocket and leaned his elbows on his knees, and ran his hand down the pages.

"Ho, ho! Here it is! 'Insects, not crude, one quarter cent per pound and tin per cint. ad valorum.' What is ad valorum, I dunno, but 'tis a wonderful thing th' tariff is. Who would be thinkin' tin years ago that Professor Jocolino would be comin' t' Ameriky with one hundred fleas, not crude, in his dress-suit portmanteau? But th' Congress was th' boy t' think of everything. No free fleas!" says they. Look at th' poor American flea, crude an' uneducated, an' see th' struggle it has, competin' with th' flea of Europe, Asia an' Africa. Down with th' furrin flea," says Congress, 'protect th' poor American insect. One quarter cent per pound an' tin per cent. ad valorum for th' flea of Europe!'"

Mike Flannery brought his hand down on the book he held, and the three men, who had been watching him with a fascinated stare, jumped nervously. Monsieur Jules fidgeted and looked at his watch.

"Be easy," said Flannery. "There's no hurry. I'm waitin' for a frind of mine, an' 'tis fine t' talk over th' tariff with educated min once in a while. Th' frind I'm lookin' for anny minute now is a fine expert on th' subject of tariff himself. O'Halloran is th' name of him. Him as

is th' second deputy assistant collector of evidence of fraud an' smug-glin' in th' revenue survice of th' United States. 'Twas a mere matter of doubt in me mind, regardin' th' proper valuation of th' professor's fleas. I was thinkin' mebbby one dollar was not enough t' pay for a flea, not crude, so I asks O'Halloran. "Twill be easy t' settle that," says O'Halloran, 'for th' value of thim will be set down in th' books of th' United States, at th' time whin th' professor paid th' duty on thim. I'll just look an' see how much th' duty was paid on,' says he. 'But mebbby th' professor paid no duty on thim,' I says. 'Make no doubt of that,' says O'Halloran, 'for unless th' professor was a fool he would pay th' duty like a man, for th' penalty is fine an' imprisonmint,' says O'Halloran, 'an' I make no doubt he paid it. I will be out Sunday at four,' says O'Halloran, 'an' give ye th' facts, an' I hope th' duty is paid as it should be, for if 'tis not paid 'twill be me duty t' arrest th' professor an'—"

Flannery stopped and listened.

"Is that th' train from th' city I hear?" he said. "O'Halloran will sure be on it."

The professor arose, and so did the two friends who had come with him to help him carry home the one hundred dollars. The professor slapped himself on the pockets, looked in his hat, and slapped himself on the pockets again.

"Mon dieu!" he exclaimed, and in an instant he and his friends were in an excited conversation that went at the rate of three hundred words a minute. Then the professor turned to Flannery.

"I return," he said. "I have lost the most valued thing, the picture of the dear mamma. It is lost! It is picked of the pocket! Villains! I go to the police. I return."

He did not wait for permission, but went, and that was the last Mike Flannery or Mrs. Muldoon ever saw of him.

"An' t' think of me a free trader every day of me born life," said Mike Flannery that evening, to Mrs. Muldoon, "but I am no more. I see th' protection there is in th' tariff, Missus Muldoon, mam. But, annyhow, I wonder what is 'Insects, not crude?'"



Besides Mr. Butler's humorous narrative the December *American* contains another contribution which will appeal to our readers, a monologue by Mary Stewart Cutting. In this monologue, called "A Little Change For Edward," the writer has successfully portrayed, indirectly of course, the trials of a young and happy (?) husband who has just recovered from a fit of sickness and has been escorted by his patient (?) wife to make an evening call upon a neighboring couple. "Poor Edward" is all we can say.

The Christmas number of *Scribner's* opens with a most delightful story entitled "The Part of Ceasar," by Arthur Stanwood Pier. The

plot of the story is well summarized in an explanation which the main character makes to Tim Mullane, the father of the crippled boy: "We were on our way to a costume party. Our cab broke down and turned us out into the street. The children gathered—they asked us if we were play actors—and it seemed the simplest thing to say yes. Then your boy Dan told us about his crippled brother and asked if we couldn't entertain him while he got us a cab. Well—we tried to see the thing through—put up the best stunt we could." What the stunt was and how it led to a favorable change of fortune in the hero's political outlook must be learned by a persual of the story itself.

The December *Harper's* is unusually rich in stories which should make good cuttings for the use of the popular platform reader—stories which contain enough human interest to attract and hold the attention of even the fastidious audience. The first of these is "The Toy Shop," by Margarita P. Spofford, a realistic account of the secret misgivings in the great heart of a great man. It is doubtful if Abraham Lincoln has ever had a better eulogy than this simple story, wonderful in its insight and sympathy. Two New England stories, "The Joy of Youth," by Mary Wilkins Freeman, and "Gardener Jim," by Alice Brown need no further comment than the mention of their authors' names. "The Woman and the Law," by Margaret Cameron is of exciting interest throughout, dealing as it does, with a woman's attempt to smuggle lace into this country and her rescue from arrest by the timely appearance of her husband. The story is so true to feminine nature that it must of necessity "take" wherever it is artistically presented. Still another story which the public reader will find valuable is "The Community's Sunbeam," by Elizabeth Jordan. The events which leads to the teacher's commanding the "sunbeam" to be a sunbeam no more are vividly recounted and offer golden opportunities to the master of child impersonation.

Dr. Rolfe's remarks upon the difficulty found in rhyming certain words, calls to our mind a case in point. It was observed that the chrysanthemum had been slighted by the poets, and the reason was advanced, that its name was the cause—that it was impossible to rhyme with it.

Thereupon a present day poet (?) volunteered the following example of what can be done in the matter:

"O Chrysanthemum,
Thy name is rather rum,
And knocks all poets dumb.
But come,
There yet are some
Who would the lyre thum
Thy tardy praise to hum,
O Chrysanthemum!"

Editorials.

Christmas To the College student Christmas and "going home" are synonymous terms. These become intimately associated in his mind on the very first day he lands in the city as a lonely and unsophisticated Freshman. Long before December twenty-fifth is anywhere in sight he begins making certain mysterious marks on his calendar and industriously consults sundry time-tables in a vain attempt to arrange such close railroad connections as neither reason nor the "Boston and Albany" can ever allow. It comes at last, the long dreamed-of day. Perhaps he has slept some the night before, but more likely he hasn't, and with reckless good wishes for everyone in general and for no one in particular he bids a cheerful adieu to teachers and students, bestows a copy of "The Simple Life" upon the long-suffering landlady, and hurries away to the station in a flurry of anticipation. The journey home always seems like a dream whose reality becomes apparent only when the home town is reached and smiling faces prove irrefutably once again that "there is no place like home."

The Magazine extends to all Emerson students its earnest wishes for the very happiest kind of a Christmas vacation. May you have "the time of your life," and, if it is not asking too much, may you be as eager to come back to work as you were to go home to play! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all! He who knows better how to say it, now let him speak.

College Spirit is too often regarded as one of those "glittering generalities" which are extremely delightful to talk about but which we are not always so eager to manifest in a common-sense, practical way, and yet real college spirit from its very nature demands not words but action, and action which springs from

far more than a mere habitual and enthusiastic willingness to rise up and give the College yell on the slightest provocation. To yell is easy; to keep still is sometimes more to the point, at any rate until you have done something worth yelling about. When occasion demands it true College Spirit should vent itself in a hearty giving of the College yell, but it finds its best expression in such seeming trifles as regular attendance at all meetings, prompt and cheerful payment of all dues, and loyal support of all enterprises undertaken by the Class and College.

Now it happens that we have at present three enterprises worthy of the consideration and warm support of every loyal Emersonian. These are, first, the *Class Book* which the Seniors are planning to bring out sometime this winter and thereby establish a precedent which shall make the name of their class immortal in the annals of Emerson College. The second and third enterprises belong to the Juniors, and each, like the *Class Book*, is in the nature of a precedent. We refer of course to the *College Calendar* now on sale, and to the *College Song Book* of which we shall hear more hereafter.

Therefore, Post-Graduates, Seniors, Juniors, Freshmen, Specials and Faculty, if you have money to spend, prepare to to spend it now. If you haven't—well, a word to the wise is sufficient. At all events remember the meaning of Loyalty.

Recital Course.

Adam Bede.

George Eliot's "Adam Bede" was the story told by Ida Benfey Judd on the evening of November first. To compress this great story into the compass of an evening's recital without destroying its unity of feeling and its continuity of thought is an appalling, if not an impossible, task. If, however, one may judge by the applause and the subsequent comments, this task Mrs. Judd achieved.

To quote the ideas, though not the words, of one* who, himself an

artist, is able to discern and appreciate the artistic aims of others, Mrs. Judd's work was notable in three important qualities. The first of these qualities was her ability to make points without over-emphasizing them. Second, she showed an unusual psychological grasp of the ultimate meaning of the characters—their life tendency. In the third place, unlike most other readers, she was able to distinguish character from character by letting the soul of each reveal itself subtly through her face and attitude rather than by loading the characters with distinguishing eccentricities.

*Dean Southwick in a Chapel talk.

Jeanne d' Arc.

Jessie Eldridge Southwick, on November eighth, in one of the most charming evenings of the course, recited Mackay's beautiful dramatic poem, "Jeanne d' Arc." The Maid of Orleans, one of the most wonderful as well as one of the most appealing characters in history, has tempted the pen of many a writer. Schiller, DeQuincy, and Mark Twain—each in his own way has given the setting of his fancy to the simple maid of Domremy. Worthy to be named with the other settings is this poem of Percy Mackay's.

Mrs. Southwick could not have made a better choice for her recital, for the poem suited her as if it had been written for her. Exquisite in form and spiritual in atmosphere, it found its perfect expression in Mrs. Southwick's peculiar powers. The beauty of its diction and of its melody brought into play every quality of her wonderfully expressive voice. The spiritual significance of the character of Jeanne was fully grasped by Mrs. Southwick, and was perfectly realized in her rendition. Her Jeanne's real life was lived in the unseen world, the world of spirit. The "voices" were real to Jeanne, and through Mrs. Southwick's spiritual reach and power of subtle realization, those same "voices" were made throughout the play an inspiration, and in its tragedy a consolation.

Richelieu.

Bulwer's "Richelieu," the fifth number in the course, was presented on the evening of November fifteenth by Henry Lawrence Southwick. In an illuminating introduction, Mr. Southwick discriminated between the characters of Richelieu and Cromwell—typical figures of their nations and their times, Cromwell the representative of English Puritan, Richelieu the representative of France.

The lines of the play were delivered with fine spirit, especially the famous declamatory passages which characterize "Richelieu." The rendition of the brilliant climaxes—notably that in which Richelieu foils the conspirators in their attempted murder of him, and that in which he, as a prince of the Church, saves Julie by throwing round her the protecting arm of Rome, was full of power.

The various characters were clearly portrayed, and each was given his true dramatic value. Julie, Richelieu's ward, sweet and lovable; De Mauprat, boyish, impulsive, a true romantic lover; Baradas, sycophant

and traitor; Joseph, the Gray Cardinal of history—all shared honors with the great central figure. In his portrayal of Richelieu, however, Mr. Southwick was at his best. The strange mixture of vanity and mighty statesmanship of craft and maganimity received full interpretation. With keen appreciation were shown the grim humor of the "old fox" and the splendid lowliness of the great minister of France.

Monna Vanna.

Maurice Maeterlink's "Monna Vanna," interpreted by Maud Gatchell Hicks on November twenty-second, made a fitting close to the brilliant series of recitals. Though Mrs. Hicks may have put into Maeterlink's lines a meaning which a few of the critics assert is not there, her reading was so direct, so convincing, that one hearing her was bound to accept her interpretation and to pity Maeterlink for not having meant it—if indeed those few critics are right.

Mrs. Hick's interpretation once accepted, adverse criticism is impossible. The principle of supreme self-sacrifice, the Christ principle, made even more intense by the fact that a woman was the offering and that death would have been a welcome alternative, was never lost sight of. The characters were clearly conceived and well sustained in the presentation. Marco Colonna, old, calm and universal in his judgment, was a perfect foil to his son, Guido Colonna, young, passionate, insistent on personal right and guided by the emotion of the moment. The two climaxes—that of Monna Vanna's sublime self-immolation and that of Guido's pitiful failure, "to understand nobly," to believe, to forgive—were realized with perfect art.

GEORGE MCKIE.

Little Me Too.

A charming Christmas gift for the small boy who likes books, is "Little Me Too,"* by Julia Dalrymple. Little Me Too is a sure-enough boy with an older brother who adds interest to the sure-enough experiences with which the various chapters deal. These experiences are related with the simplicity of truth. The book is illustrated by interesting photographs.

*"Little Me Too" published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. Price seventy-five cents.

Recital Tours.

Dean Southwick's Canadian Trip.

When Dean Southwick left Boston on November third for a week's trip in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, he was feeling far from well, but he came back looking so much better that no one found it hard to believe his statement that he had had a most delightful time. And it goes without saying that the people who made up the five large audiences to which he spoke on as many nights likewise had a d lightful time. Indeed this annual Canadian trip which the Dean has been taking

now for several years can hardly be regarded other than a visit among friends, who make their guest so welcome that he soon forgets the difficulty he has had in reaching them. In return he gives them his best, for Dean Southwick is not the man to be disheartened either by Canadian weather or the inconvenience of long drives by private conveyance to make railroad connections.

This year the Dean made his Candian friends happy by his masterly interpretation of "Twelfth Night," "The Rivals," "Herod," and "Richelieu." And in connection with this last it may perhaps not be out of place to quote here what the *Boston Times* says of Dean Southwick's recent reading of "Richelieu" in Boston: "It was a.....great reading, the reading which Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick gave Bulwer-Lytton's famous 'Richelieu.' History serves as the motif for this splendid tragedy. The lines of the poem are intense and most dramatic; its scenes depict many of the human emotions which go to make or mar a man. The various acts are moving and highly wrought, as becometh so deep a dominion, so distinguished a Cardinal, so fair a Cardinal's ward as Julie De Martimer.

"From the beginning of this far-famed story, wherein the curse of Rome rests hard upon the Roman head, until the last great thrilling words which bring the marvelous climax, Mr. Southwick held his audience with a master hand.....He has rare power of character wielding. His men and women live before us.

"Mr. Southwick enjoys not alone local fame. His work is as enthusiastically applauded from coast to coast of our great country. In this year's endeavor he has added one stronger link to the chain of his good fortune and emphasized more forcibly his artistic ability and dramatic power."

Professor Tripp's Recitals.

During the week of October twentieth-sixth to November fourth when Professor Tripp was conspicuous for his absence from College, large audiences in Minnesota and Wisconsin were enjoying one of the rarest treats of the season. High schools, Normal schools and Colleges alike gladly opened their doors to the Shakespearean artist and listened with keen appreciation to those realistic interpretations of "The Tempest" and "Henry IV," which have made Professor Tripp such a favorite not only in the West but throughout the country. Invitations to address students at Chapel and receptions given in his honor, testified to the high regard in which Professor Tripp is held by the good people of these Western states. Their best newspapers gave his work well deserved praise, as will be seen by the following comment from the *Minnesota Free Press*:

"To make an historical drama of five hundred years ago vitally interesting—to individualize the principle characters so they are recognized

whenever they appear—to glorify the imperfect but delightful Falstaff so that you enjoy him without stint—to inspire everyone with the beauty in the character of the Young Prince Hal—that is Mr. Tripp's art." Want of space prevents us from quoting further.

In addition to his Shakespearean recitals, Professor Tripp addressed the students of Carleton College on the "Relation of the Study of Expression to the Study of Literature," and on his return trip gave a miscellaneous program before a big Masonic gathering in Wisconsin.

College News.

The Canadian Club.

The Emerson College Canadian Club begs to announce the fact that it is in a healthy and prosperous condition and that its ideals are as heretofore, the deepening of a loyal spirit among the Emerson Canucks, the encouragement of a high standard of scholarship, and the recognition and practice of such social relaxations as shall enrich and balance the student life.

At the reunion of the Club this year, it's gracious and efficient president, Miss Archibald, acting upon our Dean's suggestion, emphasized the need of out-door exercise. As a result the Club, on a certain bright afternoon, packed some extremely interesting and inviting boxes and betook itself to Withrop Beach to enjoy the glory of the Ocean. The outing was a decided success, resulting as it did, in renewed vigor and enthusiasm for work and a better knowledge of the real self in each member—too often unseen in the conventional school life.

Some time ago the Club passed a resolution to observe annually the birthday of its sovereign, King Edward. This year, Miss Fulton wisely and diplomatically providing a surprise in the shape of twelve young men from the Harvard Canadian Club, invited the members of the Emerson Club to meet at her rooms on the evening of November ninth. We were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Lord, who chaperoned the party, and a delightful time ensued. After games, music, and refreshments, rousing cheers were given for our King and country, Emerson Colleg, Harvard University, and the Canadian Clubs of both institutions. The singing of "God Save the King" completed the program and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Miss Fulton for entertaining us so loyally.

The Club is providing itself with a pin so that its members may be recognized. Therefore, when a student is seen wearing a maple leaf pin on the Emerson shield with the initials E. C. C., we desire that it may be understood that the student is a member of the Emerson Canadian Club.

Glee Club.

Officers: President, M. Louise Hanno, '08; Secretary, Mildred Page, '09; Treasurer, Enid M. Severy, '09; Pianist, Mrs. G. T. Curtis, '08; Magazine Representative, Elizabeth Keppie, '08; Coach, Wm. H. Kenney; Advisory Board, Mary Parlin, '07, Margaret Robinson, '09, Edith Thayer, '08.

Let the eagle scream, the lion roar, and the hyena laugh. That's the best they can do. Music isn't their business. But the Glee Club: Well——

List! List if thou didst never list before!
 What be these faint sweet sounds we hear
 Each Tuesday afternoon? Oh heavenly (?) Roundelay!
 Oh my prophetic soul, there needs no ghost
 Come from the grave to tell us what they mean!
 It is, it is the singing maids at work,
 And now I'll stand to it, the coach is all right and the chorus good.

To the Glee Club in room 1,
 Each singing maid may come,
 And tune her musical throat
 To the pianissimo note.
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall we find
 Nothing unkind
 But many a musical sister.

The Sororities and Fraternity.

Alpha Tau Lambda.

The members of the Alpha Tau Sorority were beautifully entertained by Miss Bertha Catrell of Wellesley College, one afternoon recently. Miss Catrell was a charming hostess and the afternoon was long to be remembered.

Misses Eda Hahn, Mabel Gannon, and Minne Reese Richardson, spent the Thanksgiving recess in New York. Miss Francis True is spending a week at her home in Portland, Maine.

One of our older members, Miss Viola Mountz, of Morann, Pa., has been the guest of the Alpha Tau Sorority for the past two weeks.

Kappa Gamma Chi.

The Sorority takes pleasure in announcing the following new members: Rhea Kimberly, Nettie Bowlus, Ruth Adams.

On November fifteenth, Mrs. Whitney spent part of the afternoon and took dinner with the Sorority.

Miss Grace Arnzen of Fall River, one of Kappas former members, spent part of the last week in November at the chapter house.

Phi Eta Sigma.

The Sorority had a very enjoyable and "spooky" Halloween at their chapter house, 43 St. Stephens Street. The guests were met at the door by a ghost who waved them up stairs to remove their wraps, somewhat after the manner of the ghost in "Hamlet." The lights were low all over the house, which was decorated for the occasion, and a crackling fire was burning in the fire place. After all the guests had arrived their attention was turned toward a very attractive corner of the dining room where was found a fortune teller. She was gaily arrayed and her identity concealed by one of our Post Graduate's judicious use of recently acquired knowledge of "makeup." After everyone had learned what her future was to be, the girls indulged in the usual stunts of Halloween. These were continued until ten o'clock when the lights were turned up and the guests summoned to the hall to untangle the spider web which spread from the first to the third floor. They met their partners somewhere on their course of disentanglement and then they proceeded to the dining room for refreshments. After this, readings by Mrs. Willard were very much enjoyed. A social time followed and the party ended at the midnight hour.

Delta Delta Phi.

Gamma Chapter of Delta Delta Phi announce the following new members: Grace Lane, McLeesboro, Illinois; Wilhimena Carter, Atlanta, Georgia, and Beulah Cady, Little Falls, New York.

We were pleasantly entertained at the Alpha Tau Lambda house where we spent an enjoyable evening listening to a recital by Mrs. Ida Benfy Judd.

Gamma Chapter of Delta Delta Phi was at home at its chapter house at 39 St. Stephen's Street, on Monday November the eighteenth, to the Faculty, Alpha Tau Lambda, Kappa Gamma Chi, and Phi Eta Sigma.

In response to an invitation to meet Mrs. Southwick we enjoyed the hospitality of the Trlosu Club.

Hazel Luella Miller and George Arthur Arancio were married in New York City on the sixteenth of September and are now living in Boston.

The Other Residences.

The students of Rolfe Hall and Vaughn Hall have organized a social club, called the "Trlosu Club." Its purpose is social. The following officers were elected: Ewing Carter, president; Nan Turner, vice-president; Alice Daly, secretary, and Helen Tyler, treasurer.

On Saturday evening, November second, the Club gave a "Ghost

Social" in Vaughn Hall. After the entertainment dainty refreshments were served. All of the members of the Club felt very grateful to the committee in charge of the enjoyable evening.

On Wednesday, November thirteenth, the members of the "Trlosu Club" gave a reception in Vaughn Hall in honor of Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick. The affair was prettily appointed. In the drawing room the receiving line was arranged in front of a bank of ferns and palms. Red carnations and deep green ferns, the colors of the Club, were used in abundance throughout the Hall. In the dining room the chandeliers were decorated with red, and ribbons of the same shade were draped from them to the table. In the center of the table was a huge piece of carnations. At the east end of the room the musicians were seated. About two hundred guests called, all of whom were happy to have an opportunity to express their appreciation of Mrs. Southwick.

Twenty-Seven.

At dinner time on Halloween the dining room at Twenty-seven St. Stephens presented a very suggestive and pleasing appearance. Several of the girls had worked busily all afternoon, and when the rest entered the dining room they were very pleasantly surprised by the cheery glow of the mellow light. In each fireplace was a roaring fire, the walls and ceilings were festooned with yellow crepe paper and the tables were decorated with the usual pumpkins, apples and popcorn. The many exclamations and expressions of pleasure showed the hearty appreciation of every one for the work which had been done.

Phi Alpha Tau Fraternity.

The Frat. has established itself in a cozily-furnished flat at 59 Belvidere street, and the boys take much pride in inviting their friends to step around the corner to the "Frat. Rooms." The boys are planning several social projects which bid fair to provide a rattling good time for all concerned. Under the guidance of Professor Tripp a new chapter will probably be established soon in New York University.

For the men of Emerson one of the pleasantest memories of the present year will be that of the jolly good time enjoyed at the home of Dean Southwick on the evening of November twenty-first. The Dean was an ideal host. His warm hand-shake, hearty words of greeting, and inexhaustible supply of side-splitting funny stories made the guests feel that they were enjoying true hospitality. Professor Tripp presided over the chafing dish and evoked from the depths thereof a delicious "rabbit." The enthusiastic Emerson yell, together with nine rahs for the Dean and Professor Tripp, which signalled the close of the evening's pleasure, must have convinced the neighbors that there are a few men attending Emerson College.

The Classes.

'07.

Who says the Post Graduates are asleep?

They were surely not on the morning of November twenty-second. At an early hour they were seen wending their way to the College, where they took possession of the hall, and no one outside their charmed circle was admitted until the ringing of the bell. It having been noised abroad that a "stunt" was coming off, expectancy was in the air and every student was in his place. After the morning exercises the curtains were drawn and a beautiful picture of sixteen charming maidens, tripping the light fantastic toe, was presented. The manner in which the dignified P. G.'s unbent, or rather, bent most gracefully in time to the music, was indeed delightful and reflected credit on their Emerson training. Their bodies seemed perfectly trained and responsive to their wills, and the spirit of the dance was in them. The "Scarf Dance" followed, and was executed with scarfs of green and yellow, the class colors. At its close the hall was darkened and weird figures with ghostly faces, clad in clinging gowns of white, stole on the stage. They were the spirits of Naughty-seven condemned to walk the corridors and do penance for failures while in the College. Their "take-offs" on the faculty were amusing, and were accepted in the spirit in which they were given. The teachers realized whom the gods love they chasten. At the crowing of the cocks the ghosts "shrunk in haste away." The hall was again flooded with light and the prettiest dance of the morning, "Laces and Graces," was given. It was indeed grace personified. The closing dance, the "Floradora," was very "taking" and received hearty applause.

At its close every member of the class, with one exception, was on the stage, and the class yells were given with true Emerson spirit. The student body responded with a rousing yell for the P. G.'s and the whole College joined in the Emerson yell until the rafters rang. The curtains were drawn, and presumably all was over, but the crafty members of the class brought "The One" forward, drew the curtains and showed the surprised face of "the man behind the stunt," and three heart-felt cheers were given for Miss Sleight. Thus ended the P. G. "stunt," the most aesthetic, and one of the most successful ever given in the College.

During the past month several of the members of our class have been doing recital work. Miss Jessie Shaw gave a recital at West Bridgewater, Mass. She was assisted by a violinist and a vocalist. We understand this was a return engagement for Miss Shaw.

Miss Mary Hatch has given a number of successful recitals in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Katherine Porter also has appeared in a number of entertainments in and about the city.

Two of our number appeared in Mr. Gilbert's play at the Colonial theatre, on December 5th and added not a little to the brilliant success of the performance.

Miss Susan Applegate, '05, is teaching a class in Reading at the First Unitarian Church, Boston.

The visit of Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd to our College was a source of inspiration and uplift. We as a class were fortunate in having several lessons with Mrs. Judd, in which we came very near to her and were admitted to some of the secrets of her great art.

'08.

November was a strenuous month for the Seniors, and the saddest part of the whole story is that the reason can never be published. However, something "of worthy memory" is likely to happen even yet, and when it does, it will behoove the rest of the students to be present.

The Class Book committee are hard at work, gathering in biographical sketches and discussing interesting caricatures. It is the hope of the committee to get most of the material collected before the Christmas holidays.

At the last class meeting held in November the Misses Baker, Keppie and Hardenburg were elected as members of the photograph committee. They are now spending their valuable time posing for all the best Boston photographers.

The Dean's class in Extemporaneous speaking has been doing excellent work for the last eight weeks. The members have been giving five-minute speeches on all sorts of interesting topics, from "My Acquaintance with Uncle Remus" to "The Art of Forgetting," and they have managed to express themselves with such fluency, force and charm that they have delighted not only the rest of the class but the Dean himself—an achievement certainly well worth while.

'09.

The Junior class is preparing a college calendar, which will be ready for sale about the tenth of December. The calendar consists of six pages and contains photographs of the Dean, Chickering Hall, the gymnasium classes, glimpses of rooms in the different residences, and other pictures of a similar nature. As this is a new venture for any class in the college, we feel sure that it will receive the support of every student and graduate of Emerson. Advance orders may be sent to the following committee: Miss Ellis, Mrs. Fisher, or Miss Hall.

The Junior class has another undertaking under way, the plans of which will probably be matured by the next issue of the magazine. Be prepared for something fine!

The class of 1909 welcomed the class of 1910 at a Halloween party

October the thirtieth. In response to mysterious invitations, the Freshmen came to Chickering Hall, and were met on the gloomy stairway by a ghostly reception committee. They were then ushered into the dimly lighted hall where on all sides were seen witches, ghosts and other Halloween visitants. However, the lights soon appeared and with them the music for dancing, driving away all uncanny spirits to their own private sanctums. The adventurous ones followed and were harrowed by strange sights and visions into the future. Other guests visited the gypsy fortune teller, while still others participated in the dancing, and the cozy refreshment room was not neglected. The pleasantest feature of the evening was the group of delightful readings by Mrs. Willard. These were enthusiastically applauded by all present.

'10.

This year's Halloween night will long be remembered by the guests of the Juniors. We greatly appreciated the kindness of '09, kindness which meant hard work for the Juniors and which resulted in a glorious good time for us all. Perhaps some of us were a bit surprised to know our future careers, but we'll try to do nothing worse than what was prophesied for us. The lighting of Room I was surely appreciated by certain ones. From all sides, three cheers for 1909!

The regular monthly class meeting was held on Wednesday the thirteenth at two o'clock, the president presiding. Many things of interest were brought before the class, and several committees appointed.

Miss Powers was recently chosen Freshman class reporter.

Though we have been in college several weeks, we have had so many other things to attend to, that as yet we are not all very well acquainted. However, a social affair in the nature of a Thanksgiving Party did much to help us over this difficulty, and now we are all at least on speaking terms.

During the month some of the class have been absent on account of sickness. The illness in several cases has been due to overwork and over-study, and in others, perhaps, due to—well, you do get hungry, and if you eat certain things, you know—has anyone decided yet just what the trouble was?

Dr. Ward's lectures have been so interesting that several girls have asked him about forming a special class to study style in literature, and we hope the idea may be carried out.

Somebody said the class held promise of good physical culture teachers.

First milestone past! Volume II has been reached in the "Evolution of Expression."

General News.

Another month brings us report of new conquests by cupid. On November second at Gloucester, Mass., Edna A. MacRobert Riggs, '99, and Mr. Willard Vaughan Morse were married. Mr. and Mrs Morse are at home at Augascalientes, Mexico.

Mina Amelia Reade, '95, and Rev. Edward Earnest Annand were married the sixth of November at the bride's home in Fredericton, New Brunswick. The bride and groom are now living in Windsor, Nova Scotia.

From Roxbury, Mass., comes the announcement that Edith Hale and Dr. Walter Babcock Swift, '98, were married at the Emanuel Walnut Avenue Church on November twenty-sixth.

At Detroit, Mich., Emily Louise McIntosh, '97, and James Pailley Kirkpatrick, were married July seventeenth and are now living in Greensboro, North Carolina.

A marriage of interest occurred in Santiago, Chili, September fourteenth; Harriett Buella Fields, a special in '02-'03, became Mrs. George McCutcheon McBride. The bride and groom are now at home in Coin, Iowa. After the first of February, 1908, Mr. and Mrs. McBride will reside in Orruro, Bolivia.

Many Emersonians have been engaged in more or less recital work this fall, and they have always found appreciative audiences.

The Faculty Recital at the Chatham Episcopal Institution, Chatham, Virginia, was a great success. Miss Ethel B. Pittman, '02, gave several readings during the evening and she was warmly encored.

From Shorter College, Rome, Georgia, comes a copy of the program which the faculty gave to the D. A. R. of that place on October twenty-third. The program was most interesting. One of the chief features of the evening was a reading by Elizabeth C. White, '07. "A Little Knight of the Grial," by Albert Rigelow Paine, was her choice.

Sarah Adelle Eastlack, '00, gave a recital at Elmer, N. J., on July ninth. It is due Miss Eastlack to say the proceeds of the recital went towards building a walk to the Elmer Cemetery. Miss Eastlack showed a great range of ability in the choice of her various numbers. One of the most difficult was a cutting from "Hamlet," Act I, scenes 2, 4, and 5.

The Slayton Lyceum Bureau presents Mr. George E. Whittier, '05, as humorous reader and entertainer. He has been received with great favor wherever he has read, and the press predicts a brilliant career for him.

Maud Hayes, '03, is making a name for herself in the south as a "reader of force, culture, and dramatic fire." Her repertoire is extensive, including several plays, as well as numerous miscellaneous selections.

Mt. St. Bernard is to be congratulated on having secured the services of an excellent Elocution and Physical Culture teacher, Evelyn B. Moralley, '05.

Mrs. Mattie Spencer Wiggin, '97, writes from New York a most charming letter, telling of her work and plans. Mrs. Wiggin presented a cutting of "King Rene's Daughter" at a social meeting of the Century Theatre Club, held at the Hotel Astor on October twenty-fifth. Her rendering was most artistic and effective. She expects to start soon on a tour with a well-known opera singer. Mrs. Wiggin also writes of a meeting of the New York Alumni Association on November ninth at the home of Mrs. Phillips.

The sad news came to us from Mary Campbell Monroe, '08, that her father, Dr. Henry C. Monroe, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., died on November third. Miss Monroe is still at her home, and the sympathy of her class and the College goes to her at this time.

Another of our girls was called home the first of November by the death of her father. The College greatly misses Lou Goynes, '07, and extends to her heart-felt sympathy.

The Minneapolis School of Music, Oratory and Dramatic Art is doing an excellent work along the lines indicated by the name. Mr. Charles M. Holt, '96, and Mrs. Holt have charge of the Dramatic and Literary departments, assisted by a corps of able teachers. Mrs. Holt excels in her dramatic readings, "Sappho and Phaon," "The Hour Class" and "The Doll's House."

Eva Johnson, the efficient ex-editor of last year, is attending the State University, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She writes that she is happy and busy with the work of the Junior year. Maggie sends her love to her old guardian.

Florence White, '06, writes that the work of Oratory and expression is flourishing in Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va., and that the new studio into which the department has just moved is most pleasant.

Aeola Olmstead, '06, Ruth Henderson, '07, and Etta Dier, '07, comprise a very enterprising coaching combine. They are travelling through the East and middle West. They spend from one to three weeks in each town where their services are in demand, during which time they put the young aspiring artists through a gruelling course of rehearsals, and then the successful trio depart for new fields of conquest. The praise of the press for their work is unstinted. We wonder why more of our graduates do not attempt the same line of work.

Anna Butts, '07, recently spent several weeks with her friend Nellie Casseday. It was indeed a pleasure to see Miss Butts about the College again.

Letter From Mr. Reddie, '05.

Valparaiso, Indiana,
November 1, 1907.

Dear Friends at Emerson:

This Autumn weather makes one feel like our friend Billy Baxter, as if taking to the tall timber should be man's all and end all. Indeed, as blazing sun each day melts glistening frost, and gold and scarlet and russet war with each other in their annual confetti carnival, I only want to trail the hills and meadows and forests, a gun on my shoulder and a dog at my heels. Moreover, I care not overmuch whether the gun be loaded or whether the scent of the dog be keen; if he follows at heel, and the sun shines, it is sufficient.

However, it is the hunting season and one cannot hinder the blood of Nimrod in its flow; the "far low Summons" must be obeyed.

Remember, please, that we speak of hunting, and not of killing. There is a vast difference. In hunting we are ever acquiring new views of life, in killing we put an end to it. Autumn, then, forever—if we cannot have Spring always.

Before I ever lived in Boston I thought of it as a charming, well-ordered and somewhat Puritanical Museum; a place where one could while away the hours in profitable study or profitable lotos eating with equanimity. After living in the city for five years my opinion that it is a Museum still obtains, though it no longer seems puritanical in its present management. Boston is undoubtedly the most charming of all our cities—as a city, yes. As a city, yes. We do not speak of Boston people. There are others.

At Emerson College perhaps one's life is so bound up with College doings that gradually one becomes convinced that Emerson College is Boston, and perhaps in time one might arrive at the belief that One was Boston and Boston One. It is very easy to become insular and especially, on made-ground, insularity is a dangerous position.

During the last two years I have received many letters from my fellow Alumni, and in all of them there was a touch of surprise that so much could be done in remote places like—and—. Frankly, when I learned that Valparaiso, Indiana, was to be my lot, I considered Valparaiso as somewhat remote, and to me, who has been a bit of a globe trotter, this meant serious consideration.

My opinions concerning Valparaiso—if I had any before arriving here—have been much changed. I find myself teaching at an institution with an enrollment of students second only to Harvard this year, and with an earnestness of spirit, I am quite sure, absolutely unequalled there. It is, moreover, a private institution, unendowed, and offering courses fitted to all comers. A student can live here, board and tuition, for about a hundred and fifty dollars a year. In my own department—elocution and oratory—there are about a hundred and fifty students, and there are one, two and

three year courses offered. Other departments the same—and one price covers all.

And so on, and so on. I mention these details merely to show that there are many places where things are doing, and to encourage my former classmates and pupils to believe that, if, when graduation, or post-graduation time comes, and one must leave Emerson, that there are places one dreams not of where one can go, with the Emerson College spirit in one's heart and Evolution of Expression at one's tongue end, ready to be spoken trippingly thereon, and turned, at a moment's demand, into Visible Speech.

Good-by for the present. I hope you are all enjoying your work, your place, and the people with whom your lot is cast, as well as I am enjoying these.

Faithfully yours,

ARCHIBALD F. REDDIE, '05.

P. S. Please write to me, '05. Address

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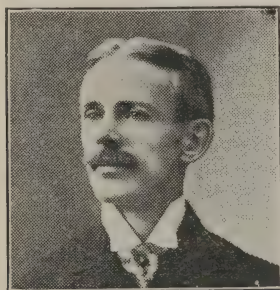
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EBENEZER CHARLTON BLACK.

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The Old and the New.

Her brow is marked with age, her step is slow,
Her garments rent by angry storm;
A hurried backward glance—the sun sinks low—
Then forward bears her weary form
Back from world-wide battles fought and won.
A myraid host thy praises rhyme
Old Year, as faintly now thy dying sun
Beckons thee back to the gates of Time.

With face aglow and step as swift as dawn,
With garments like the rising sun
The New Year leaps without the partals' yawn;
She cries for joy—the vict'ry's won!
She lingers not to shed a single tear
With those who wait in silence near
And humbly bow around the Old Year's bier:—
Go forth with faith that knows not fear!

J. A. GARBER.

Ebenezer Charlton Black.

Ebenezer Charlton Black, LL. D., Professor of English Literature, Boston University and Emerson College of Oratory, was born in Liddesdale, Scotland, June eighteenth, 1861. He is the youngest of the seven children of the Rev. John Black, who was a minister in Liddesdale for more than a half a century, and celebrated his jubilee in 1879, an event that attracted universal attention in the south of Scotland and the north of England. The Rev. John Black was a man of strong character and commanding personality; an uncompromising Liberal in politics. He had such literary power and vision that Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and his friends," wrote of him as "a man of genius and of God, he who first opened to me the Gate Beautiful from within." He was one of the first, outside the immediate circles of their acquaintances, to recognize the true poetical value of Wordsworth and of Tennyson. This remarkable country clergyman numbered among his friends many of the prominent literary men of the nineteenth century. He was on terms of peculiar intimacy with the Carlyle family at Ecclefechan, only twenty miles away across the moors from the Liddesdale manse, the mother of Thomas Carlyle consulting him more than once in a trying family affair.

Rev. John Black, himself a Glasgow University man, had pronounced ideas upon education, and allowed none of his sons to go to school. All his children read Greek and Latin before they were ten years of age, and he prepared them for college by instruction given often in Socratic fashion during leisurely wanderings up and down the woods and hillsides of the Borders.

The youngest son, the subject of this sketch, after winning a Beattie bursary, went in his fourteenth year to Edinburgh University. Here he remained seven years, taking

courses in science and modern languages outside the prescribed curriculum of those days, and spending the greater part of one year in travel in Belgium, France, Germany, and Switzerland. In this year of travel he had his attention first drawn to America as a field of intellectual activity through friendships begun with prominent American scholars, noteworthy among these being Professor Sylvester, of Johns Hopkins University, afterwards Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford.

Mr. Black's life as a student at Edinburgh University was marked by high honors in the Greek and Latin Literature courses conducted by Professors Blackie and Sellar, and in Ethics and Kantian Philosophy. Under Professor David Masson, in the famous English Literature class of 1882, which included J. M. Barrie, the novelist and dramatist, who has humorously sketched some of its happenings in "An Edinburgh Eleven," Mr. Black gained the University medal and four first prizes, including that given by the Old English Text Society for knowledge of Anglo Saxon, and the prize for poetical composition for a poem in *ottava rima* on "The Scott Monument"—a poem which won high recognition when published four years later. In 1881 he co-operated with James Oliphant (author of "Victorian Novelists," "Richard Mulcaster," etc.), W. W. Mackenzie (now President of Hartford Theological Seminary, Connecticut), Andrew Seth (now Professor A. S. Pringle Pattison, Edinburgh), Patrick Geddes (joint author of "The Evolution of Sex"), Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman," Librarian, Edinburgh University), and John M. Robertson (author of "Essays Towards a Critical Method," "Christianity and Mythology," "Modern Humanists," etc.), in founding The Symposium, the Edinburgh Literary and Philosophical Society, before which so many famous papers in every department of modern thought and research have been read. Of this organization he is now an honorary member.

In 1882 Mr. Black went to London and began the study of Theology, Ecclesiastical History, and Hebrew, at Queen Square College, now Westminster College, Cambridge. Before long he retired to his native Liddesdale and there, at Liddlebank, on the borders of Eskdale and Cumberland, he had his home for seven years. While in this pastoral solitude he made occasional contributions to the literary ventures of his friends, and published a volume of original verse much discussed at the time, but long since out of print. As a Liberal he took an active part in the political campaigns in the Honorable Arthur R. D. Elliot, editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, at that time Member of Parliament for Roxburghshire. His most intimate literary friendship of this time was with Dr. John Beattie Crozier, author of the "Religion of the Future," "Civilization and Progress," "History of Intellectual Development," etc., whose father was a native of Liddesdale.

Mr. Black visited America for the first time in 1890, and during the next two years he made extensive tours in Canada and the United States, lecturing on literary and social topics in many places. He spent one winter among the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, where the Rev. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") was then a missionary. In March, 1892, Professor Child invited him to lecture before Harvard University, and he gave a course of public lectures in Sever Hall upon Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson, Byron, Carlyle, Tennyson, Heinrich, Heime, and Sainte-Beuve—lectures that were afterwards repeated in Boston and before the leading colleges and universities in New England. Of these Harvard University lectures Professor Child wrote in 1893: "I have never known a course in literature to be so eagerly sought and so attentively listened to. The interest of the hearers was equally shown by the quality of their attention, which might, without exaggeration, be called rapt." The success of these lectures

led to Mr. Black's formal appointment as Lecturer on English Literature at Harvard University, in which capacity he gave the Tennyson Memorial address in November, 1892, and in the academic year 1892-3 he covered in public lectures, which attracted immense attention, the whole history of British Literature from Celtic to Wordsworth and Carlyle. In 1894 he was invited by Richard Henry Dana to become Principal of the Language and Literature Department of the New England Conservatory of Music, and in 1900 he was appointed Professor of English Literature in Boston University.

Professor Black's influence as an authority upon literature, education, and moral and religious questions has been long recognized in England and in America. In April, 1902, Glasgow University conferred upon him the highest honor in its power, the degree of Doctor of Laws. In June, 1905, he was elected to honorary membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Among Professor Black's more noteworthy public addresses are those on Shakespeare, Celtic Literature, Swift, De Foe, and Macaulay, before Harvard University; that on King Alfred at the Millenary Celebration, 1901; that on Dante before Cambridge Conference; a lecture on Goethe, at Association Hall, Boston; and an address on "The Interpretation of Literature" before the New England Association of Teachers of English. His published works include "Early Lays and Lyrics" (Edinburgh, 1886), and many contributions to reviews, magazines, and educational journals. Among works from his pen announced for publication in England and America are "College addresses on Literature and Life," "Shakespeare's Fools and Others," and "A Shakespeare Handbook." He is editor-in-chief of the complete revision of Hudson's Shakespeare, now being issued by Ginn and Company, the Athenaeum Press, Boston. It is interesting to note that the Christmas number of

"The Border Magazine" (Galashiels and Glasgin) has its special illustrated supplement dedicated to Professor Black, and contains a poem by him, "A Dream of Liddesdale," which we reproduce by permission.

At Ravelston Park, Edinburgh, 1893, Professor Black was married to Agnes Knox, at that time Lecturer on Elocution and Literary Interpretation, Government School of Pedagogy, Toronto. They have three children, Margaret Charlton, John Gavin (died 1903), and Knox Charlton.

The Author of "Rab and His Friends."

By E. Charlton Black, LL. D. (Glasgow)

The keynote of the world's best letters is in Cicero's scribbled whisper to Atticus that he would not be writing him but for the certainty that his were the only eyes to read what he had to say. Madame de Sevigne's greatest letters are extemporaneous outpourings of heart to her absent daughter. When Cowper was writing to his cousin about dove cages and boxes for tame hares, and when Steele was penning to "darling Prue" his four hundred gloriously ungrammatical cries for forgiveness and help, they had as little consciousness of the post-mortem editor and commentator as Byron had when dashing off a bit of his mind to Jack Hobhouse and publisher Murray, or Lamb when telling Wordsworth that he could not be with him as he had promised, "for Mary is ill again and has to be taken to the asylum." Carlyle rises to his supreme height as a letter-writer not when inditing literary epistles to Goethe or Emerson, but when he is sending his old peasant mother at Mainhill a slice "off the fore-end" of his first check from Boston, with the delicious confession that "the kitlin (kitten) ought to bring the auld cat a mouse—in this case an American mouse!" Too often the correspondence between distinguished men is but a collection of essays, more or less elaborate, at best chips from the workshop; but a good letter is always as personal as talk between friends, simple, sincere, self-revealing. It is the expression of a living, throb-

bing personality, and, like a poem, has always more of the heart in it than of the head. The unpremeditated letters of a worthy and interesting man are thus the best comment upon the text of his life and more formal writings.

That the author of "Rab and His Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming" would be a letter-writer of true kind, any reader of appreciation and vision might divine, so easy and natural is the style in these happy masterpieces of dog-life and child-life. It can scarcely be called style at all, but rather a medium of such transparency that everything is seen through it but itself. It is the perfection of art, for no art is visible. But only those who knew the man will be prepared for the unfolding of noble character and exquisite personal charm in "The Letters of Dr. John Brown," which Adam and Charles Black have just published, exactly a quarter of a century after the writer's death. Three hundred and twenty-seven letters to friends and relatives make up the sum of this handsome octavo volume; they cover Dr. Brown's life from 1830 to 1882. The first letter was written to his sister Isabella, when he was in his twentieth year and beginning the study of medicine; the last was written to his sister Mrs. Wilson, when the shadows of his last illness were gathering.

Though varying in interest, each letter in the collection has a flavor and aroma all its own; every line, even of the shortest note, is instinct with individuality. The early letters show a youth ingenuous, industrious, and in the matter of books omnivorous, taking infinite pains with everything he does, from jotting down the details of his daily expenses to memorizing Wordsworth and the Greek Testament. From the first he is as full of fun as he is full of "sairiousness an' fechtin'"—to use the expression of the old shepherd of the Lammermoors when describing a favorite collie; as alive to every whim, oddity and fantasticality of a situation as to the solemn intent and content of every happening in this topsy-turvy of an existence. In these letters humor is breathing everywhere like a west wind, soft, pleasant, often moistened with tears, bringing out the fragrance and the flowers. The humor is creative, touching the deep currents of life and existence; sincerity and quivering sensitiveness are its basal elements—warm, tender feel-

ing with all forms of life, especially dog-life, child-life, and life among the lowly. Thus it is that Dr. Brown writes of nothing he does not know, of nothing he does not love. To be sure, there are some "imperfect sympathies," such as an unreasoning dislike to Dickens and George Eliot, but even here we may read the exaggeration of a virtue. Dr. Brown satisfies his own definition of humor as a sort of doubling of the soul on itself and making a funny face at itself and the universe, what Huxley would have called a case of reflex action. In all true humor there is an element of humility making it indeed what it is—a sixth sense, a specially religious sense, giving sincere and sympathetic understanding of all life, its oddities, its idiosyncrasies, its absurdities, and making us realize that we are all children of one family and that the queerest and the foolishest are folks of like passions with ourselves.

A glance at the ancestry and education of Dr. Brown will help to illuminate and elucidate certain passages in the earlier and later letters. He was the fourth John Brown in direct descent from the grand old Brown of Haddington, "our king and the founder of the dynasty," as Dr. Brown used to call him, who won fame and distinction as the author of the *Self-interpreting Bible*. For this doughty ancestor Dr. Brown had peculiar reverence, and he would often tell what surprise and gentle pride were his when he was asked by a blacksmith's wife in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent, if he were "really the son of the *Self-interpreting Bible*!" The grandson of Brown of Haddington, Professor John Brown, was the father of the author of "*Rab and His Friends*." He was minister at Biggar and afterwards at Broughton Place, Edinburgh, before he became a teacher of theology in the College of the Secession Kirk. Professor Brown was a man of remarkable beauty and dignity of person. "My father," says Dr. Brown, "was tall, slim, agile, quick in his movements, graceful, neat to nicety in his dress, with much in his air of what is called style, with a face almost too beautiful for a man's, had not his eyes commanded it and all who looked at it, and his close, firm mouth been ready to say what the fiery spirit might bid." Professor Brown was more a man of power than of genius. As his son puts it, "His mental characteristics

were clearness and vigor, concentration, and perseverance, more of depth than width. His imagination was not a primary power; it was not originaive, though in a quite uncommon degree receptive." But he was just a man to have a son of genius, and no one who ever met Dr. John Brown doubted that to him had been given the precious but perilous gift of the gods. The long line of Scottish preachers, all men of piety, mental capacity, and diversified distinction, found in him perfect fulfilment.

It was when professor Brown was minister of Biggar that his son of genius was born in September, 1810. "My mother," wrote Dr. Brown in the now famous letter to Dr. Cairns, "was modest, calm, thrifty, reasonable, tender, happy-hearted. She was my father's student-love, and is even now remembered in that pastoral region for her sweet gentleness and wife-like government." This good and beautiful woman died when her boy with the deep gray eyes was only six years old, but this calamity seems to have drawn out his father's love to him in greater measure. He became his son's companion, instructor, guide. They slept together in the manse study, a small room, and we find Dr. Brown in after years writing pathetically: "I remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, intense, beautiful face bending over folios of German Divinity, Rosenmüllers, Ernestis, Storrs and Kuinoels—the fire out, and the gray dawn peering through the window."

Professor Brown married again. His son's experience of step-mothers led him to have a kindly regard toward all who have to fill this delicate position. Late in life he quietly stopped some girls who were talking in a girlish way against stepmothers by saying to them: "You must not talk so, my dears, for if I had never had a stepmother I could never have had Alexander, and what could I have done without him?" This Alexander is the present Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University.

Dr. Brown was always fond of calling himself, as he does more than once in these letters, "a Biggar callant," i. e. a lad born at Biggar; and how he loved his native village away in a quiet glen on the edge of wild moorland in the South of Scotland! "London's big, but Biggar's Biggar" is

the great joke of the district; and Dr. Brown never wearied of mystifying young folks, ay! and grown-up folks too with this local mot. To the last he was faithful to the dear Borderland with its hills and glens, its magic and glamorie, its charm woven of old-world spells, the music of ancient songs, the sorcery of old ballads. The scenery of the south country moorlands and hillsides—the greenest shone on by the sun—was that which he always turned to when weary. As a child he had wandered up and down all that quiet pastoral country. It was then that he found out the mystery of the well, “far up among the wild hills,” caught its soul, as he tells us, on one supremely scorching summer day, when the sun was at high noon. Then he felt the fascination which never left him, of the sleep which is among the lonely hills, and listened to the stillness, profound but for the murmur of the moorland burn or the hum of a bee as it passed from the yellow gorse to the purple heather.

When young Brown went to Edinburgh, he was about twelve years old. Scott was then alive and often to be seen on the streets of the town he loved so well, and Dr. Brown has told us exactly how he looked. “Though lame, he was nimble and all rough and alive with power. Had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood—‘a stout blunt carle,’ as he says of himself—with the swing and the stride and the eye of a man of the hills—a large, sunny out-of-doors air all about him. On his broad and stooping shoulders was set that head which, with Shakespeare’s and Napoleon’s, is the best known in all the world.”

Glimpses of such a man, and Dr. Brown has told us how he and his school companions used to take off their hats to Scott as he passed them on the street, had a most important effect upon the growing mind of young Brown. After two years at the old Edinburgh High School he completed his literary education by attending classes at the university. Here he distinguished himself in Greek and laid the keel of friendship with youths who afterwards won fame and honor. In 1827 he entered on the study of medicine, and was soon apprenticed, as the practice then was, to Syme, the famous surgeon—the man who never wasted a word, a drop of ink, or of blood. Syme he almost worshipped, and he never

wearied of telling how his old master looked, how he talked: "How delightful Syme was, standing with his back to the fire, making wise jokes—*jacula prudentis*—now abating a procacious youth now heartening (encouraging) a shy, homely one, himself *haud ignarus*; giving his old stories of Dr. Gregory and Dr. Barclay. How the latter who had been a 'stickit minster' was a capital teacher of anatomy and good sense—used to say to his students, 'Gentlemen, Veezawlius (*Vesalius*) and his fellows were the reapers in the great field of anatomy. John Hunter and his brethern were the gleaners, and we—gentlemen!—we—we are the stubble geese!' Little thought he of the harvest that lay at the roots of the stubble, and all the revelations of the microscope, the cell-theory, and how much else! And there was Syme's story of John Abernethy, whom he regarded as the greatest surgical mind since John Hunter; and his joke with the lady of quality who came to him and said, 'I'm quite well, Mr. Abernethy.' 'So I see, madam.' 'But, Mr. Abernethy, whenever I do that (making a vehement and preposterous flourish of her hand over her head), I have a terrible pain.' 'Then, madam, why the devil do you do that?' "

The life of Dr. Brown has been described as uneventful. Nothing could be further from the truth. Like Lamb's and like Ruskin's, Dr. Brown's life from the first had in it strains of stress and turmoil that deepened and darkened into tragedy. A wonderful light hovers over the letters written to his friends during the long years of his wooing and winning of Catherine Scott M'Kay and the first years of their married life. It was then that his thirty-five years' friendship with Ruskin began, a friendship marked by letters of peculiar affection and emotion. The two friends did not always see eye to eye, and we find Dr. Brown saying of Ruskin with a sigh after reading an arrogant passage in "The Stones of Venice": "I once thought him very nearly a god. I find we must cross the river before we get at our gods." By 1861 begins a steady darkening of the light on, and within, the homelife of the Browns, as melancholia got its grip upon the beautiful young wife. It was this terrible similarity in their domestic sorrows that helped to bring Thackeray and Dr. Brown so close together as friends. Be-

fore long, clouds of depression drove down on Dr. Brown himself; and from the time of his wife's death until the end, his own prevailing mood was what he describes Thackeray's as being, "profoundly morne." Out of this his brightness was but an occasional rising. Sometimes the gloom was so dark and oppressive that he had to go away from us all—"to a friend in the north," as it was termed vaguely and euphemistically. But though cast down, Dr. Brown was never dull. Nothing could take the goodness or the genius out of him. Cowper could rise from feeling that he was "damned below Indas, more abhorred than he was," to write "John Gilpin," or pen a dainty note to Lady Hesketh. So with Dr. Brown. Melancholia led him down into dark and terrible places, but he would rise into the sunlight again as fascinating and full of interest as before. He could even bend back and smile at his own gloom when the horror of great darkness was athwart his soul. One of his patients, a lady who was like himself subject to fits of depression, was walking with him in the country. They were describing their respective feelings, when suddenly Dr. Brown stopped and said, "Tell me why I am like a Jew." She could not answer. He then added quietly, "Because I am sad-you-see!"

The later letters in this delightful volume are full of vivid glimpses of many notable Americans, including well-known Bostonians who had visited Edinburgh and found their way to the simple study-drawing room at 23 Rutland street. In these pages we catch a glimpse of James T. Fields, J. R. Lowell, President Eliot, Samuel L. Clemens and many others. Some of the comments passed upon English and American authors may startle and surprise, though it is hardly possible that any of Dr. Brown's judgments and criticisms can offend. That he failed to appreciate Dickens, or George Eliot, need worry no one; nor is there any cause of offence in his decided and outspoken preference for Lowell among American poets. "Do you know him and his works well?" he writes to Lady Minto. "I would much rather be him than Tennyson or Browning; there is more of the light of common day, more naturalness in thought and word, and no want of depth or tenderness, with humor of the stronger and rarest flavor." The volume closes with a letter from

Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) to Dr. Brown's son, in which is summed up the feelings that all lovers of good literature must have as they think of what the author of "Rab and His Friends," "Pet Marjorie," "Our Dogs," and these three hundred and twenty-seven letters stands for: "He was the most extensive slaveholder of his time, and the kindest; and yet he died without setting one of his bondmen free."

A Dream of Liddesdale.

In a Western Hospital.

By Ebenezer Charlton Black, LL. D. (Glasgow).

Row up the window blind, my lass,
An' let me see the sun
Glint on the trees an' bit o' grass
Ayont the 'spital grun.'
Ye say I'm lookin' fine an' braw;
Nae wonder!—I hae been
Across the hills an' far awa,
An' hame again yestreen.

It maun hae been the bit o' mint
Ye left there on the chair,
That brocht the sicht o' scenes lang tint,
An' simmer days nae mair—
The fields alang the water-side;
The firs abune the Gill;
Auld Clintocho where the hoolets hide;
The loanin' up the hill.

The loanin' up the hill—ay, ay!
Far as the laigh march-line;
It was the road we took the kye,
When we were boys lang-syne.
I saw it a' as plain as day,
It was a winsome sicht—
The bield o' brackens on the brae,
O' heather on the heicht.

Muirmen were mawin' hay far doun
The hill-side, lowne an' braid;
The scythe-glints reached me an' the soun'
O' strickles on the blade.

"Tis sweet beside the heather-bell,"
 I sang the auld-warl' rhyme
 To music an' a bonnie smell—
 The bees amang the thyme.

Barefit I skelpit owre the bent;
 The gorcock whirred an' flew;
 The whaup shook oot its lanesome plent;
 The laverock took the blue;
 An' bauld wi' hindberries frae the syke,
 I lap an' ran a turn,
 Alang the divots on the dyke,
 Doon to the Tweeden burn.

Amang the birks an' rowan-trees
 The water popped cool;
 Laigh doun I louted on my knees,
 An' preed the Hunter's pool,
 I thocht o' Dauvid an' his prayer,
 When sair forefoucht an' het,
 To slock his thirst an' taste ance mair
 The well beside the yett.

Na, na! I'll never leave this bed
 Till I am laid awa,
 But wi' that glint o' scenes lang fled
 I'm feelin' fine an' braw.
 Eh whow! the glamourie an' micht
 That ane sae dune, sae auld,
 Should, in a veesion o' the nicht,
 Be young again an' yauld.

October the seventh, 1907.

The Theatre.

Notes from a Chapel Talk by Dean Southwick.

(Concluded.)

Stage life is a hard life for a man. For a woman it is a cruel life. And if it be answered that all life is hard and that no career offers conditions of ease, and that the stout of heart and strong of purpose ever scorn delight and live laborious days, it is still true that if one can be successful or useful in anything else he is likely in the course of

the years to be healthier and happier than if he follows an art which is divine coupled with a business which is satanic. I have never happened to see one successful actor or actress of experience—and I have talked with many—who believed the prizes of the theatre to be worth what they cost.

That sterling actress and splendid woman, Clara Morris, while loyally defending her profession—as she should—against prejudiced, ignorant and unjust attacks upon it and upon the character of its exponents—her own noble life is the best refutation she could offer—and while pointing out that if a girl has to meet danger and temptation upon the stage she will have to meet the same in kind, if not in degree, anywhere else if she tries to face the world in the open and earn her own living—still advises against the stage because of the business conditions, which have been already discussed. And the greatest of all American actors, Mr. Edwin Booth, when he stood the acknowledged head of his profession and when in the full splendor of his career, wrote to a friend, a young physician who was anxious to make acting a profession:

“The feelings which prompt you to take this step—I mean your love, enthusiasm and natural inclination—do not imply an ability for the art. There are hundreds of disappointed lives wasting on the stage, where they felt, as you do, that a brilliant destiny waited them.

“You may be able to recite in private with perfect ease and propriety, even with excellence, and yet have no other qualification for the highest form of dramatic expression. It is a life of wearisome drudgery and requires years of toil and bitter disappointments to achieve a position worth having. You can form no idea of the many who solicit my influence, every season—professionals and amateurs, friends and strangers, of all qualities, male and female.

“I have known many who like you gave up home, friends and respectable positions for the glitter of the actor’s calling, and who are now fixed for life in subordinate positions unworthy their breeding, education and natural refinement. I beg you as your friend and sincere well-wisher to abandon the mistaken resolve and enjoy the drama as a spectator, which pleasure as an actor you would never know, and retain the family, friends and happy home that

now are yours. Had nature fitted me for any other calling I should never have chosen the stage; were I able to employ my thoughts and labor in any other field I would gladly turn my back on the theatre forever. An art whose professors and followers should be of the very highest culture is the mere makeshift of every speculator and boor that can hire a theatre or get hold of some sensational rubbish to gull the public. I am not very much in love with my calling as it now is (and, I fear, will be); therefore, you see how loath I am to encourage any to adopt it."

And still there are some temperamentally and inevitably drawn to the theatre, whose gifts are both indisputable and extraordinary, and who belong there and nowhere else. Such will go there, but they should know fully the conditions into which they must enter and be abundantly trained for the arduous work which lies before.

Our own position as a school is simply this: while we do not encourage pupils to enter stage life and while we occupy the position in this respect of the conservative who usually do not know much about the matter and the professionals themselves who know all about it, yet we provide a dramatic course of great strength. First, we do the work so thoroughly as to make it altogether superfluous that any student wishing to go upon the stage should have to supplement his training here by a course at a theatrical school. But as the number of such students is small, it is not chiefly the needs of such that was held in mind in planning our curriculum. We give emphasis to the work, first, that he who is to become a teacher may be prepared. In these days when nearly every school and college in the land is presenting plays, and it usually falls to the lot of the teacher of English and Expression to produce them, cast them rehearse them, improvise, secure costumes, light, scenery, make-up, music—all that has to do with a complete production, it is necessary that such a teacher know his business.¹

Again, there is no part of education in expression which so frees the student, gets him out of himself—his constricted, limited, self-conscious self as dramatic training. It is as improving as it is fascinating. Again, the very essence of the dramatic is the power of putting one's

self in the place of another and realizing his point of view. Hence it develops the power of the teacher (for an instructor never passes over the line and becomes a real teacher until he gets the sympathetic viewpoint---until he can and does put himself into his pupils' place and knows his needs by this interior realization); hence the prominence and carefulness of dramatic training in an institution very few of whose pupils are here with the stage itself as a goal of study.⁴

And last we have to consider wherein the character of dramatic training differs from the ordinary training for public addresses or recitation. It is primarily a difference in the attitude toward an audience. The orator or reciter speaks to the audience, the actor speaks not to but for his hearers—the difference is fundamental. Hence the public speaker or the confirmed elocutionist who has not had dramatic training rarely can act. And no less important is the ever present and ever vivid consciousness of the actor that he is a part of a situation, is ever in vital relation to the scene and the characters on the stage, that he must reflect what is going on, must respond, supply atmosphere—and, paradoxical as it may seem, he often acts best when acted upon. The reciter, the dramatic novice, will stand passive in his own personality, not the dramatic personality he is supposed to assume, and wait until his time comes for activity, as he supposes, and then he will recite his lines with more or less propriety and often “put in some gestures.” Again, the actor takes up his cue instantly, in action if not with words, reflects what he has received from a preceding speech, and adds the force of his own mind action and feeling. He throws out his points in such a way that his associates in the same way promptly take them up and he in his turn builds upon what he receives, and hence helps to build up to the climax of the situation.

4 11 But the greatest training for the actor is the training for the imagination, a power which modern psychologists are coming to see has been sadly neglected in our whole plan of academic education—in graded and preparatory schools and in universities alike.⁵ The artist sees more and feels more than other people. It is this immense capacity of perception, of appreciation and of emotional response that

an actor of power must possess.¹¹ And it may largely be developed. It is this imaginative power, coupled with close observation of detail, that enables the actor to take on another nature, another personality, to enter into it and embody it completely and consistently in its minutest characteristics. This is primary, and combined with this is a training so long and so careful, that once the imagination conceives, the actor's organism will respond—a perfect instrument to the call of the spirit.

As to how far the actor really loses himself in his part the artists themselves will never agree. Some claim that the great artist when at his best utterly forgets self and moves and breathes and has his being as the character. Others pronounce this impossible and say that in tragic roles the actor who lost himself would through the caprices of feeling and in the blindness of unguided emotion so alter the business of the situation that others could not play with him. They claim that a man must always be master of himself and never for an instant forget just what he does and how he does it or else chaos will come again. "Trusting to the inspiration of the moment is like trusting to a ship-wreck to learn how to swim!"

The probability is that like the knights in the legend who fought and bled over the issue of the nature of a shield, one side of which was of gold and the other of silver, neither knight taking the pains to examine the side farthest from himself, controversialists rest content with their respective methods of work. It is even more probably that they are not quite certain of the ground themselves, not absolutely aware of what they do when playing at their best. The technician who has studied consciously and practiced faithfully all his effects and combined them so skillfully in an art that conceals art as to startle or charm his hearers at will does not realize at his highest moments that imagination and emotion are giving life and color and thrill to that which he is doing, that the lower nerve centers are carrying on through habit his processes of execution and that the higher centers of consciousness left free because of the very faithfulness and thoroughness of his long preparation, are now lit up with that inspirational light, which like the sun, convinces without argu-

ment or demonstration. On the other hand, the man who imagines he is lost in his part probably has at all times an unrecognized but very real sub-consciousness of where he is, and if through a flash of inspiration he suddenly achieves in voice or action a new and finer effect, he is pretty sure to recognize even it in the midst of his fine frenzy any refer to it when he reaches the "wings." The artist has perspective. He is not a villain when assuming villainous parts, and is most sober when he plays the drunkard. In Juliet it is the sophistication of the thirties that enables the artist to depict the unsophistication of the teens. And the "Old Man" must have sufficient vigor and virility to sustain week after week the senility which he must depict.

As to whether the actor sheds real tears or not is a matter largely of individual temperament and method. He is neither greater nor less great as an artist because he does or does not, provided in either case he makes his audience do the weeping, and this is the essence of the whole matter.

"Certain it is, however, that the inspiration, the fugitive element is present in all great art, and certain it is that great art cannot be manufactured. The best in art is not made. It happens. You can no more manufacture art than you can manufacture an egg. You can make a shell outwardly oval, you may fill it with all the chemical ingredients of an egg, but though you may sit on it till dooms day, it will never hatch. All that is most luminous in acting may be traced to the imaginative faculty. And we love the actors as we love the poets, both for their visions and for the power which is given them to express for us what we feel but cannot reveal."

Their greatness is, primarily, of their vision, and secondarily, of their ripeness. When Macready played Hamlet for the last time and was putting off his costume he tenderly smoothed the "inky cloak" and said to a friend in his dressing room: "I have just begun to realize the beauty, the tenderness, the gentleness of Hamlet." A master mind creates a master role. The actor of a tremendous part needs a tremendous personality to embody it and fill it out completely—nor are there any short cuts or patent recipes for the speed acquisition of a tremendous personality; or is it the triune development of body, mind and soul? Unless one

brings a marked personality to a great part—like Macbeth or Richard or Hamlet—he cannot hope even approximately to embody it, and the more he allows the positive force of his own to be swayed by Shakespeare's great conception, the more will his own personal gifts and quality charm and dominate his audience. Genius enters into genius and interprets it, and hence no two great interpretations are alike except in the underlying fidelity to the great psychic and spiritual lines in which the character is conceived. But great results, as I have said, spring only from great cultivation of great powers.

As the orator is, first, the great personality speaking, so is the actor the great personality acting. A few years ago we lost America's greatest actor in the death of Edwin Booth, one of the few men in whom were united all the gifts of mind and all the advantages of person. His art is to the growing generation but a tradition, an art like the beauty of fine old lace—so exquisite in its perfection; a voice of music in which dwelt all the passions—prince, courtier, scholar, glorious Edwin Booth! With those who knew it the memory of his art lingers like a precious perfume. But to all who would know the brain and heart of the man behind the art let them read his published letters—letters that were written, some of them, in his heart's blood.

And within the last four years we lost the dean of the American stage, Joseph Jefferson. Most of you I hope have seen him, a great actor, a great artist, a great man. He painted pictures so well that he might have earned a competence with his brush—he wrote so well that a successful literary career might have been his—but he was an actor, and he made the world happier and, I believe, a better place to live by his art. And now we have lost in Sir Henry Irving the greatest intellectual force of the stage during the last quarter of a century. A great man—one who would have been great in any walk of life—an immense personality. England almost worshipped him. She knighted him living and laid with reverent hand his ashes amid the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey, and they lie there under the shadow of the monument of Shakespeare. America was his friend and her laurel rests upon his grave.

As a scholar he appealed to scholars—to people of rank

and fashion he appealed by the magnificence and compelling worth of his work—to all classes he appealed by the force of his magnetic personality. The child of poverty, his charities were boundless. He is mourned by scores of pensioners. Many an actor who still loved his art, but for whom the public no longer cared, for whom the curtain had fallen for the last time, came weekly to the stage door and received his bounty. No needy and struggling actor appealed to him in vain. He never asked if they deserved, but only if they needed his help.

And he worked mightily and amid prodigious discouragements. His first efforts were not successful—distinction came late. At one place where he played many parts the critics flayed him mercilessly and asked in cold type when they were to be delivered from this thin-legged and hatchet-faced young man. Once he undertook to give a reading of *The Lady of Lyons*. He hired his hall, printed his programs, secured his door-keepers and ushers—and waited for the rush. At eight no one was there; at eight-thirty no one came, and no one witnessed his heart-ache as he left the empty hall. And he toiled on. He had high faith and he had a sense of humor—two essential things if one must battle with the storm and not perish.

A young and bumptious actor once told him he had a new idea about Hamlet and wanted his opinion.

"Yes," said Mr. Irving kindly.

"I've been reading up and find that the mourning color in Denmark was not black but red. I'm going to dress my Hamlet all in red."

"Yes," said Mr. Irving, "that would be novel."

"But," added the actor doubtfully, "I'm puzzled about the line,

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother!"

"Well," said Mr. Irving, there is red ink, you know."

And he was such a gentleman—so patient with the nervous—so gentle to the blunderers. Here in Boston during his last engagement, a student not feeling she could pay for a seat and anxious to see the play, got a chance to go behind the scenes, the worst possible place, by the way, to see a play—and inadvertently blocked the small upper entrance through which Irving as Dante had to make a sudden

appearance. Rushing to the spot in the dark and finding her there, he took her gently by the arm, lifted her aside and dashed upon the stage. When he came off amid ringing applause, he hunted up the little girl and said to her, "My dear young lady you must excuse me for moving you but really I had to get upon the stage;" and with a bow this knightly man left her.

A man was he of marvellous mental activity—of wide scholarship of all that bore upon his art—of delicate imaginative temperament—intense loyalty to his ideals—he was great in success and the grandeur of the man showed in white light in his misfortunes. He was great in art—he was greater in soul. He will live in the hearts of the people—in the greater dignity he gave the actor's calling—in the higher aims with which he inspired it.

And all these men—Booth, Jefferson, Irving—kept to old age the heart of youth—the springtime of the heart. Irving played Romeo at fifty—Booth's Hamlet was young at sixty—at seventy Jefferson's Rip was young of heart. Whom the gods love die young. Oh, yes—for whom the gods love never grow old.

Among The Magazines.

A goodly share of the short stories in the January magazines are decidedly of the dramatic type, and of these the strongest in its appeal to human sympathy is "The One Kinship," by Joseph Kocheli. This story, a cutting of which follows, appears in *Everybody's* "Little Stories of Real Life."

As James Nolan came swiftly up the gravel path and started to ascend the steps to the porch, Strathers, of the "plain clothes" police, who had been waiting for hours in the shrubbery at the right of the little cottage, stepped up noiselessly beside him.

"Evening, Jim," he remarked dryly, at the same time deftly passing his hand over the man's clothing where a gun might have been secreted.

Nolan wheeled so quickly that he stumbled.

"God!" he exclaimed, and with a fierce light in his eyes, tried to

wrench free his arm, which Strathers had gripped firmly by the elbow, holding it close to his own side.

"Now, now, take it easy," warned the detective, clinking suggestively in his other hand a short chain with cross-bars of steel. "Want me to use the twisters?"

The door of the cottage opened. Nolan, standing with his back to the steps, heard it. He clutched Strathers by the sleeve.

"Not now—not here—for the love of heaven, man, don't let her know." Strathers let go his arm, and Nolan faced around with an easy motion. His wife stood framed in the open doorway, their boy in her arms. The light of the setting sun bathed her whole figure in a deep golden glow. She was smiling at her husband, with a kindly, questioning glance at the man behind his shoulder. Strathers felt Nolan quiver in every fiber.

"Mary, dear, I'll be in directly. This gentleman," indicating Strathers, who almost involuntarily raised his hat, "I—we have a matter to discuss, and——"

"Yes, James, but won't you come in? See, Boy wants you," and she smilingly held out the baby, that gurgled and struck out delightedly with its feet and arms. The sunset glow tinged them both with glorious red.

Nolan stood transfixed, his shadowed face haggard; she could not see the agony that crept into every line. Strathers saw it, and pitied him.

Nolan gazed at the picture before him, the recollection of which was to stay with him to the end of his life, and he forced an answering smile to his lips. He shook his head.

"We are going for a little walk, to talk it over, dear. We won't be long," and then he swung about abruptly and walked with Strathers out of the little garden, and down the road. Before they turned from sight of her he looked back once; she was waiting there in the fading light, holding the child to her breast.

When they had passed out of sight, he turned savagely on the detective, who was watching him narrowly.

"Well?" Even Strathers was startled at the sudden change in the man's voice and manner. The anguish of James Nolan had given way to the cold hardness of "Jim" Nolan, alias "Slick Jim," ex-convict and "crook," whom Strathers had hunted down and caught.

"Well? I guess you know. The East Bank job; I think they'll be glad to see you. A neat bit of work, eh, Jim."

"How'd you place the job to me?"

"Young Pimley, the clerk—we nailed him for his share. We pushed him hard, and he's turned evidence—squealed—Oh, there's nothing to it; we've got it on you, easy."

"By heaven, they'll have to prove it."

"I tell you, we've got it against you, clean. If you try to fight it, you're a fool. Why couldn't you keep away from the game, man? You've

been straight a couple of years now, and with your wife, and the kid—steady, there!" He slipped out his pistol as Nolan made a sudden movement.

The latter stood still, his face like chiseled yellow marble.

"You leave her out of this, Strathers. She never knew but what I was—well, what I made out to be. And I lived up to it—kept straight, until I ran up against that light-mouthed, wine-drinking fool in that bank, and it looked too easy—" He laughed harshly and suddenly held out his wrists. You're right, Strathers; I don't want to fight it. I was going to clear out to-night, but you were too quick."

Strathers linked his prisoner's wrist to his own. They had some distance to travel and he cared to take no chance.

"I thought I'd let you know how it looked, Jim," he said simply.

"I know—I'll have to stand for it, but when I'm through, I'll get Edward Pimley for this, so help me God!"

Within the month the "People" had proved the felony against him, and Nolan stood at the bar for the sentence that would again reduce his identity to the numeral of the convict.

He received it quietly—five years; it seemed light enough (the evident reward of his admission of guilt), considering his record, which had been dwelt on so insistently by the prosecutor at the trial. In his attitude there remained no trace of the fierce passion that, near the close of the case, had caused a brief sensation in the court room, when he had tried, to reach the State's main witness, young Pimley, the clerk of the bank, on whose confession he had been apprehended for the forgery.

In prison, he was put at a bench to plait straw into rude mats, and he worked silently, with mechanical precision, day in and day out. He sought no companionships among the other inmates. His only visitor was Al Connor, an intimate, a "pal" of the early days of his career.

They would talk of many things in the short interviews permitted them, but never of Nolan's wife, his home, the one white spot in his life. He had not seen her since the day of his arrest, but she had sent him word: a few sorrowful lines breathing forgiveness, and love, and faith for the future. She would patiently wait for him. The message aroused a dogged determination—a jealousy of every day gained by a strict observance of the prison regulations, of every hour by which the law permitted him to shorten his term, "for conduct."

Then toward the end of his confinement, she and the child died in a night, struck down by a malignant epidemic. When Connor told him, Nolan, pale even underneath the prison pallor, stared at him so long and vacantly that Connor grew apprehensive. And then, with a quivering sigh, the stricken man collapsed on the rude plank of his cell.

"Dead," he repeated wearily, "dead—dead; oh, Al!" and Connor realized that Nolan had cared more than he had ever guessed.

A few weeks later his term expired.

Edward Pimley dropped the evening newspaper and shifted uneasily in his seat. He arose in a nervous apprehension of an imperceptible something that he could not define.

From the floor above, a tiny wail floated down the stairway, the lower steps of which were visible in a little alcove beyond the door at the farther end of the room. He heard his wife moving about upstairs, and then it was still again.

Then he became aware that his disturbance arose from the unaccountable breaking and flickering of the gas flame above the table. He glanced up over his shoulder and saw the flame bend and wave slightly as if fanned by a breeze, and at the same moment he felt a slight draft stir in his hair. Something rustled unmistakably behind him, and, as he started up, a pliable coil of rope dropped over his head, down his arm to the elbows, which were instantly pinioned to his body, and a muscular forearm pressed against his throat, stifling his startled exclamation. He was drawn sharply against the edge of the table, and, in another instant, lay there gagged, looking up in horrified recognition at the face and closely cropped head of James Nolan.

Nolan saw the frightened, dilating pupils of Pimley's eyes, and laughed in a mirthless undertone. With another coil of the rope he secured Pimley's feet.

"Know me, eh?" Then, as Pimley struggled, he held up close to his face the long, narrow blade of a knife.

"You lay still and listen. I'm going to kill you, Pimley, but I want you to know, it's not for what you did to me. I had a wife, Pimley; I had a child, who needed me and they died. That's why I am going to kill you now, do you understand?"

Nolan watched his victim's terrified eyes for a moment, and stepped closer, nerving himself to strike the blow. Then, down the stairway, beyond the door to the alcove, came a swish of skirts. Nolan instinctively reached up and turned off the light.

Then he gasped once, twice, and suddenly threw out his hand, the fingers spread apart before his face, as if to ward off a blow.

At the foot of the staircase, irresolutely halting just beyond the doorway, facing him, stood a fair young woman, her arms infolding a little white animated bundle that she was holding close to her breast. The dull crimson and gold of the swinging lamp above her in the alcove played on her hair, over her face and swaying figure.

"Edward," she called softly into the darkness that her sight could not yet penetrate. Then, with a tentative forward step as she heard a movement, "Are you here?" She held out the little white burden gloriously. "See, dear, baby is awake. He wants you."

A barely audible moan escaped Nolan. The knife had slipped from his hand. He was retreating backward across the room, back to the

open window, back into the night, with both hands raised to shut out the vision.

The January *Everybody's* also contains a worthy sequel to the cutting of "No Merry-Go-Roundin' " which came out in the November number of this magazine. In "Bill's Budzbanowsky," by Bessie R. Hoover, we are again introduced to the Flickinger family, and shown how they all assisted Bill to ask Sophie if she would have him "for keeps."

The irrepressible and irresistible Mr. Dooley has come to the front once more. *The American Magazine* is responsible as usual, and the readers of F. B. Dunne's delightfully humorous article "Mr. Dooley on Congress" will feel that there is more truth than fiction in the Irish philosopher's remark that, "Th' on'y raison Congress goes on an' nobody cares is that it niver dales with subjicks that anny wan else iver talks about onless they are in dhrink." The January *American* is responsible for another splendid contribution, "A Gentle Traveler," by Annie Hamilton Donnell. This quaint story of a quaint old lady, who each year went on a most unusual kind of a journey, will certainly appeal everywhere, for it combines quiet humor and tender pathos with such delicate skill that the reader must needs smile even through his tears. The story is well worthy of consideration as an addition to one's repertoire for the popular audience.

"A Marital Experiment," by Mabel H. Urner, in the January *Munsey* describes a family quarrel and the unsuccessful attempt of both husband and wife to "keep it up." The very fact that they failed gives the story its charm. "The madness of Daffy Dan" in the same magazine has for its hero a madman, and for its plot, an exciting account of how this would-be Napoleon Bonaparte regained his sanity. The author, Will Gage Carey, has told his story well and kept from being too tragic by a happy ending in which we are told that "Daffy Dan has already received his reward—not dollars, but sense."

Another strongly dramatic story is Roger Alden Derby's account of "Muldoon's Last Fight" in the January *Century*. The scene is laid in Madrid and the event of course is a bull fight; but the main actor is not a Spaniard—that indeed is revealed in the title. Muldoon's rescue by the little Juan is the thrilling climax of this thrilling tale and it is recounted with vividness which holds the reader breathless. The story is not unduly long and can be cut to make a good fifteen minutes' "reading."

The Old Year.

Old Year, Old Year, why haste away?

You are a tender, faithful friend:

I will not see you die today—

Oh answer not the far-off call.

Old Year, Old Year, why must you die

As other years have died before!

The ocean moans, the sad winds sigh—

A requiem I will not hear.

Old Year, Old Year, you cannot die—

You sang for me a new love-song—

My soul awoke, and now I cry

“You cannot die for Love is mine!”

G.

Editorials.

No doubt many a spinster awoke on New Year's morning with fresh courage and a feeling of gratitude to the man—or—I was about to say, woman—who invented Leap Year, but as spinsters and Emerson girls are hardly synonymous, further discussion along this line would scarcely be *apropos*. But how about New Year's resolutions? That, perchance, strikes nearer home. We all made them, of course. It's a convenient way of quieting our consciences once every twelve months. And we all meant to keep them, of course. But have we? That, as Mr. Kiping would say, “is another story,” and, in some cases, a very long and painful story. The difficulty is that we appointed January first as a day of general reformation and forget all about the days of preparation that made the day of reformation possible. And by the dawn of January second we had discovered that the sudden transformation into sainthood was not so easy as we had anticipated. That's the time when most of us gave up the combat, though a few of the more persistent struggled on an-

other twenty-four hours longer. Well, what of it? Simply this: "*Now* is the day of salvation" and reformation too; now, not January first, 1908 nor January first, 1909. Now is the time to begin doing all the things we have long meant to do; now is the time to stop doing all the things we ought not to do. Now is the time to begin the preparation of next week's work; now is the time to stop cutting classes and being late to rehearsals. Now, *now*, NOW! For even though Emerson girl may not be a synonym for spinster, tomorrow is almost sure to be a synonym for never. Procrastination most certainly *is* the thief of time. Let us not forget that

"He who defers his work from day to day
Does on the river's bank expecting stay
Till the whole stream that stopped him shall be gone;
Which runs and as it runs, forever shall run on."

Dormitories The value of the dormitory to boarding-school life can hardly be over-estimated. It means, first of all a home to the temporarily homeless, and, by offering to the lonely student the protection, comforts and conveniences so painfully lacking in the ordinary city boarding house, makes him feel from the very outset that he is not a stranger in a strange land. As the weeks pass, he loses the sense of isolation altogether and comes to think of himself as a member of a large and happy family; the working together, playing together and eating together which dormitory life makes possible, result in such close acquaintanceship as grows naturally into true and lasting friendship. Furthermore, the common interest in a common cause, natural to all college students, is best developed in a dormitory atmosphere; and being fostered by frequent discussions, all kinds of jollifications, and even an occasional "spread," it soon manifests itself as an enthusiastic and ever-increasing devotion to college work, in which the possibility of lasting homesickness is forever destroyed. This

fact is so well recognized that some wise parents refuse to send their children to colleges not equipped with dormitories. They realize more fully than anyone else can that dormitory life furnishes a wholesome atmosphere and protection without which the average student can never be either entirely happy or entirely safe.

In view of these facts, Emerson College is to be heartily congratulated not only because the year 1906 saw the founding of its dormitory system, but because the year 1907 saw the further extension of that system until at present we have eight well-filled College Residences. And the end is not yet!

College News.

The Faculty Reception.

That the Emerson College Faculty never does things half-way was delightfully proved by the unqualified success of the reception which they gave to the students and their friends on the evening of December fourteenth. Despite most unpropitious weather the students gladly braved the elements in their eagerness to be present, and by nine o'clock Copley Hall presented a scene of such brilliancy and festive beauty as the guests will long remember. The receiving committee, consisting of the Dean and Mrs. Southwick, Professor Ward, Mrs. Black and Mrs. Hicks, stood at the further end of the hall in front of the fern-banked stage, where at intervals the orchestra discoursed the sweetest of music. After all of the guests had been formally presented, Professor Kidder announced the first dance of the evening and from that moment until the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" reluctantly died away, the guests tripped the light fantastic toe with a care-free zest which plainly indicated how much they were enjoying "the social event of the season." No one wanted to go when the time for going came—another fact which goes to prove that the Faculty of Emerson College "did itself proud" on the evening of December fourteenth.

"Plays of the Seen and Unseen."

The matinee given at the Colonial theater on December fifth under the direction of Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert was an artistic and delightful performance. The three plays, picturesque in presentation and correct

in atmosphere, showed careful preparation, and were as much a credit to the director as to the performers themselves. Concerning the performance we clip the following from the *Transcript*:

"It was good in our Boston where the church-fair substitutes of amateur performances are offered incessantly, to see for once amateur acting on a stage which has all the aids and helps to perfection that professional acting enjoys; to see completely done away with those little mishaps and crudities which not only irritate and distract the actor, but injure the spectator's own peace of mind. Amateur acting under the ideal professional conditions of the Colonial Theatre can afford much pleasure; and it gave a pleasant afternoon to the surprisingly large audience that came to Mr. Gilbert's matinee—and that audience itself, among which were not a few well-known writers, dramatists and actors were unfeignedly pleased. The acting, interpretative and well balanced, the tasteful staging and careful coaching of Mr. Gilbert showed to its best advantage."

Among the Emerson students who at this time made their debut upon the theatrical stage were Vertie Coyne, Jessie Shaw, Margaret Rand, Katherine Porter and Alfred B. Clark. The work of each deserves special mention, for rarely does the acting of amateurs reach the high water mark attained by these students on Thursday afternoon. Miss Coyne as Winifred Yester in "Shades of Night" was in every way adequate. There was a strength and directness in her acting that carried conviction throughout. Miss Shaw played her part with a dignity entirely in keeping with her character. Miss Rand as the representative of the narrow, relentless New England type of woman gave to her part by voice and action the grim coloring which the tragedy demanded. In fact, no one who saw this dramatisation of Mrs. Wilkin Freeman's story will ever forget the realistic horror of the whole situation.

In the comedy, with which the program closed, the clever and bewitching pantomime of Miss Porter quite captured the hearts of the audience. With grace and dainty lightness she presented a most charming Sylvette. Mr. Clark's work likewise appealed, though in a different way. As the old man, Sylvette's father, he was convincing, and he accomplished one thing in which even professional actors often fail; from first to last he consistently retained the walk of old age.

Not the least pleasing feature of this closing comedy was the pretty and fantastic dance, in which the following Emerson girls took part: Mrs. Patten and the Misses Hastings, Jennings, Hixon, Simmons, Fiske, Moore, Gray, Page, Boyden and Lynch.

Glee Club.

Scene—Room 1.

Time—Tuesday Afternoon.

The room is empty; it is very empty.

"What hour now?"

"I think it lacks of two."
"No, it is struck."
"Indeed? I heard it not. It then is more
Than time to hear the Glee Club's dulcet tones."
"But where are they? What doth this mean, Sir Coach?"
"They are coming do not fret,
Some with light, some heavy tread.
See them scramble into place.
Dare they look in Kenny's face?
Not much?
Is this the custom? If it is,
It won't be tolerated long.
But to the song. The song's the thing
Wherein the Coach will surely have his fling.
Dost hear him?
If it were sung when 'tis sung,
Then 'twere well it were sung quickly;
"Ah, hah, sir;
Sayest thou so? Ah, now we understand."
"Understand? 'Tis very strange if you do not
Since I have never held my peace
About this matter. Now do it:"
"As we do live, our honored Coach, we will."
And the curtain falls as in quietly trembling tones they sing:
"Lovey when we are parted,
Den you'll remember us."

Sororities.

Delta Delta Phi.

During the past month we have entertained at dinner Mrs. Southwick and Miss Tatem.

Not long ago we were delighted to have Mr. Tripp spend the evening with us.

Mary R. Slifer left for Pannama to spend Christmas with her family. She sailed from New York on the fourteenth and will doubtless enjoy a warm Christmas.

Mr. David Claghorn, the director of the social department of the Bos-Y. M. C. A., has been elected an honorary member of the Delta Delta Phi.

The Chapter House was closed during the holidays as all the girls were at home or away visiting.

Phi Eta Sigma.

The Sorority takes pleasure in announcing that Mr. Archibald F. Reddie, now of Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind., has been elected

an honorary member of their number. In a recent letter to them he referred to himself as "the one who used to prance before you every week with socks, necktie, cuff buttons, and thoughts, all in perfect harmony." Those who were in school last year will appreciate this apt description of himself.

Last Tuesday evening, Mrs. Hicks was our guest of honor at dinner, and we are anticipating a similar visit from Dean and Mrs. Southwick in the near future.

The new members are: Winifred Sinclair, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Sander, and Miss Darrett.

The Other Residences.

Vaughn Hall.

The Trlosu Club entertained Mr. Southwick at dinner on Thursday evening, December twelfth. The evening was very pleasantly spent.

On Tuesday evening December eighteenth, the Trlosu Club entertained at dinner Mrs. Hicks, and Messrs. Tripp and Gilbert. The dining room was prettily decorated with ferns, red carnations, and red ribbons. During the evening Misses Ruth Morse and Annetta Novotny sang several solos. These were followed by readings by Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Tripp. As a final number of the impromptu program Mr. Gilbert and several of the young ladies contributed a song which was particularly well received.

Y. W. C. A.

The Sunday afternoon Bible Talks have been very interesting and well attended. Miss Helen Hammod, Mrs. Allen, Miss Ailene Powers, Miss Berenice Wright, and Miss Grace Hutchins, have had charge of the meetings for the last two months. The subjects discussed have been: Prayer, Faith, Pleasures of the Christian Life, Duties of Christ's Followers, and Christ's Proofs of Himself.

Plans are being made for Mission Study and Bible Classes for the coming semester. Miss Marvin of Brookline will lead the Mission Study class and the subject will probably be China.

On December thirteenth a candy sale was held in the upper corridor of the College and the sum of seven dollars was cleared. This money will go toward the Silver Bay fund, which is used for delegates to the summer conference held annually at Silver Bay, N. Y.

The Association has been doing a great deal of City work along charitable lines this holiday season. On Thanksgiving a small collection was put to very good use; Magazines were taken down to the Seamans Rest and some of the members made the day bright for the little tots of the Childrens Hospital and for families who were somewhat forgotten.

The student body responded very liberally to the Christmas call and

contributed twelve dollars and seventy-five cents at the collection taken after Chapel. With this money two very destitute families were provided with groceries and clothing.

Miss Ida I. Bently, National Visiting Secretary for the Association throughout New England, spent December eighteenth and nineteenth with us. The girls felt that they gained a great deal from this conference and will continue the work of the next semester with renewed inspiration.

The Association extends hearty wishes for a very Happy New Year to Faculty and fellow students.

The Classes.

'07.

Edward Howard Griggs is to give a course of lectures on "Autobiography" in Tremont Temple. Dean Southwick had made arrangement for the members of our class to attend. We are rejoicing over the opportunity afforded us.

The class in Modern Drama have been reading "The Climbers," by Clyde Fitch. In addition to this, scenes from two plays have been given. A scene from "Young Mrs. Winthrop" was skilfully presented by Miss True, and Miss Wheeler delighted her audience with a scene from the comedy of "Jane." Both Miss True and Miss Wheeler had good support. Still there is more to follow, for Mr. Gilbert says each member of the class must put on a play.

Miss Mary D. Hatch is teaching a class in Physical Culture in Cambridge.

Miss Shaw, Miss Hastings and Miss Coyne did splendid work in the plays presented at the Colonial theater, on December twelfth.

We are glad to welcome back Miss Jennie Cowen as a member of the class.

Mrs. Black is giving each pupil in her class of Platform Art a private lesson on some selection taken up during the semester. New inspiration has come from her instruction.

'08.

The Senior Stunt.

The Senior Class of Emerson College presented its annual class "Stunt" in Chickering Hall on Thursday morning, December nineteenth. The plot of the Play was original and afforded opportunity for clear and artistic development. The manner of presentation was effective and reflects credit on the ability of the class. The committee who wrote the play and directed its presentation consisted of: William Harrington, Alice Daly, Cathryn Reagan, Agnes Smith and Grace Reed.

The curtain was drawn on a cleverly improvised touring car, which was decorated with purple and gold. All of the members of the class, attractive in their purple coats and gold caps, were in this scene. The

picture was very effective. Mr. Charles Farr was the alert and energetic chauffeur and Mr. Davidson the lusty guide. Mr. Davidson called the attention of all to the places of interest. These included The Public Library, Emerson College, Symphony Hall and the homes of the instructors. These places afforded opportunity for witty reminiscences, apt remarks about under-classmen, toasts to faculty members and several splendid songs. Miss Edith Thayer's ditty about Mrs. Willard was especially well sung and was received enthusiastically. When the tourists were about to return to the city, Miss Elizabeth Baker, the class president announced that she had a treat in store for the members of the party upon their return. She explained that she had secured a famous mind reader, Madame Lajeunesse, to give them an exhibition of unlimited mediumistic power. As the class sang merrily in anticipation of this pleasure, the curtain fell on the first scene.

The second scene was laid in Chickering Hall. Madame's business manager explained what would be required of the students if they would know their past, present and future accurately. After this officious manager had completed all preliminaries, he presented Madame to her audience. With remarkable ease she answered all questions about Freshmen, Juniors, Seniors and Faculty. These questions and answers provoked much mirth on the part of Madame's immediate audience and the audience at large.

Finally, upon being asked—"Who is the best loved person in College?"—the mind reader seemed uncertain, weakened and was assisted from the stage by her business manager. Upon his return the latter announced that Madame was unable to reply at once but would send some sign indicative of her answer to the final difficult question, if the class remained for a short time while the students were waiting, they indulged in raillery and songs. Finally, when they were singing a song of loyalty to our "Alma Mater" Dean Southwick's picture was thrown on a screen at the back of the stage—the answer to the last question. The audience united most whole-heartedly with the class in paying their tribute to "The best-loved Dean." The part of Madame Lajeunesse was very well taken by Miss Alice L. Daly. Mr. William G. Harrington was an admirable business manager. Miss Elizabeth Keppie's solo in this scene was clever and well rendered. The class then formed ranks and marched from the stage and through the hall to the swinging melody of an appropriate song. Especial credit is due Miss Gertrude Lawson, who presided at the piano throughout the performance.

As a whole the performance was a pronounced success. The class spirit manifested was a delight to all. Satisfaction with "The Stunt" in all of its phases has been expressed unanimously.

'09.

"Buy a calendar?" Every Junior you meet in the halls greets you with this query but even the Seniors acknowledge that they are all right

—the calendar, of course. The Emerson College Calendar for 1908 is the first calendar ever brought out by the College. The cuts are unusually clear; they represent Chickering Hall, Dean Southwick, The Chapel, The Faculty Room, A Class Room, a number of room from the Sorority houses, and the two "Gym" teams. The calendar paper is of excellent quality and the green cord which ties the pages presents the Junior color scheme. Many may wonder at the price, for one dollar seems at first a large sum, but let us assure you that we do not plan to get rich from the sale of these calendars. We simply want to pay expenses and give you all an opportunity to possess a calendar of your own. In this first attempt we have found our expenses not a few—with neither photographs nor cuts at hand. The committee—Miss Ellis, chairman; Mrs. Fisher, Miss Hall, Mr. Kelly—deserves the greatest praise, and the class gratefully acknowledges its services.

Buy a calendar! Buy two!

The Juniors enjoyed a pleasant evening entertaining themselves on the seventeenth of December. Room nine was decorated with green and white, and games, dancing, and dainty refreshments were the order of the evening.

Our secretary, Miss Slifer, is spending her vacation in Panama.

The Juniors wish to express a vote of thanks to the Faculty for the delightful reception at Copley Hall on December fourteenth.

Well, a Happy New Year to you all—'08, '07, '10, and the Faculty. Begin the year aright? "BUY A CALENDAR!"

'10.

The Freshman class held its regular meeting Dec. 11th, room nine.

It is rumored that a certain one of our young ladies is ignorant of correct form in the John Gilpin kiss. Will anyone volunteer instructions? Mr. Tripp declines to do so.

The evening of November twenty-sixth found a gathering of the class in the upper rooms of the College. The purpose of the gathering was to become better acquainted and so the affair was entirely informal. Games, dancing and talking took the place of a fixed program; and we all felt as though we knew each other better at the evening's close, and the party broke up with many cheers for the president and the social committee.

Weight forward, chest up, Freshmen!

Our class was largely represented at the Faculty Reception and enjoyed the opportunity of meeting the teachers personally in an atmosphere apart from studies. We surely are grateful to the Faculty for the pleasant evening.

Have you noticed how pale and worn out some of us look? Don't you think we deserve our vacation? Such concentrated brain work tells on the system. We hope our parents won't be worried when they once more behold our countenances—alas, how changed! How emaciated we look! But think of what we've accomplished—more than any previous class, we know—and give us due credit.

We are sorry to lose one of our few men—the beaming face of Mr. Morrell is no longer to be seen in the class room.

Alumni Notes.

General.

Some of our old students have been visiting their Alma Mater recently, Mrs. Nellie Spaulding, C. Bishop Johnson, Harry Ross, and Mr. Whitney being of the number. All were enthusiastic with words of good cheer and greeting.

Mary Ida Hare, '07, of Troy, N. Y., is doing some excellent work as a public reader this year. A Troy paper of recent date says of her:

"Miss Hare is a young woman of pleasing personality, and her work shows the artistic temperament. She is a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, at Boston in the class of 1907, after a full three years' course. She has given frequent readings in and about Boston, and will give her initial public recital in her home city in the near future."

The Sunday Arizona Republican, of Phoenix, Ariz., says:

"Mrs. Mae French Cooley, teacher of elocution and physical culture in the Arizona School of Music, returned to the city Thursday morning, after an absence of nearly six months, most of which time she spent in Boston, perfecting herself in her line of work. Mrs. Cooley took a course in platform work in the Emerson College of Oratory with aesthetic physical culture work under Mme. Harwood, and also made a special study of teaching methods in the Curry School of Expression. The ability of this gifted woman, both as a reader and teacher, is well known and she is warmly welcomed home by a host of friends and pupils."

Grace L. Petty, '07, appeared in the faculty recital of the Owensboro College, Owensboro, Kentucky, this fall and completely captivated her hearers with her readings which were marked by simplicity and grace of interpretation. Miss Petty is a new member of the faculty and has charge of the Expression department.

Brayton Byron, '06, visited the College recently. Mr. Byron, who was president of his class, is now studying Theology in New York.

In a letter to the College Marjorie J. Moore says of Frederick Koch: "Mr. Koch was in town last night and gave Don Ceasar de Bazan to a large audience." Miss Moore is at Fargo College, Fargo, N. Dak.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of May Caroline Greenway to Frank P. Mathews on November 20th at Green Lake, Wis. After April first Mr. and Mrs. Mathews will reside in St. Louis, Mo.

Harriet Rumball, of Minnesota, writes to the Magazine that she is attempting in her work this year a Normal Senior Recital of Canadian literature, and she is also preparing Brownings "Blot on the Scutcheon" to present before the "District Federation of Womans' Clubs."

The School Physiology Journal, a pamphlet of which Edith M. Wills is assistant editor, found its way to the Magazine editor's desk a few days ago. Miss Wills's article for children is of unusual merit.

"Fluffy" Spalsbury, '07, is appearing as Frances Merrvale in a company with Mr. Lander. She is playing the role of the Scotch Blue Bell and is making a decided "hit" in her songs and dances.

Mrs. Della I. Mayer was most successful in her production of the "Scottish Reformation." A local paper says of it:

"The Story with its tragic finale, the beheading of Mary, Queen of Scots, was told in impressive form in lecture, pictures and action at the

Court Square Theater yesterday afternoon and evening by local talent, the presentation being given for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. More than 100 persons took part in the dramatic scenes and pageants, and the entertainment was of remarkable interest, especially to religiously inclined audiences.

"No attempt was made to present a connected drama in this story of the battle between John Knox and Mary Stuart. The production was divided into four parts and between each Mrs. Mayer delivers part of her lecture, her story being illustrated by colored pictures. Marches, processions and drills figure largely in the presentation, and in these the talent was appropriately costumed as Puritans, Glasgow University students, courtiers and court women, Scottish clans, etc., etc., the whole making a kaleidhscopic scene of impressiveness, while the marches and drills earned unstinted praise."

Edith M. Bonesteel, '05, writes us: "Two naughty-fivers met and were overjoyed to greet each other. Leno Cooper and myself are both studying at the Denver University and have had many experiences to relate since leaving Emerson. Good luck to the 'Mag.'"

Olga Holcombe White has presented to the public a unique and interesting booklet which tells of the "White School of Expression and Dramatic Art," its proposed courses and distinct advantages. Miss White is assisted by her sister Beatrice Zula White, who teaches voice and piano. Pensacola gladly welcomes this new school.

From Midland College, Atchison, Kansas, comes a bulletin saying that a new department has been added to the courses of the College and that this department of Public Speaking promises to be very popular under its new instructor, Miss Murray. Miss Murray gave a recital on Thanksgiving night at the Opera House and greatly delighted her audience.



Letter From Elizabeth White, 07.

Dear Friends:

Rome, Georgia, December 30, 1907.

A Happy New Year to all of you! And, of course, it will be—for every year at dear old E. C. O. is a happy one. Although I am "away down south in Dixie," yet my heart turns back to Emerson, and I fain would go. I never realized how many miles Georgia is from Massachusetts, nor how one could ache with homesickness. Still I am enjoying my winter in the sunny south-land, and am glad I came. It seemed strange to be awakened on Christmas morning by pistol shots and cannon crackers; and before I was fully aroused, my room was filled with colored maids, shouting "Christmas gif! Christmas gif!" They looked like fiends as they hovered around me in the dim light, and I thought of everything except "peace and good will." In the afternoon, dressed in a muslin dress, I played tennis—quite a novel experience for a native of frozen Canada.

My work here is very pleasant, and the situation ideal. The college is built on one of the "seven hills," and the outlook is wide and glorious. We have about 150 students, some bright, some studious, some both, and some neither. I have charge of the Physical Culture and Oratory departments. These departments have gone down during the past few years until they have almost dropped out, and I am trying to lay foundation bricks. I have physical culture five times a week, give about twenty private lessons in oratory, besides classes in pantomime, articulation, Enoch Arden, and a recital period. I have some astonishing ex-

periences. One of my pupils asked me if "O, Young Lochinvar" was his full name! Another gave "the bride kissed the goblet" as the central thought of the poem. Well, I couldn't contradict her—for if you use a yard stick you will find that she was literally if not literarily correct. Still another informed me that she wanted to take gesture, to finish her. She said she didn't need any technique, as her "diaphragm was elegantly developed." And last week a teacher of elocution from the city came to make arrangements for lessons with me, and wished to study Parsifal. I asked her what she had studied to lead up to this, and her reply was, "I never have studied, but I reckon it would come natural—I sure have done just heaps of negro dialect." But I have some earnest faithful students, with whom it is a delight to work, and whom I can really see grow!

The 17th of January cometh on apace, and the Dean cometh on a train, and joy is in my heart. Oh, but it will be good to see and hear him, and I rejoice not only for myself, but for all Rome.

It was certainly a joy to receive the Magazine—and such a newsy, gossip number! My! but the little god has been buisy among the E. C. O—ites and matrimonyitis has struck all classes! My best wishes to all the stricken. Best wishes to all who may follow, and love to every one in the dear old college.

Elizabeth C. White, '07.

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WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY

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St. Valentine's Day.

For love of you I fain would place
Upon Love's shrine today
A fair and fitting gift withal—
I would not have you say
Ingratitude had sealed my heart
And proved me faithless—nay!

And yet I know no gift of mine
However fair it be,
Though redolent with purest love
And sweet sincerity,
Can ever pay the sacred debt
Your love has laid on me.

And so, instead of paltry gift,
I'll make this promise, true:
To share your pain, to grieve you not
By aught that I may do,
And—if 'tis best—to give you up,
E'en this—for love of you!

A. G. S.

William Howland Kenney.

William Howland Kenney, part-owner of Emerson College of Oratory and professor in the Voice department, was born in Leominster, Massachusetts, July 22, 1871. He is the youngest and eldest son, and he tells us that all of his sisters are brothers. His father, Clarence Kenney, is a retired manufacturer, but his family, for a number of generations, were farmers. His mother was Elizabeth Carver Howland, an only child of William M. Howland, in direct line of descent from John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley Carver, of the famous old New England Howland and Carver families. Every reader of history recalls that stern but honest old Pilgrim father, John Carver, the first governor of the Plymouth Colony, and his Secretary, John Howland.

Mr. Kenney, as a boy, attended the public schools of Leominster. He was graduated from the High school in the class of '89, and the following autumn he entered Harvard University as a member of the class of '93. Two years later he decided to take up the study of music, with the idea of becoming a professional singer.

This marks the beginning of a most interesting student-life. For two years he received instruction from some of the leading vocalists of Boston; and it was during this period that he became well known as a church soloist. In 1893 he began his seven years' study in New York City. Some of his more intimate friends are often made to wonder at the versatility which Mr. Kenney shows, both as regards a comprehensive and artistic appreciation of music as an art and the most approved and detailed methods employed in teaching. But the recognition of this many-sided information, this sort of cosmopolitan knowledge, does not come as a surprise when we once learn that Mr. Kenney has studied with many of the foremost masters. F. E. Bristol, R. T.

Percy, Frank Damrosch and George Henschel are some of the teachers under whose direction he pursued his study in New York. It is interesting to note that much of the time in New York Mr. Kenney roomed with Mr. Percy, and for one year with his cousin, William A. Howland, now head of the Voice department in the University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Michigan. During his stay in New York, Mr. Kenney's services as a soloist were employed by some of the leading churches of the city. He recalls with pleasure his associations with the Divine Paternity, Church of the Incarnation, and Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He resigned his position with Plymouth Church in 1900 to come to Emerson College.

This same year, 1900, he made his first trip to Europe to see and study carefully the Oberammergau Play. For three weeks he lived in Oberammergau, witnessing the play seven times, and became well acquainted in a personal way with a number of the actors. The next year he made his second visit abroad, this time to study Wagner's great plays at Bayreuth. Each year his itinerary was practically the same. However, his partiality to Germany led him to spend much time there, devoting his attention to study with the German technicians, Schultzweider, in Berlin, and Albert Fuchs, in Dresden.

Mr. Kenney belongs to a number of musical organizations in Boston. In 1900 he became an active member of the Apollo Club, and he was one of the original members of the Choral Art Society. He has coached much with Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Director of the Handel Hayden Society, and remembers him as one of his best friends. Besides doing a great deal of general concert work, he has been the soloist for the last six years in the concerts given by the Boston Festival Orchestra on their spring trips; and his services have been engaged again this year. He is now bass soloist in Old South church, Worcester.

While in New York Mr. Kenney met some graduates from Emerson, and through them became interested in the speaking voice. After reading extensively on the subject he began to apply to the speaking voice the principles employed in the teaching of the singing voice. He believed this could be done; and his success as a teacher at Emerson has proved the soundness of his theory.

He is in no sense narrow in his methods; he could hardly be considered orthodox; he works for results, and he is too broad to quarrel with the teacher who arrives at the desired end by different methods from his own. He believes in helping the student to stand on his own feet and then he insists on his learning that his only salvation lies in earnest, persistent work. He is ever a friend to the man who is down, but he wants to see him struggle to rise. He is glad to help the under-dog, but doesn't like to hear him whine. He believes more in common-sense art principles than in sentimentality.

During the spring of 1907 Mr. Kenney, in company with Mrs. Kenney, spent four months in England and France doing some study; and while there he was fortunate in meeting some of Europe's greatest masters. It will be gratifying to the Graduates of Emerson to know that after this added advantage Mr. Kenney has not changed his method of teaching.

Mr. Kenney could hardly be considered ambitious in the popular sense of the term. He has refused many flattering offers to go into grand opera. Only a year ago he declined a third proposition from Henry W. Savage to join his company, and this particular offer was the leading role in "Madam Butterfly." It seems almost paradoxical to say that he is devoted to his art rather than to a career, but the truth of the statement is well known by all of his friends. He believes the best in life is to be found in the quiet of a

pleasant home rather than in the applause of one-night stands.

On the fifteenth of September, 1903, he was married to Grace Lawrence Burrage, of Leominster, whose ancestry also dates back to the early Pilgrims, one Burrage settling in Charlestown as early as 1636. It is interesting to remember in this connection that the first ferryboat from Charlestown to Boston was manned by a Mr. Burrage. To Mr. and Mrs. Kenney two children have been born, Elizabeth Burrage (died September 13, 1905), and William Howland, the second, now a promising singer of four months.

G.

The Use of the Voice.

William Howland Kenney.

[Owing to the repeated calls for the following article, which appeared originally in the December number (1905) of this magazine, it is thought advisable to reproduce it.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

To write on the subject of voice so that the matter treated will be at once clearly comprehended by the reader is extremely difficult on account of a general misunderstanding of terms. This difficulty is increased further by lack of proper consideration of the personal equation, not only on the part of writers and readers, but, in practical voice work, on the part of teacher and pupil as well.

By that I mean that no two voices have precisely the same faults, or can be treated in precisely the same way. Written rules and theories must be changed to fit individual cases, the results depending upon the ability and insight of the teacher. All, I think, agree as to what elements a beautiful voice should contain, so that the much-used word "method" relates to the way of acquiring ideal perfection (it is questionable if actual perfection was ever reached in this work), and not to the qualities and ability

to be gained. For instance, the summit of a mountain is a fixed point, but there are many paths from all sides by which one can reach it. This is not a perfect illustration, but it will show my point. The summit is a good, well-rounded, serviceable voice; the many paths are the methods.

Another side of the question, the lack of consideration of which causes no end of misunderstanding, is the fact that part of the training of a voice deals with involuntary muscles, and a part with voluntary ones.

The regulation of the pitch is involuntary, and tone-color is largely so; we govern and study them from the mind pictures. Our first childhood lessons in pitch and color are solely lessons in imitation, so that the effect of the voices around us is no small factor. Many unusally pitched voices can be accounted for in this way.

Any one having heard a deaf child speak cannot doubt the value of this point. In a trained voice the speed and accurate work of the muscles of the vocal cords, which—though involuntary—give the pitch, is marvellous.

In regard to this word "involuntary" do not let us misunderstand each other. I do not use the word as in regard to the heart and its action, which is continuous in life, thus involuntary; the willing to make or not to make a tone is voluntary, but the exact tension put upon the chords to bring about the pitch required by the mind at that particular time in its plan to express its desired meaning is *involuntary*.

The forming of the transient moulds in the mouth, by means of which we make different sounds, which sounds used in prescribed combination make words, is in most people largely involuntary. But it need not be so. This is accounted for by the fact that we as children learn the sound of our letters, and to speak words, by imitation, and on coming to maturity have never analyzed the muscular action necessary to bring about the sounds we constantly use.

The question of resonance causes no end of difficulty. To me the principal thing is finding in each individual the proper adjustment *for him* of the values of the chest and pharynx, the lower resonant chambers; and the mouth and nasal passages, the higher resonant chambers, where each assists, and complements the other.

A predominance or lack of any of these qualities is sure, in the long run, to produce an unpleasant and inadequate voice. Absolute perfection in this department is seldom if ever met, yet by study and careful experiment one can gain much proficiency. The great stumbling-blocks here are muscular tightening, stiffening, and hardening; in a word, lack of relaxation, and an inactive soft palate.

The action of the soft palate governs the flow of breath into the head resonant chambers above the roof of the mouth. Its action in speech is largely involuntary, but in practice it can and should be strengthened so that in speech it will move with definite precision, not flabbily. Ever hold in mind that nothing keeps a tone from finding the overtones, which augment and beautify it, more than the lack of proper relaxation in the muscular action in forming the vowel moulds.

Morell Mackenzie says the development of the voice is not unlike, in some ways, the training of an athlete. By that, I take it, he refers to a proper training for the part which is purely physical and exhausting, requiring a strength of the muscles which are to sustain the strain,—chiefly the various muscles of respiration and the vocal chords, as apart from the resonant chambers, since they are to resist the pressure of the breath and support the tension required to bring about the pitches used. Many do not appreciate the value of this training and the necessity of good health, and the failure of such persons is thus accounted for.

A breathy or foggy tone, one lacking in edge or definiteness, is often due to the fact that the vocal chords are not

brought close enough together, so that more breath escapes than is put in vibration, the breath escaping before vibration begins. The reverse is also met with; that is, the chords are held too closely together, giving, in attack of vowels, a hard, knocking sound, and in spoken words a sharp, hard, tearing, lack-of-sympathy tone. If the teacher is careful and very watchful of result, each fault can be overcome by a little practice of the opposite tendency.

In this work, as in the correcting of any fault, go very slowly. Remember that every virtue carried to an extreme becomes a vice, and that between the extremes lies the truth. Any one having made a study of the voice will appreciate the application of these maxims.

The pinched tone is often due to the pupil's trying to control the escaping breath by shutting the vocal chords over it, instead of with the organs of respiration in their function of exhalation; in such cases it is simply a matter of learning to breathe properly.

The so-called throaty tone, with its hard, rasping uneasiness, is caused by the constrictor muscles shutting up and stiffening the throat, and from sympathy, the whole body. This fault is corrected by teaching the pupil the action of the opposing muscles,—the muscles of the pharynx, tongue, and palate, which dilate the throat as in yawning, and carry their action with the open throat into the process of speaking. This will tend to more ample vowel moulds, but here also care must be taken that there is no muscular stiffening and hardening.

Thus far these suggestions have been chiefly of faults met with in the production of the tone. In speech there are two distinct processes taking place: first, the production of the tone, which is made by the vocal cords, and is the vehicle in or upon which the word rides; the second is the forming of this tone into different shapes by sending it through different moulds, made by the tongue and lips, in

coöperation with the jaw, or moving floor of the mouth, the teeth, and roof of the mouth (both hard and soft palates).

The consonants are obstructions to the flow of breath, and in most cases require muscular contraction; a vowel sound is an unobstructed flow of vibrating breath and requires freedom and relaxation. A very common fault is allowing the constriction which is necessary in forming the consonant to affect the freedom and relaxation of the mould of the vowel that preceeds or follows it. To remedy this one should acquire a knowledge of the exact mould of both consonant and vowel sounds and practice them untiringly, first in simple, then in compound combinations.

Vowel sounds can be divided into two families: one in which the forming is principally the work of the lips; in the other the forming is principally the work of the tongue. *A* as in *father* is moulded with the mouth; well open, tongue inactive, lying flat in the mouth; lips well open, but in no way in a strained position. From this wide-open (on the part of both mouth and lips) vowel, through the different sounds of *o* and *u* to *oo* as in *moon*, the tongue should remain inactive, while the moulding is the work of the lips, which round, in each step the opening growing smaller, while the jaw (the moving floor of the mouth) gradually closes the mouth, so that from *a* as in *father* to *oo* as in *moon* there is a marked change. But in the *oo* the teeth should still be a bit apart. From *a* as in *father* through the different sounds of *a*, *i*, and *e*, to *e* as in *eat*, the moulding is chiefly the work of the tongue, lumping in the mouth by slow degrees, in each step going higher and more forward, while the lips for the most part are inactive. Faults here are many and varied, but can perhaps be classed as follows: those when the tongue is not relaxed and inactive in the lip vowels, or the lips relaxed and inactive in the tongue vowels. A great many fail to keep the tongue down low enough, making each step too great a lifting of the lumped tongue, so that the moulds are all too

small, and when arriving at the *e* and short *i* the pinched mould is very marked. This same tendency applies to the lips, wherein the opening of the lips in *oo* is much too small.

A very common fault in all vowel sounds is the pulling of the tongue into the back of the mouth, where it lumps up into all kinds of different shapes in different people. This is a great obstacle to the front placing of the vowel and tends to make the sound thin and white. This is especially marked in *a* short and *e* and *i* long. When the tongue pulls back, the space between the root of the tongue and the back of the pharynx is lessened; thus much of the round, mellow qualities is lost.

To remedy such a fault, have the pupil open the throat (yawn and inhale a deep breath through the mouth); this tends to draw the root of the tongue well down into the floor of the mouth. Also take especial care, in practising with a mirror, that the tip of the tongue, both in exercises and in speaking, is against the lower front teeth in all vowel sounds.

If one will watch carefully in a mirror the action of the tongue and lips in connection with the jaw and teeth in the vowel sounds while slowly speaking the following words, the points brought out will be plainly seen:

LIP VOWELS

a as in *father*

o " " *on*

u " " *us*

o " " *over*

oo " " *noon*

TONGUE VOWELS

a as in *father*

a " " *apple*

e " " *everybody*

i " " *it*

e " " *eat*

When one has the voice in hand he is through the department of technique, ready to give the mind free range to paint its imagination pictures, doing all the physical part as by second nature. This of course requires a naturally beautiful voice, or years of study and hard, slave-like practice upon the fundamental rudiments.

The things which go to make an artist, from a voice standpoint, are many, but I have tried to show them as I see them in their relation to each other by the following table, which is worthy of some careful attention, as it applies to each and every one of us. Please read the topics as numbered, for so they stand in sequence in life, I think. Their position on the page is their point of relationship, each to the other.

Technique (⁴), *the ground work*. Mind (³), *above all*. Environment (¹), balancing Imagination (²). Taste (⁵), *the centre*, and holding our ability together, *the key to success*.

(³) MIND.

Its ability to think to a point.

Concentration to vitalize the pictures it creates.

(¹) ENVIRONMENT

We are the sum and substance of everything seen and done, all made personal by imagination. Home life and personality of teachers in early life.

(⁵) TASTE
Appreciation
of values.
The artist.

(²) IMAGINATION

Conscious picture-making, not fanciful dreaming, whims, etc. Mind people made to live as companions by the powers of No. 3.

(⁴) TECHNIQUE

Muscular freedom and strength, breadth, and finesse of the instrument. Physical in conscious control of No. 3, which is
 { led }
 { governed } by No. 2, which is in its turn
 { controlled }
 { dominated } by No. 3.

You ask how one can find out in which group one is weak and how to gain strength in that department. If one can look one's own personal equation squarely and dispassionately in the face without vain pride or hopeful prejudice, one will without outside assistance find the weakness, and the very strength of insight will point to the means of improvement.

If, on the other hand, one is blinded by pride and prejudice, no amount of argument from the outside will make the point clear, or the weakness evident to him. This is a

place in education where the teacher can only point the way; the pupils must climb up alone, or devise some means which for the sake of their own vanity they think will cover from others the fact that, in that particular, they have failed; or in their conceited ignorance they think they need no such introspection, having passed the point of getting a perspective on their shortcomings.

For all who have in their development passed through the vale of tricks, the ones who are in it are as an open book. The wise man looks over his account every day, and often makes a trial balance.

Liddy Ann and the Minister.

Seventy years ago a woman sat in an old-fashioned kitchen peeling apples before the open fire. The dancing light revealed an amused but tender smile that came and went as she listened to the voices that drifted in from the room across the passage, mostly a child's merry chatter with occasionally a man's deeper tones.

"Who'd have thought a year ago 'twould ever have been like this?" murmured the woman. "What with Liddy Ann as wild as a little colt, into all sorts of mischief, and her father punishing her harder and harder each time, and he so stern and cold, and solemn as a stone hitching post, 'twould have taken more than Isaiah and all the rest of the prophets to see how them two would ever come to be happy in each other's company. "Yes, come in," as a knock sounded on the door; "good evening Malviny. Draw up where it's warm or sit by me. Its nice and comfortable here on the settle."

"Good evening Calisty," returned the neighbor, "my land, it seems good to get up near a hot fire. It's cold enough outside to freeze your very marrow. I could hear Liddy Ann a-laughing clear out on the road as I came over. 'Peared to be having a pretty good time in the study with the parson."

"Yes, Malviny, and it sounds to me like the minister was enjoying himself with Liddy Ann."

"But Calisty, do you think a minister ought to spend his time playing with a child? Seems to me he would better be writing his sermon. I don't think such doings are fit for a man of his calling."

"Now, Malviny, you let Parson Dunlap be. He's a better father than he used to be, and I guess he isn't any worse a parson."

"Do tell me how it ever came about, Calisty. I was away visiting, you know, last fall. When I went off, the parson was same as he always had been, but when I came back things were changed, and that child that—"

"Yes, yes, Malviny, Lord knows what I've been through with that girl. When I first come here to keep house for Parson Dunlap after his wife died, Liddy was as meek as Moses for a week, but after that, oh my! She was neither to hold nor to bind. I couldn't begin to tell you all the wild things that she did. When she was nine she jumped out of the shed chamber window with the big blue umbrella, just to see if she couldn't do it all right. Another time she climbed up the barn roof to the very ridge pole—it's a wonder she didn't slip and break her neck.

One day she ate eleven big Baldwins, one after the other. She'd set out to eat a round dozen, but that was one too many. If it wasn't one thing, it was another. Well, she was ten this fall. The next Sunday I'd got her all dressed up to go to meeting, and told her to sit on the front porch and wait for me. When I came out there wasn't anybody in sight, so I called 'Liddy, Liddy Ann, where be you?' and I liked to jump out of my skin when her voice came up from right under my feet, 'I'm here, but I can't come out, because you're treading on the board.' Will you believe it, that child had found a board loose and pried it around till she could squeeze through the opening. How she'd ever done it I don't see, but children like her are limber as eels. Well, I screwed the board around but Liddy couldn't seem to get out as easy as she'd got in. She got her head and part of her shoulders through and there she stuck. I wanted to pull her out but there wasn't nothing to get hold of her by, except her hair. I was fair desperate and was going to try that, but she commenced to holler, and out came her father with his hat in one hand and his sermon in the other."

"What's the meaning of this unseemly noise on the Sabbath?" says he, and then he saw Liddy. If he hadn't been a minister I might have thought he was going to laugh, but the look sort of flickered across his face, then he began to look stern. I was frightened myself.

"Did you get in there by yourself Liddy Ann?" said he.

"Yes, father," she answered in a scared little voice.

"Then get out by yourself," he said, and he stood there with that terrible quiet look and his eyes just blazing. Liddy Ann must have been frightened just about to death, or maybe she was a little faint from being pinched, for she sort of opened her mouth once or twice with a little gasp and then she went white and her head fell front. Talk about changes! You never saw anything as quick as the change that came over Parson Dunlap. He went as white as Liddy, and made one jump to the end of the porch, caught hold of the boards where they stuck over and ripped up the two that were holding Liddy, nails and all, at one pull. I never dreamed he was so strong. He had that child in his arms before I could move.

"'Water, Calisty,' says he, and he kissed her little white face, for, I do believe, the very first time. I thought it was a pity she didn't know anything about it. She came to in a minute."

"'Will we be late to church?' she whispered as she opened her eyes. Parson Dunlap set her on her feet."

"'Probably, Liddy Ann,' he answered; 'go on with Calisty.'"

"'Parson Dunlap,' said I, 'you aren't going to send your own daughter to meeting looking such a sight?'"

"'Certainly,' says he. 'That is no excuse for absence from the church on the Lord's day. It is because of her own ill-doing that her appearance is disgraceful. It will teach her to be obedient in the future,' and he stalked off through the gate. Mad? Well, I guess I was. A minute before I had been pitying the man, and now I was boiling. To think of his making Liddy the laughing stock of the town. There wasn't time to change anything, for I didn't dare come in late, so I picked the chips out of Liddy's curls while we were walking, but I couldn't mend her dress nor brush out the dirt. To tell the truth I think it hurt the parson's pride more than hers, but he wasn't the kind of man to smooth the transgressor's path even to save himself."

"'That night Liddy Ann didn't sleep very well. I could hear her tossing around on her trundle bed. Sometimes she talks in her sleep, and just as I was dropping off myself, I heard her say, 'My father—kissed me! Why—I don't believe—he cares—' Just then a little noise made me jump awake in time to see Liddy Ann's little night gown showing dim in the gloom of the door and before I could get to her she was half way down the stairs, saying over and over, 'I am going to ask him'; so I knew she was awake. I guess she was saying it to keep her courage up. She opened the study door softly and went right in. The minister was on his knees before his wife's picture, the portrait that he's never allowed any one to see. In the candle-light it was like a living woman with a sad, sad face. He was a-praying, I thought at first, but no, he was talking to his wife, and she was there, a living presence,—maybe she was after all,—and there were tears on his cheeks and such a look of agony as I hope never to see on a human face again."

"'Mary, My wife,' I heard him say very low, 'truly I have done ill by this child of thine—yet have I meant to deal rightly. Speak to me Mary—tell me what I ought to do.' Then everything was still till Liddy Ann said, 'Father, did you kiss me because you cared?' The parson turned his head and held out his arms to her. She went straight to him—and that's all I saw, for I was crying myself. Liddy has been with him every since. Of course, he didn't get over being stern all at once, but Liddy Ann didn't mind, for she'd begun to understand. She told me one day that she meant to grow up just like her mother, for, says she; 'Father says he just couldn't bear to have me rough and wild and different from her. He says she was gentle and quiet and sweet. Do you

know,' she says, 'I guess that's why he used to seem so stern and cross to me? He was disappointed that I wasn't like my mother—so he tried to make me be different. Don't you think he must have loved me a lot, or he wouldn't have minded so much! Anyway we'er going to be happy together now.'

"And she was right, for there aren't too happier people at this moment in the whole town than Liddy Ann and the minister."

LOIS H. RICKEY, '08.

As You Will.

Every student will learn sooner or later that he must grapple with two preplexing problems: what is he living for, what should be the purpose of his life; and, that having been discovered, how may he best carry out that purpose? In these two problems all other problems are involved.

There are some people—yes, a great many people who never answer that first question. We all know them as drifters; the people who do a little of everything and not much of anything. If asked why they live, they have no answer. Originally, perhaps, they did not intend to become drifters, yet gradually they have become such from lack of a definite aim in living. To-day or to-morrow is nothing to them unless it be a time for some anticipated pleasure or gratification. Thus without purpose they spend all their days until there comes one when the little light is snuffed out, leaving this world—shall I say worse for their having lived in it?

You students who are just entering on a course of study have the choice to make now. Will you drift or will you seek to know what you are here for? Among so many different temperaments hard things will be said to you or about you.

You will resent them. You think you are right and the other fellow wrong. Perhaps you are sensitive and easily irritated. The other fellow may have told you the truth about yourself. Why did you resent? Are you ashamed to know the truth about yourself. Or are you ashamed to have the other fellow know the truth about you? Listen! If you are ashamed, if you are afraid to hear the truth about yourself, yourself is the first difficulty you must overcome.

"Know thyself," in the words inscribed on the old Greek temple! And to know yourself you must see yourself as you are, not as you think you are. What are you going to do with that store of conceit when you are brought face to face with the fact that you are not what you thought you were? Will you still insist that you are right and the other fellow wrong? If you do, you will never finish that course of study which you entered into with so great enthusiasm. You will declare there is noth-

ing in it. It is a waste of time. The teachers don't know anything. There is no system. No chance for one that hasn't a pull. The second year your place will be vacant. Perhaps you will go to another college. It is barely possible you may remain two years and then declare as before there is nothing in it.

So far as you are concerned, you are right. You have kept your mind and heart barricaded against the truth that would have made of you a useful man or woman. You go out into the world to make a living and all the rest of your days you live to make a living and nothing more. That is the reason there is so much trouble in this busy old world; too many people live to make a living. They have gotten a false idea and the nearer they come to realizing it, the more miserable they are; and the world with them. Instead of striking at the true cause of their misery they plunge in deeper, determined to make a living over the head of the other fellow and if possible at the other fellow's expense.

Perhaps the other fellow was wrong. He may have done you an injustice. Not knowingly, it may be, but in spite of good intentions. You have believed him to be right and found him to be wrong. It does not follow that he was wrong from his own standpoint; but he has not been able to see from your standpoint. How then are you to know whether the other fellow is right or wrong? Always believe him to be right until you know him to be wrong. If you have faith in him and he is wrong, the mistakes that you make will give to you later augmented power to detect the right. If you have faith in him and he is right, it does not follow that he may always be right. He is human as yourself and may err. Remember he cannot see you as you are. No man can see you as you are; that is in the power of the Infinite Spirit only.

Then look to yourself first. See that you have cleared away the blockade, that the truth may be free to act within you. Don't be afraid to acknowledge the truth. It may be a little painful at first. It may hurt your pride to acknowledge that you may be wrong. But the willingness and ability to do this is the secret of true greatness. It is the secret of power and influence in those lives who move through life without note, without show, without noise as the world goes. But when they have gone, we feel the vast emptiness of the seats they once occupied.

Some of you are born to give to the world its noblest thoughts and ideals. Some of you are born to make way for those thoughts and ideals in the dark places by your activities; others of you may be exemplars of those thoughts and ideals—a living testimony of a living truth. You are born for something. It is for you to discover what that something is. No man can tell you; not even your nearest and dearest friend. You must enter into counsel with your own soul. If you would know what that counsel is, listen. Listen! Not to what the world says, but listen to that still small voice that softly echoes through the chambers of your soul. Your friends may tell you what is most apparent to them

Emerson College Club Notes

At the Alumni Banquet, May 9, 1907, the Emerson College Club of Boston, was first proposed, Mrs. Anna Carpenter Burditt of the class of 1902 presenting the idea. Committees were appointed at the banquet. During the summer a constitution was framed and plans were made for the future work of the Club. The first Club meeting was held at Emerson College, December 31, 1907, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Atwater Goudey; 1st vice-president, Mrs. H. J. Marmein; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Anna Carpenter Burditt; Secretary, Miss Laura M. Belden; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Ruth Coons; Advisory Board, Mrs. Anna Mills Phillips, Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, Mrs. Edith Jackson Waite, Mrs. Emma Tuttle James, Miss Mary Johnson, Mrs. Mary E. Patten; Magazine correspondent, Miss M. Katherine Hill.

The Emerson College Club has been formed to further closer relations between the alumni and former students (in and around Boston) and the College, and to bind the Alumni and former students together by social and literary interests. All who have been graduated from Emerson College, or have been students there, may become members of the Emerson College Club, and are cordially invited to join. The meetings of the Club are to be held on the first Tuesday of each month, from November to May; the place of meeting to be announced by postal cards previous to each meeting.

On February 4, the Club enjoyed a charming evening with Mrs. Theresa L. Kidder (Class of '98) at her pretty home, 17 Addison street, Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Kidder received the Club in the large drawing room, presenting each guest with a heart-shaped souvenir bearing a verse of welcome. An interesting business meeting was followed by an inspiring paper, "Ethical Growth Through Physical Education," by Miss Harriet Sleight; a paper, "Aesthetic Dancing," by Mrs. Mary L. Patten, who, in costume, illustrated the work by a thoroughly artistic presentation of a series of arm movements, with music, as taught in the ballet school of the Grand Opera House in Paris, and by some "Irish Reel Steps;" and readings from John Charles McNeil's "Lyrics from Cottonland," by Prof. George McKie, who has lived for several years in the "Cottonland." An informal hour of chat and refreshments followed, and the meeting closed, each member fully appreciative of the delightful hospitality extended by Mr. and Mrs. Kidder. The plans for the remaining meetings of the year promise equally interesting evenings. Every former E. C. O. student living within one hour's ride from Boston will find it worth while to join the Club and to make special effort to attend these meetings.

M. K. HILL,
Magazine Correspondent.

and their counsel may be wise; but to them you cannot go in your last appeal. You must go to that secret chamber into which the door opens to none save the universal spirit. That spirit came with your first breath and upon its wings it bore some portion of its power which it has left with you. Do you recognize what power it is? Is it the power of *thought*, the power of *doing* or the power *being*?

"X" of '06

To Richard Mansfield.

Good night! Fair dreams! The Master Prompter calls—
Soft winds attend thee to the blessed isles;
Our prayers are with thee on the lonely miles;
Sleep till the oarsman sights the jasper walls.
The house is dark; a brooding silence falls
Where late thy spirit made thy art a shrine;
We shall not hear thee speak thy opening line
Beyond, who sit below in earthly stalls.
Cyrano's plume still waves above thy brow;
The unsheathed sword shines as the morning star,
Though Peer goes home, the victor of his quest.
"The rest is silence." Go; what waits thee now
We know not; thou hast found thy stage afar.
The King has summoned. Answer his behest.

FRED ALLEN, '04.

Class Oration.

Verna Sheldon, '07.

A German proverb wisely says, "We must have not only wings for the Empyrean, but also a stout pair of boots for the paving stones."

Wings for the Empyrean? Yes, for wings typify man's spiritual faculties—freedom, aspiration and insight. It is freedom in its broadest sense, that freedom which comes through the gradual unfolding of one's being as it awakens to the responsibility in life; the aspiration of the spirit for higher and nobler living, directed by insight, the perceiver

and revealer of truth. Boots for the paving stones? Yes, for boots typify man's practical faculties—courage, endurance and intellect. Courage to face positively our undertakings, not with just a mere sudden blaze of the fire of enthusiasm which will be extinguished by the first puff of wind, but an enthusiasm that will endure. Each mountain peak we gain is but a point of vantage from which we see distant superior heights. But before we can hope to attain them we must cross the valley that lies between, enduring the hardships of unsteady travel.

Discouragement comes from one or two conditions: we either become overwhelmed by the great gulf between us and our ideals and have not the patience to work on steadily—possibly we lack genius enough, for it has been said that “genius is the capacity for hard work”—or we do not use to the best advantage the insight we may possess. If we were but willing to do with faith that which we see to do, regardless of the opinion of others, deeper insight would be our reward. “God doth not exact day labor light denied,” but practical use of the light that has been given us is required.

A brisk dilintante student said to the great painter. “Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colors with?”

“With Brains,” sir, was the gruff reply. Then courage, endurance and—brains make a serviceable pair of boots with which to begin the ascent of the mountain “Ideal.”

Consider the lives of Edgar Allen Poe and Samuel Coleridge, two men who failed to attain the height of greatness their genius promised because they had not boots of courage along with their winged ideals. If Poe had had the combination of these virtues, it has been said that he would have been America's greatest poet. The poems, *The Ancient Mariner* and *Cristobel* show the freedom of imagination of Coleridge and show also what the world has missed by the lack of enduring courage in that man. We may look to Milton and Shakespeare as examples of the desirable

combination of insight and endurance; but in the writings of William Wordsworth we recognize works that will live because of constancy in the use of certain talents, although the poet had not the brilliant genius of a Poe or a Shelley.

"We must have not only wings for the empyrean but also a stout pair of boots for the paving stones." The bird whose music we heard from such distance in the clouds does not always sing nor does it always scale the heavens. Its excellence in song and flight depends upon the little crumbs of bread, the ugly worm which it picks up on the ground.

The bird cannot always live in mid-air nor can we always live in dream clouds. We, too, must come to earth to live, to do each day, the common prosaic things, which however small or humble they may seem when considered individually are in their relation to all our acts the paving stones which go to make up the pathway that leads toward the goal of the ideal which the wings have revealed.

Among the Magazines.

The February *Munsey* contains one story whose value to the public reader is readily seen in the first perusal. Without further comment we gladly submit this cutting of "His Father's Son," by Mary R. Rinehart:

Mrs. Priestley put down the cup of coffee at her son's elbow, and stood hesitatingly beside his chair.

"When you're through Jim, I'll—I have something to tell you."

"What is it? Anything about Molly?" "No it's not Molly. Jim, your father's coming home."

She drew back a little then, frightened by the expression in her son's eyes. Her still rounded face lost some of its color, and she seemed to shrink in her plain, ugly calico dress. At the crash of Jim's overturned chair she put out her hands deprecatingly.

"Don't, now, Jim. Don't carry on about it! It would have been only a year or so more, anyhow."

Speech did not come easily to Jim Priestley. Like his father before

him, he was a silent man, to whom a blow came more quickly than a word, and whose rage was of the brooding, sullen kind. Now, as he walked past his mother and took his hat from its nail on the kitchen-door, there was no outburst of anger; only the straight line of his lips showed that her words had had any effect on him. He was a tall, loose-limbed young fellow, with heavy black hair, and eyes that were almost childishly blue—eyes like those of the little old woman who watched him.

At the door he stopped and turned around.

"He's not coming here."

"It's the only place he's got, Jim! I know it's yours now, but where else can he go? You wouldn't turn your own father out in the street, would you? He was a good father to you for fifteen years, Jimmie."

Jim opened the door with an air of finality; then he closed it again, and came slowly back into the room.

"He's been a good father, has he? He was a fine one, he was—a credit to his family! We're proud of him, aren't we? Ten years I've walked the streets and seen people turn to look at me, because my father killed a man and was doing time for it. And if you think, after all that, that I'm going to have any shave-pated, lock-stepping ex-convict in my house—*my* house, you're wrong, that's all. He doesn't come here!"

The painful tears of old age came into her dim eyes, and she fumbled in the bosom of her dress for a handkerchief. Her son watched her irritably, with the unreasoning anger we feel at those we have wounded.

"You know as well as I do, mother, that Mollie's people wouldn't let her look at me if he came back here. You know what her folks are."

"Mollie wouldn't give you up, Jim. If it was her father, she'd stick to him. Every one knows it was an accident; it was a quarrel, Jim—just the kind of a quarrel your temper may get you into any day. It wasn't murder. You know that Ragan had pulled his revolver, and it was his life or your father's. And he's an old man now—an old man, Jim!"

She dropped weakly into a chair beside the table, still set with the remains of supper, and rested her head on her hand. The young fellow stood for a moment, creasing the crown of his straw hat; then he came over and put an awkward hand on his mother's shoulder.

"Just forget about it mother. He spoiled your life and mine, and he isn't worth worrying about. He can't come here, that's settled. Now just don't think about it any more."

He closed the door behind him quietly; but, once away from his mother's pleading voice, all the wrongs of the last years, all the shame, all the covert malice of his associates, all the burning humiliations, came over him in a tidal wave of resentment; and the ebb, when it came, left him sullen and ugly.

It was Saturday night. The corners around the market-house and the city hall were crowded with men, loud-voiced and laughing, with here and there a reeling, tottering group, who punctuated their unsteady

progress with noisy, braggart oaths. Through the crowds Jim Priestley, his mind a seething whirlpool of shame and pride, walked alone, shouldering the loafers aside, ruthlessly deaf to the men who called to him.

When he finally met Molly, she was not alone. She looked at Jim as he approached.

"Good evening, Mr. Priestly," she said pertly.

Jim lifted his hat and passed on, black anger and jealousy in his heart. He knew the man who was with her, Hallowell, a mechanic like himself, who had been his rival for Molly's favor, and had boasted that he would oust him yet.

It was two hours later when Jim, after standing sullenly with a crowd in the pool-room down the street, came back through the marketplace. The streets were less crowded now. Molly had disappeared, and the percentage of drunkards among the corner loafers had increased. Then Jim saw Hallowell.

The cumulative rage of the evening surged up in him and maddened him. He walked up to the other man with the lust of battle in his face. For a moment each glared a challenge at the other. Neither had been drinking, but both were blind with the intoxication of passion. Hallowell greeted Jim with a taunt, and then, mistaking his rival's speechless fury for moderation, grew facetious for the benefit of the bystanders.

"Say, stripes, next time you go down to the pen I wish you would have your father knit me some socks. They make—"

But Jim's heavy fist had gone home on the point of his chin, and he went down with a crash and lay still. Some of the men around stooped over his prostrate figure. The crowd began to grow rapidly, although street-fights on Saturday night were too common to cause much excitement. Jim leaned against a post with folded arms, disdaining escape, although a policeman was rounding the corner. Then one of the men who had been examining Hallowell straightened up and came swiftly toward him.

"Run! Get out, quick! He's dead!"

Jim didn't run. He stepped quietly away, took a detour through alleys familiar from childhood, and so made his way home. He was dazed with the revulsion of feeling—too numb with horror to think of escape. He did not rouse his mother, but made his way over the roof of the coal-shed to an up-stairs window, and crawled through.

For a while he stood there, the cold night air blowing in on him, the deadly languor of reaction creeping over him. Across the narrow strip of hall he could hear his mother moving about, as if he had awakened her. He brushed back his damp hair, and tried to steady his voice.

"Go to bed, mother. I'm here now."

He went to his own room and lighted the lamp. Then he blew it out again suddenly. They would be after him soon, and he might want to

get away—might, because from the chaos of his mind he had not been able to evoke a plan for the future.

He sat by the window, leaning out, watching the street to see if he were pursued, not knowing or caring that it was raining, and that he was wet and cold. He could remember, sitting there in the dark, every incident of his father's arrest ten years ago—the crowd of neighbors that gathered at the door; his mother's sobs; his father's bowed white head and hopeless face. Then the long days of waiting, the trial and conviction, the appeal, which took their last penny—and failed.

Some one came down the street, looking at the numbers. When he was opposite the house, he crossed the street and knocked. In an instant Jim was on his feet and at his mother's door.

"Tell him I'm not here. Call out to him—don't go down!"

"He's not in his room," she quavered from the window, in answer to an inquiry.

The man below hesitated, then turned away.

"I'll be back," he said briefly.

She turned to Jim, but he was gone. Back in his room he was turning over feverishly the litter of neckties and handkerchiefs in the upper drawer of the yellow-pine bureau. When he had found his revolver, he went cautiously past his mother's door, climbed the attic stairs, entered the attic, and shut and bolted the door at the top.

He groped his way through the darkness to the window beneath the sloping roof. The rain was coming down heavily now, close to his head, and the attic was musty and heavy with the smell of drying soap. Jim settled himself on his knees at the window, the revolver on the floor beside him. Through all the turmoil in his mind, one thing was clear—he would never go to the living death of the penitentiary. The six chambers of the revolver were six sure roads of escape.

Below, the gutters were filled with water that sparkled and bubbled in the electric light. Some one was standing across the street, in the shadow of a doorway, and Jim knew at once that the house was watched.

After a time the rain slackened, and the man across the street sat down on a door-step, an umbrella over his head. Jim watched him steadily. Below, through the thin flooring, he could hear his mother walking. A sudden shame for this new trouble he had brought on her came over him. He who had been so self-righteous, who that very night had refused to give his convict father a home—he was a murderer!

When he looked out again, the man across the street had gone. It was dawn now—a cold, wet dawn, gray and cheerless. Here and there the chimneys of the houses around began to show faint blue lines of smoke, in preparation for the early breakfast of the neighborhood. He heard his mother go stiffly down-stairs, heard the shutters open, and the rush and yelp of his setter as it dashed into the little yard after a night in the kitchen. Then there were voices. He picked up the revolver and

held it clumsily, his fingers stiff with cold; but no one came up the stairs, and he relaxed again.

The trunks and boxes around him were taking shape now. He saw things he had not seen for years. There was the old squirrel-cage, rusty now, and over in a corner, still showing traces of its gorgeous paint of years before, was the red wagon his father had painstakingly made for him from a wooden box. The tongue was gone, and one clumsy wheel lay forlornly in the wagon-bed; but Jim could see, with the distinctness that long-past events sometimes assume, his father's head, gray even then, bent over that uncouth wagon, painting it with unaccustomed fingers and lettering a name on the side. The name was quite clear still—the "Jim Dandy."

Jim got up and sat on a trunk to rest his cramped muscles. The walls of the narrow room began to oppress him, like the walls of a cell, and the little red wagon stood out, a very passion of color, in the gray of its surroundings. He could not escape it; it was a symbol of the joy of the past in the hopelessness of the present.

Jim turned his back to it and gazed down at the street. Men with dinner-buckets—the Sunday shift at the mill—were leaving the houses around, their hats drawn down, their coat-collars turned up around their ears. When they overtook one another they fell into step silently, morosely. One man stopped, just across, and looked over at the Priestley house. Jim opened the window and whistled softly. The other man stepped to the curb and made a trumpet with his hands.

"I hung around here half the night, waiting for you. Say, Halloween's all right. He came around in half an hour, and went home.

The revolver clattered to the floor and lay there. Jim nodded silently and closed the window. As he turned, a thin, watery shaft of yellow sunlight came through the window, and the little red wagon gleamed joyously.

When Jim went into the kitchen, the table was laid for breakfast. The setter leaped at him with moist caresses, but Jim's eyes were on a stooped figure in a chair by the stove. His mother held out a pleading hand, but Jim did not see it. He went across the room to the old man in the rocking-chair, and leaned over him, his hands on the bent shoulders.

"Welcome home, father," he said huskily. "Welcome home!"

Mr. Dooley is appealing to no small nor disinterested audience in his article "On Hard Times," in the February *American Magazine*. His remarks strike home with a directness truly delightful, and to Mr. Hennessey's sorrowful statement that "riches takes wings" he replies with a wisdom which is not of this world, "Riches niver took wings fr'm annybody that was entitled to wear wings." Venita Seibert has contributed to the same number another story in the series entitled "In the Different World." This one is "Concerning Theology" and gives a realis-

tis portrayal of the inmost thoughts of the dreamy, conscientious child, Velleda, who disgraces herself in Sunday School by her inability to describe her idea of God. But she redeems herself, in the mind of the reader at least, by her solemn statement to her small atheistic companion, Isaac Shelby, "God *is* fair or—don't you see—He couldn't be God!" Very different from this quaint story is Jeannette Cooper's humorous tale which she has appropriately named "Billy's Stag," and in which she has proved once again that "where there's a will there's a way," particularly when the chief actor is an Arctic explorer, young and good looking, whom four young ladies, also good looking, wish very much to see. The story is original in plot and, although the ending is somewhat weak, will make a good number for one's popular program.

For a story appropriate to Leap Year go to the February *Century*. "The Capture of Nelly Carribin," by Seumas Mac Manus is as laughable as it is interesting. Being told in Irish dialect it will appeal to the public reader, who finds his repertoire lacking in dialect members. The story needs considerable cutting to make it move quickly enough for program purposes, but it has sufficient merit to make time spent in arranging it well worth while. A story of no less interest is "The Quest of Aunt Nancy," by Elizabeth Jordan. It is not often we hear of a woman eighty-one years old taking a pleasure trip through Europe, but Aunt Nancy proves to be a charming exception to the rule. Her adventures hold the reader breathless, especially her exciting horse-back ride through the Gap of Dunloe when she was followed by frenzied pursurers who found "various portions of Aunt Nancy's wearing apparel scattered along the trail." For further details consult the story itself.

A story decidedly out of the ordinary is Lucy Pratt's "A Book for Mothers" in the February *McClure's*. The writer, Ezekiel by name, is a colored youth with views of his own which he sets forth at some length for the benefit of all mothers who have doubts as to proper methods of discipline for children "at de age o' twelve years ole." He concludes by briefly summarizing thus: "Dey mus' learn 'em ter do right, an' read 'em de Bible, an' run down ter Jones's corner after 'em." Marion Hill's name appears under a short story called "The Night Nan Grew Up." Simply and directly told, it is strong in its appeal to human sympathy, for it realistically describes a father's sudden awakening to the beauty and charms of his fifteen-year-old daughter. The reader feels almost as delighted as Nan when her father for the first time in his life asks her to go to the theater with him; likewise the reader understands why Nan cries in spite of her fervent declaration "Everything's all right."

One gets close to the heart of youth in a story of somewhat similar character in the February *Harper's*. But in this case the chief person concerned is a boy. "By Right of Eminent Domain," by Forrest Crissey deserves special mention as a study in boyhood emotions and aspirations. How Wesley first obtained a much-desired watch, how he lost it,

how he regained it, and why he finally gave it up constitute a plot which is bound to hold one's interest throughout. Incidentally one sees a picture of home life which, it is not alluring, is at any rate all too true to be subject to unfavorable criticism as a bit of realistic description.

The Flickinger family again make their regular monthly appearance in the current *Everybody's*. "Cousin Mosely's Money," which proves to be not money but a gold-headed cane, furnishes a theme around which Miss Hoover has woven a humorous account of what the whole family planned to do with the money that never came. "The Transfer of Google," by E. J. Rath, will appeal everywhere, for it deals with a baby and a burglar. How the baby captured the burglar and the many reasons that led to the baby's midnight transfer to a neighboring house are set forth with vivid humor. If you want a good addition to your repertoire and are not afraid to tackle the unpronounceable remarks of the irresistible Google, by all means make a cutting of this story.

Editorials.

February It is interesting to note that the shortest month of the year is in some respects also the most remarkable. Indeed, we might almost say that history is permitting February to make up in quality what the calendar-makers deprived it of in quantity. Not only does it bear the distinction of having an extra day added to its scheduled time every Leap Year, not only does it bear the distinction of having its fourteenth day named for the Patron Saint of lovers, it also bears the proud distinction of being the birth month of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, and of America's two greatest poets, James Russel Lowell, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Thus it is a month peculiarly American, and one which, if properly observed, does more toward fostering true patriotism than does any other month of the year, not even July excepted. Although a dizzy succession of holidays is never wise, we are glad that the powers that be have seen fit this year to permit Emerson students the freedom of at least one day in which to realize that the month of Feb-

ruary is not quite like all the rest. And now, students, it is ours to keep this day as befits the worthy descendants of the Father of his country. The least we can do is to think of the cherry tree and resolve never to tell—well—not even a white one. Truly “’tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.” (Later—February 22 postponed till March 6.)

“Keep to the right and keep moving!” We heard
He Said it the first day College reopened after the holidays, and we’ve been hearing it ever since. So much the better. It’s well worth constant repetition; and what is more, it’s well worth putting into constant practice. In the few weeks since January seventh, it has been thoroughly put to the test and has not been found wanting; more spirited marching, uncongested corridors, and a general air of “mind your own business and get there” have already resulted from observing this bit of instruction, and both students and teachers are the happier for it. The Magazine agrees with the Faculty in saying that to keep to the right and keep moving is quite the proper thing, and we sincerely hope it may last. Incidentally we might remark that we intend to do it ourselves, and have, in fact, aimed to do it right along but have found some slight difficulty in making this evident to the world at large on account of the absent-mindedness of some of the students who are responsible for the collection of Class and Sorority news. Notes which have to be repeatedly asked for and which are handed in a week over due are received with deep gratitude, of course, but scarcely with joy. However, the Editor isn’t supposed to preach, and so let’s have an end to the homily. But—don’t forget: “Keep to the right and keep moving!” And, to cap the climax, “keep everlastingly at it.”

A Holiday Diary.

Saturday, Dec. 14, 1907. On board "The Dunnotar Castle," in New York harbor. It doesn't seem possible that I have really started for Panama. Indeed, starting is the extent of the journey so far, because on account of the wind and the rain and the snow and the sleet, we have had to cast anchor here in the harbor. I felt rather queer as the storm shut out the pier, as the North river grew wider and wider, as the Battery faded into a mere speck, and the Goddess of Liberty was a phantom only,—but the sadness vanished as I realized that I was off for a holiday. What is that? I do believe the engines are starting, and we are moving. I don't believe I will be seasick one bit, for I feel in great shape. Somehow the suitcases seem to be having a race in moving around. It is rather rough, and I think I shall get into my berth.

Sunday the 15th, Sea-sick!

Monday the 16th, Alas! had I known as much a week ago as I know now my pantomime, "A Bad Case of Sea-sickness," would surely have been realistic.

Tuesday the 17th, To-day the memory of that peculiar sensation, which is commonly known as "Sea-sickness" is fading away.

Such a perfect day! All blue sky and white clouds, and bluer water and whiter foam. Last night was a gorgeous combination of sky and clouds and ocean and moonlight! I shall never forget it.

Wednesday the 18th, Most all day, a crowd of us have been away up in the bow, watching the flying fish. We are particularly fortunate in our fellow passengers, some of whom are extremely interesting. However, we are a rather large crowd in ourselves, nine. I think even Miss Sleight would be satisfied with the amount of oxygen which I have absorbed, for I have literally eaten and drunk air.

Everyone looks fine in white clothes to-day. It seems so strange that it is almost Christmas.

Tuesday, Dec. 19th, Such a lazy, happy existence. Only one thing mars the serenity of it all, and that is amusing rather than otherwise. It is that a Boston lady on board has discovered that I am an Emersonian and thinks it would be "lovely" if I should give a recital in the dining-saloon. Somehow or other her ideas and mine do not coincide. Oh, dear, here she comes again. I must be sleeping soundly.

Friday, Dec. 20th, To-day we will reach Colon, which is home, now. How much good this voyage has done for me! The days and sunsets and nights have all been beyond description, each one different from the others and all so beautiful. I will be glad though to reach Colon and see Peggie and Dad, and land itself will feel pretty comfortable, I imagine.

The first officers showed us all over the ship this morning, even down in the engine rooms and also the cold-storage plant.

Saturday, Dec. 21st, Colon, Panama. I always have thought "Home" the best place of all, and this home outshines all the rest. Here we are right on the shore of the Carribean Sea where the trade-winds blow incessantly. I think I'll just stay here always. The only drawback is the fact that the floors and streets seem to have lost their equilibrium, and raise up at the most unexpected times.

We went down town this morning, and not only saw sights, but furnished one ourselves, for I don't believe the natives had ever before seen seven white girls together. I am tired now from carrying around money, for the "spig" money weighs about twice and is worth just half as much as our own.

There are so many different countries represented here. First, there are the native Panamanians, then the Japs and the "Chinks," who own most of the shops, then the Martiniguls and a few Turks, and here, there, and every place else—Jamaican negroes.

The chief way the people have of carrying things is on their heads. One now evidently was warm and wished to carry his coat, so he picked up a table, balanced it upside down on his head, and threw his coat over it. Another man wished to carry a letter down to the office and put it on his head with a brick on it to keep the wind from blowing it away. No wonder the poor brutes are so stupid.

Sunday Dec. 22d, 1907. Band Concert at the Y. M. C. A. building in Cristobal, which is the American part of Colon. Everybody went, as they do to everything down here.

The "street car" system is great. The "car" consists of an animal supposed to be a horse, which is attached to a vehicle, somewhat resembling a carriage. These "cars" go at break-neck speed, and on being liberated I am glad to pay even the most exorbitant price in my joy and thankfulness at being still alive.

Tuesday the 24th, Yesterday morning at five o'clock we left Colon on the Panama Railroad, and went across the Isthmus. Saw all sorts of beautiful tropical palms and orchids and passed through the quaintest native village with mush-room towns of the Isthmian Canal Commission alongside of them. We reached La Boca, the Pacific end of the railroad about eight, and there boarded a little tug which took us out to Toboga Island, a ride of over an hour. The little village is typically Spanish, and with its queer houses stuck hit or miss on the hill, its ancient church, its old grave-yard and the modern sanatorium kept us busy and interested for an hour or two. The queerest sight of all was that of the women and girls at the brook doing the laundry work for the week.

We sailed back to La Boca and then went to Panama City. After lunch at the "Tivoli" we drove all around Panama City and Ancon, the American city. Ancon with its hills and palms and gardens is surely entrancing.

The whole day, with its trip home after dark through the jingles and swamps is one to be long remembered.

To-day we have been busy with a big reception here at home.

Wednesday, Dec. 25th, Christmas Day. Last night we went to a Christmas-tree entertainment which was almost wierd and pathetic. The gifts were beautiful and everyone seemed happy, even the poor suffering martyr who donned the regulation "Santa Claus" costume, but somehow Christmas with the thermometer near ninty seems inconguous. To-day, only the Christmas-tree within, and the palm trees without make me realize that it is Christmas in Panama and not a summer holid-ay in the states.

Thursday the 26th, The "Finance" came bringing Christmas mail. The "Dunnator Castle" sailed away with three of the girls on it. The next time I will have to go, and I hate to think of it—especially when I think that I may be sea-sick again.

We visited the cold-storage warehouse and had a snow-ball fight!

Friday the 27th, Went to the commissary, which is the combination department store, grocery, meat-market, post-office, &c., carried on by the railroad for its employees. We also went through the Commissary, bakery and laundry. From these where all was clean and orderly, we walked through the native markets which was the exact opposite of the bakery. The least said the better.

Saturday the 28th, Afternoon tea at the Nurses' Home in Colon. The hospital, with its colored wards, malaria wards and all its conveniences is extremely sanitary and modern.

Sunday the 29th, Callers all day at home. Dinner at six at the home of Judge C. in Cristobal.

Monday the 30th, We went over to Culebra to-day, where the Commission has its headquarters. After lunch at Colonel G's., Admiral R. took us all through the Culebra Cut where the main work of dredging is being down. Thousands of steam-shovels were at work and the magnitude of the work awed me. Afternoon tea with Mrs. L.

Tuesday the 31st, On board the "Finance." The shores of "The Land of The Cocoonut Palm" are growing fainter and further away every minute. How I wish I were on that shore instead of this boat, for Panama with all it holds is a long, long way from Boston.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1908. A beautiful New Year's Day. There are very few passengers, and I have plenty of time to think and make new resolutions.

Thursday, Jan. 2d, It is rough to-day and as we have a very large airy stateroom and plenty of books, we are simply being lazy and happy.

Friday, Jan. 3d, The little Greek "news boy" has disappeared and the Captain is afraid he has jumped overboard.

Saturday, Jan. 4th, Last night we were playing cards away up in the Captain's room when the mate came and said that the "news boy" was

found. They brought him up and oh my heart ached at the sight of his poor pale face all dirty and grimy.

Sunday. Another perfect day! Nothing to do but read and sleep and eat and think and be happy.

Monday. It is getting colder again and I am beginning to wish myself back in Colon. It is pouring rain to-day, and anything but cheerful in spite of the music and fun which we have tried to make in the cabin.

Tuesday the 7th, To-night we will reach New York and I will be glad indeed.

Tuesday night. We should be in New York, but instead we are anchored at the Quarentine Station, where we can see the lights of Brooklyn and Staten Island, and yet must stay here. The reason is that we struck an awful storm, and were delayed. The storm was glorious and very spectacular. The crew all in yellow oilskins looked very picturesque and the mountainous waves were most powerful and appalling.

There goes a ferry-boat. That is the final strand!

Wednesday the 8th, Boston, Massachusetts.

Here I am, back again, but oh I feel like a different person, and I know it will take me several days to become accustomed to ordinary work-a-day life again. Just the same, Boston is a dear old place and next to my Panama home, Boston, which means Emerson, is the best of all.

MARY SLIPER, '09.

The Hartford E. C. O. Club Banquet.

The second annual banquet of the Emerson College Club, of Hartford, was held at the Allyn House, on the evening of December 6th.

At present we have a membership of sixteen, and, though not large in numbers, we are growing, and we are very much alive.

We have tried to reach all Emersonians in the State, and have received many cordial notes in reply, so that by another year we hope to have most of them enrolled as members of the Hartford Club. Many who had planned to be with us the evening of the banquet were unable to attend—some of our own members being kept home by illness—but in spite of the fact that we missed some of the more familiar faces, the banquet was a happy success. Many sent us their special good wishes, so that their message was heard, though spoken by another. Mrs. Marion D. Campbell, the president of the Club, presided and gave greeting to the guests. Mrs. Sara H. McClintock, who went from us to the New York Club, brought us greetings from there.

While the secretary was reading messages of cheer from many Emersonians elsewhere, a telegram was presented from Mrs. Ethel H. Walker, president of the New York Club, expressing her regret at being unable to be present, and conveying her good wishes to all. A very delightful

letter was read from Miss Pauline Phelps, very modestly ignoring her present triumphs, and humorously recalling reminiscences of the days spent at Emerson, when, as she said, although she didn't *seem* to learn anything, she really did learn, sub-consciously, and it was after she left the College that she found it out and has been finding it out ever since!

As the banquet came just before Christmas, the president presented each guest with a little favor from the Christmastree, which adorned the centre of the table. Each favor suggested to the recipient, together with the verse attached, the toast to which he was to respond, or, a telling joke upon his favorite hobby. All decorations were suggestive of the Christmas season.

Our guest of honor for the evening was Dean Southwick, who responded in his usual delightful way to "The Dean on the Road," which was fully enjoyed by all present. He told many stories of the humorous happenings that sometimes come to traveling readers, when in different parts of the country, where even celebrities are not given their full value. But he said his greatest joy in his over-country trips was the meeting with so many Emersonians, here, there and everywhere. In the most unexpected places cordial words and warm handclasps recall the days at Emerson and make glad the present.

Mrs. McClintock rendered several instrumental selections, and Mrs. Reid gave us two charming vocal solos. Miss Elizabeth M. Barnes told most delightfully of "The Humorous Side of a Teacher's Life," and left no doubt in the minds of her listeners that she knew whereof she spoke. Mrs. Clara Dresser most happily told us of "The Second Generation."

The hour growing late and out-of-town guests being obliged to leave, other responses were cut short, and the program closed with a reading of the "Club Poem," written by Miss Margaret L. Spencer, a graduate of Miss Clara M. Coe's School of Oratory and the E. C. O. Summer School. All voted the evening a most happy occasion, and all expressed the desire that a banquet be given every year. It means much to all who attend and helps to keep the Club awake to larger interests.

We have other interesting plans for this year, of which we shall be glad to inform you at another time. In the name of the Hartford Club I extend a New Year's Greeting of all good wishes to Emersonians everywhere.

MARTHA SPENCER,

Secretary of the Hartford Club.

College News.

In the Class Room.

Forensic Oratory.

The study of Forensic Oratory is of great value to all, and is indispensable to him who is to deal with college men or who intends to enter any profession in which public speaking has a part. In the course offered by Mr. Tripp, the principles underlying conviction and persuasion are first studied, and then great orations are used for practice on those principles. Not only the speech itself, but the occasion and the orator are considered as important elements of the result. Mr. Tripp's powers of keen analysis and sharp discrimination make him an ideal teacher of such a course.

Extemporaneous Speaking.

Those Seniors who last September elected the course in Extemporaneous Speaking have realized more forcibly with the passing of each week that their choice was both wise and happy. It is doubtful if there is any class to which the students look forward with greater delight than to this particular one of Dean Southwick's. The work of the first semester demanded from each member the presentation of a five-minutes' speech upon any topic the speaker might choose. The only condition imposed was that the speech was not to be written out beforehand, although it might be thought out to the speaker's heart's content. This same condition will hold for the preparation of the one-hour speeches which the class are now at work on for the second semester. A careful outline of this long speech must be made and handed to the Dean as the speaker comes before the class. The Dean then picks out some portion of the outline and the student is allowed five minutes in which to discuss this particular phase of his topic. The choice of subject for the speech is left to the students' discretion entirely, just as it was for the first semester. This plan so far has brought admirable results, for the class have been regaled with most refreshing speeches on all kinds of interesting subjects from "My Experiences in Bermuda" to "The District School" and "Apples."

The Shakespeare Work.

That Emerson College is doing its share to perpetuate the name and fame of William Shakespeare is seen at once from a glance at the yearly horariums. The Freshmen have a weekly class in the study of *Julius Caesar*; the Juniors devote five periods a week to *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*; the Seniors give six periods to *Hamlet* and *As You Like It*; and the Postgraduates do exhaustive work on *Twelfth Night* and *Othello*. The ground covered is not especially wide but it is covered with a thoroughness which leaves the student with no hazy idea

as to the true character of the men and women whose action these seven plays depict. The work of the Senior year is particular interesting, for it is then that the students are first allowed to present in Chickering Hall numerous scenes from the two plays studied. They are given the stage business in class but they do their own coaching; sometimes, it is true, with fearful and wonderful results due to laxness in attending rehearsals; but, on the whole, the work is not only a credit to the students, but a fair representation of the kind of Shakespearean work for which Emerson College aims to stand.

Sororities.

Alpha Tau Lambda.

The Alpha Tau Sorority takes great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Eben Charlton Black has been elected an honorary member.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Hahne, of Harrison St., East Orange, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter Eda to Mr. Albert L. Lawrence of Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Hahne will graduate from Emerson College in May and her marriage to Mr. Lawrence, who is a prominent young lawyer of Cleveland, will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Baker, of Portland, Me., are expected for the Inter-Frat dance.

Mrs. Mable Worcester, Emerson '93, is to be our champeron for the rest of the year. We feel that we are very fortunate in having Mrs. Worcester with us.

On the afternoon of January nineteenth the Alpha Taus gave a little informal tea to a few of their friends.

Wednesday evening of each week the Sorority is "at home" to teachers and friends.

Phi Eta Sigma.

The Phi Etas had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Cameron, one of our members, and formerly an Emerson College teacher, during a brief but very enjoyable visit.

Miss Aeola Almstead, now on the road coaching plays, is in the city for a short time and has regaled us with many amusing accounts of her experiences.

Our dinner hour is a sort of holiday time with us, thanks to the frequent presence of Mrs. Hicks and Miss McQuesten. Miss Tatem also comes very often and never lacks a hearty welcome. We enjoyed entertaining Miss Todd and Miss Coolidge last week.

Kappa Gamma Chi.

Miss Estelle Van Horn, '06, who is reader for the DeKoven Quartette, spent Sunday, December eighth, with us.

Miss Leona Kehm, '07, who has recently returned to Boston, expects to spend the remainder of the winter in the city.

Miss Bentley, the National Visiting Students-Secretary for the New England Association of the Y. W. C. A., was our guest during the recent conference with the cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. at Emerson College.

Miss Madge Farnum, '07, was a guest at the House during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Floy Long, of Fresno, Cal., visited Miss Brooks for two weeks at Christmas time.

On Monday evening, January twentieth, we enjoyed a pleasant evening, socially with a small company of our friends.

Delta Delta Phi.

Miss Grace Reed gave several selections at a prominent concert in Albany on the thirtieth of December. The Albany Argus printed the following notice: "Miss Grace Reed provoked merited applause. She is a reader of more than ordinary ability and an arrangement from 'The Lion and The Mouse' brought forth all her powers and caused to come into play a versatility of exceptional promise." Miss Reed received many congratulations and appreciative comments on her work.

On the evening of Saturday, the eighteenth of January, the Delta Delta Phi girls entertained informally at the second of a series of chafing-dish suppers.

Tea was served at the Delta Delta Phi Chapter house, Saturday afternoon, January the twenty-fifth, after Miss Tatem's reading, for the recital guests.

We have been delighted, recently, to have Mrs. Hicks at dinner with us.

Miss Frances Woodbury has had during February as her guests Miss Jeanette Perkins, of Bennington, Vermont, and Miss Marion Prescott, of Francestown, N. H.

Vaughn Hall.

The Trlosu Club held a business meeting at Vaughn Hall on January eighteenth. Plans were made for a social evening in early February.

"Alabama."

The annual benefit Faculty play of this year promises an evening of unusual interest. Almost twenty years have passed since the play-going world was captivated by the beautiful Southern play "Alabama." It was in the early nineties that it scored an almost phenomenal success in New

York City. For a year the people were drawn to the theatre again and again by the rare charm of this story of idyllic beauty, and to-day it is heard with the same joy. Who has ever read or listened to "Alabama" without being a little better for its warm glow of humor, its poetic beauty, its tender sentiment? The trembling moonlight, the "magic odor of magnolia," the idealistic atmosphere, the distinctly human element, all combine to make an appeal in this story of love and romance to which the human heart sympathetically responds. But I did not start to write a treatise; I merely wanted to tell our readers that they would have an opportunity to see the play at Chickering Hall, on THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH NINETEENTH.

Cast of Characters:

Colonel Preston, an old planter.....	Dean Southwick
Colonel Moberly, a relic of the Confederacy.....	Mr. Hicks
Squire Tucker, a Taladega County justice.....	Mr. Tripp
Captain Davenport, a Northern railroad man.....	Mr. Garber
Mr. Armstrong, his agent.....	Mr. Bard
Lathrop Page, a Southern boy.....	Mr. Farr
Raymond Page, a party of business.....	Mr. Moore
Decatur, an ante-bellum servant.....	Mr. Burnham
Mrs. Page, a widow who thinks twice.....	Mrs. Marmein
Mrs. Stockton, another widow.....	Mrs. Kent
Carey Preston, an Alabama blossom	Mrs. Hicks
Atlanta Moberly, Colonel Moberly's daughter.....	Miss Perkins

Tickets will be on sale March 2nd. Prices, .50, .75 and \$1.00.

The Awakening of Helena Richie.

On the afternoon of January twenty-fifth a large and appreciative audience in Chickering Hall listened with close attention to Miss Eden Tatem's finished presentation of a dramatization of Margaret Deland's novel, "The Awakening of Helena Richie." This recital, the second in the course of the Southwick Literary Society, was marked particularly by a technique which had been worked out to the last detail and by strong and vivid character delineation. Miss Tatem's delightful impersonation of the child, David, was a revelation even to those best acquainted with her work; equally good was her characterization of the boy, Sam, especially in the scene which immediately precedes his tragic

death. His horror—the horror which would brook no excuses—at the discovery that the woman he worships is living a lie, was most realistically portrayed. Helena's supreme renunciation when she at length sees her life in its true light and consents to give up David, not for her sake but for his, was also dramatically and effectively presented.

The dramatization as presented by Miss Tatem, was made by Mr. Albert J. Kennedy. It showed in its dramatic arrangement the touch of the artist, and in its construction, the skill and literary appreciation of the scholar.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. members during the past month have been busy arranging the various committees for the rest of the school year. Now that this is done, we hope that each member will work hard to make this year tell something for the future.

Before the members left for their Christmas vacation, they arranged for money to be raised to help two poor families. The students kindly contributed and a nice sum was obtained, with which necessary food was purchased and sent to the needy.

At present the girls are planning a Bible Study Class for Sunday afternoons from four to five. Anyone who wishes can join. A Mission Study class also is being formed. The date of the first meeting has not yet been decided upon.

On Friday afternoon, January twenty-fourth, Miss Witherby, of Radcliffe, talked to us on the subject of China. Special music was given and everyone enjoyed the talk very much. We hope she may be able to come again soon.

Glee Club.

For the benefit of new students and the uninformed, we would say the Glee Club meets every Tuesday, at 2 p. m. in room one.

The uninitiated possessing melody and rhythm are invited to become members upon proving their ability and agreeing to the rules.

Mr. Kenney is a most efficient coach, and under his leadership the club is preparing some fine selections, which—but that's another story. The advantage of having such an able leader as Mr. Kenney is fully appreciated by the Club. Such an organization brings us into closer relations with a teacher than can possibly be obtained in the class room and we are glad of the opportunity.

At the request of the Dean the Glee Club sang in chapel on December 20, "Let Thine Hand Help Me" and "Elves and Fays," and upon an invitation from the Y. W. C. A. they sang on January 24. And more anon.—

The Classes.

'07.

"Post Graduate year is simply great!"

The graduate plays are progressing finely, and we are working on them too hard to do much talking. Since the last issue of the Magazine the following plays have been presented:

"The Light That Failed," dramatization, by Mr. Moore; "The Climbers," Mrs. McNeel; "The Christian," dramatization, by Miss Williams; "A Doll's House," Miss Tiller; "Eternal City," dramatization, by Mr. Hirschier; "Tyranny of Tears," Miss Hammond. In addition to the presentation of scenes, the class is making a study of "A Doll's House," with Mr. Gilbert.

Miss Porter and Miss Casseday did themselves proud in the pantomime presented at N. E. Conservatory Jan. 31st.

Recitals with Mrs. Whitney are soul-racking and soul-purifying. We bless the hand that scourges.

We grieve to lose from our midst our beloved friend and class-mate, Edith R. Hastings. She left us to accept a position as teacher in a school in Superior, Wisconsin. In a letter Miss Hastings says, "My work is going splendidly, but I miss dear old Emerson. I learned to express many things during my college course, but the word good-bye always stuck in my throat. So I couldn't say it to you, but must write it."

Miss Jessie Shaw was elected president of our class to succeed Miss Hastings

'08.

The Senior Class has decided to publish a Year Book. In general, the book is to be on the order of such publications. Among other features of interest, it will contain pictures of all the members of the faculty. A number of committees are now at work upon the advertising and the literary and artistic features of the book. Elizabeth Keppie is editor, and the other committee members are as follows: Business committee: Charles Farr, Gertrude Lawson, and Ruth Hobart. Literary committee: Grace Garvin, Margaret Fulton, and Alice Daly. Special committee on Class Poetry: Agnes Smith and Corinne Babcock. Art committee: Etta Trow and Eulalie Bradstreet. Societies are represented by Miss Elizabeth Hardenberg.

The Senior Class, in a meeting held on January twenty-second, began to make plans for Commencement. The class decided to have a "representative" program rather than a "blanket" program. The matter of choosing debaters and readers is thus left entirely to the faculty. The following students were chosen to take part in the Class Day exercises: Miss Agnes Smith, Poet; Mr. William Harrington, Orator; Miss Margaret Fulton, Prophet; Miss Grace Garvin, Historian. The committee ap-

pointed to confer with the faculty consists of Misses Elizabeth Keppie, Gertrude Lawson, Mary Bean, Mary Clarke, Elizabeth Baker, Grace Garvin and Mr. Charles Farr.

'09.

We begin the second semester of our Junior Year with new courage because just half of the mile stones on our way to our commencement are behind us.

We are very sorry to report that Miss Rombough, of New York, one of our ablest members is not going to return to Emerson this year. She is at present on a trip to the Bermuda Islands.

Miss Daisy Thomas, of Springfield, Massachusetts, has joined our class.

The class calendars which were described in a previous issue of the magazine have proved satisfactory in every way. There are still a few left which may be obtained by applying to Miss Ellis.

Watch this space!

'10.

The week before Christmas Holidays was one of great expectation to those who were going home, and if lessons suffered somewhat we have more than made up for it since we returned. Those who remained in Boston found it not such a bad place after all. But one and all, January seventh found us at college ready for work.

Two of our number did not return after the vacation, Miss Mary L. Paterson, of East Craftsbury, Vermont, and Mr. Archie M. Swett, of Antrim, New Hampshire. We all miss them and we are indeed sorry they could not come back.

You know the rest—mid-year exams! Such dreading and such cramming, and then to find them better than we ever hoped. We hold the faculty in great esteem at present, but we have not received our reports yet. Anyway the members of 1910 celebrated, individually, Saturday afternoon and evening in a care-free manner, and we are resolved to be happy until finals.

Alumni Notes.

General.

Former students' work reminds us,
We may get there, too, sometime,
And by ever struggling onward
Gain a place in fames' bright line.

During the month among other Emersonians who called at the College was Alberta Black, '06, who is now teaching in Tilton, New Hampshire. She presented a David Copperfield program before the Y. M. C.

A. of that town on February first. It was received with great enthusiasm.

Lydia E. Bradstreet, '01, brought news of her work this year, and renewed her subscription to the "Mag."

Elsie R. Stuart, '05, writes from Syracuse, New York, that she has charge this year of the department of Oratory, recently established, in the Syracuse High School, and that several of her friends are planning to come to Emerson for further study.

A most attractive Christmas program of the Thursday Musical Club, Grand Forks, N. D., comes to us with the word that Prof. Frederick H. Koch, '04, read informally before the Club on December 19th, "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens was given in five staves, appropriate music coming between the staves. The Club were delighted with Prof. Koch, and are planning to hear him again.

"I was very glad to receive a copy of the Magazine, it is fine," writes Alice Smith, '07, from her home in Newburgh-on-the-Hudson. Miss Smith is busy with private work and has been doing a great deal of reading also, so her time is fully occupied.

Information, somewhat delayed in transmission, comes to us that Harriet L'Hommedieu, '07, and Walter Thomas, of the Lackawanna R. R., were married August 28th, 1907. This very pretty home wedding, to which a large number of friends were invited, was followed by an extensive Canadian-Thousand Islands tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are now keeping house at 15 Wadsworth avenue, New York City, where any of the Emersonians will always find a warm welcome.

The Misses Clara and Lenora Grizzell, '09, of Claflin, Kansas, gave a pleasing recital for the benefit of the Methodist Church on December 6th, "Two Jolly Girl Bachelors," a one-act comedy, concluded their program for the evening.

"I am working up an evening of love stories for February fourteenth," Mayme Miller writes from the Bessie Tift College, Forsyth, Ga., where she is principal. She writes of her engagement for the summer of 1908, "I am looking forward with pleasure to my summer work. I shall teach at Seven Hills Chautauqua Summer School, in Owensburg, Kentucky."

Bernard Lambert, '04, who is now in charge of dramatic and oratorical departments of the Central High School, Duluth, Minn., is arousing much attention by his enthusiastic work. A dramatic club has been formed in the school. One of the Duluth papers has this to say:

"Membership in the club is considered a great honor as only juniors and seniors are admitted who have shown special aptitude for the work and are to a certain standard in their studies. Prof. Lambert is alive to the social side of the club. He has entertained at his own home once this fall and is helping to plan more good times.

"There is nothing like the stage training to enable people to talk with ease in public," remarked Prof. Lambert, when talking of his work. "In this age of public meetings it is necessary for both men and women to be able to speak easily at large gatherings and the work in the dramatic club will do much to enable them to do this."

"The senior class is reading Shakspeare's 'As You Like It' this year. Later on it will work it up for the annual play. After a more exhaustive

study of the drama has been made, members of the class will each write a one-act play and one will be produced by the club."

From Pensacola, Fla., Olga H. White writes that she is rehearsing daily for "The Duke of Killicrankie," which it is soon to present. In October under her efficient coaching "Two Little Rebels" was presented before the State Convention of Confederate Veterans. Three hundred and forty dollars was cleared from this entertainment and by all who saw the performance it was pronounced unusually good.

The Lowell *Courier Times* says: "Robert H. Burnham, '01, of Boston, reader and impersonator, proved to be one of the very best entertainers whom we have had the pleasure of hearing. His rendering of a cutting from one of Maude Wilder Goodwin's books was especially effective." Mr. Burnham coached the Woman's Club of Fitchburg in "Twelfth Night" recently and received only commendation for the production.

Nola Venable, '05, of Coronal Institute, San Marcos, Texas writes that she is looking forward to Mr. Tripp's reading in that place on February third. The department of oratory in the Institute is strong, and the students are doing some excellent work. At present they are busy with a play which is to be produced in spring. Miss Venable says, "I look forward to the coming of the Magazine with as much pleasure as I formerly did money from home."

Anna Hamilton Remick, '06, called at the office during the month. She tells us that she is usually busy this winter with her work in expression. Miss Remick is making a special study of defective voice organs and has an encouraging number of pupils at her studio, in Methuen, Mass. She is also doing some reading in and about Boston.

From Swampscott, Mass., comes the account of a reception given at the town hall on January twentieth, when the Woman's Club entertained over one hundred guests. The orchestra was assisted by a quartette and Miss Ruth Hobart, '08, as reader. Miss Hobart gave three numbers—"Her Letter" by Bret Harte, "Ships at Sea" by Robert Coffin, "The Ballad of East and West" by Kipling. Miss Hobart received unbounded applause; her manner of delivery was exquisite and strongly appealed to the large audience.

Marion Hutchins, '04, is playing the part of Lelia in "Under Southern Skies." The company has several Emersonians in it, including Floyd Fager, '05, and Florence Heston, '08.

Bessie Whiting, '07, of Somerville, was a recent caller at the office. She is doing some reading and private class work in Somerville, Mass.

Calvin C. Thomas, '03, went the first of February to Carleton College, in Northfield, Minn., to take charge of the Department of Rhetoric and Oratory. Mr. Thomas writes, "The Emerson Magazine numbers this year have been very refreshing."

We extend to C. Bishop Johnson, '07, our sincerest sympathy in his recent sorrow, the death of his mother.

Grace Delle Davis, '99, read Browning's "The Ring and the Book" at the Brooklyn Art Gallery under the auspices of the Art Institution on December twenty-fourth. On the following Monday she read at the same place the satirical drama, Ibsen's "Pier Gynt." In both readings Miss Davis showed great versatility of style and flexibility of voice, and her large and cultured audiences were delighted with her presentations.

Miss Bertha A. Raymond, '96, called at the College recently. For the last eight years she has been teaching Expression in the English High School, Somerville, Mass., where for twelve years Miss Edith L. Nichols,

'92, has held the position of principal. An interesting feature of Miss Raymond's work is the coaching for public recitals and plays. Each month a public recital is given, and during the entire year the Senior Class is required to study the drama and present old English plays from the earliest period of the theater down to Shakespeare's time.

Mrs. Lilian F. Jackson, '04, has just returned from a reading trip of several weeks. The *Northampton Herald* says, among other pleasant things, "Mrs. Jackson's platform presence was well worthy of Emerson College of Oratory of which she is a post-graduate." The *Hampshire Gazette*, of the same place, says, "Mrs. Jackson is a reader of the first order." From the *Ansonia Sentinel* (Conn.) we quote, "Mrs. Jackson proved to be an artist and the readings were among the best ever heard here. She gave a varied program and her delineations of the various characters in her selections left nothing to be desired." The *Meriden Morning Record* (Conn.) says, "Mrs. Lilian Fuller Jackson delighted her audience. She proved herself one of the best elocutionists ever heard in this city. Her serious readings were very artistically done and Mrs. Jackson showed herself fully as capable at humorous as at heavier selections."

Letter from Lettie Kingsley, '93.

Dear Emerson Friends:

Last week it was my privilege to revisit Emerson, after rather a lengthy absence, for although not far distant from the Alma Mater by length of miles, yet stress of work has prevented visits very often during the College session. You enthusiastic students of the present day cannot realize what a visit back means to one who has been a graduate for five or ten or fifteen years. That seems a long time, does it not? But every member of the Alumni will, I think, understand. We go out from Emerson imbued with so many of its grand principles that it seems we have only to speak and the world is ours, but after a little we awaken to the fact that we are not surrounded by an earnest class of Emersonians who are interested in helping us to do our very best and we are surrounded, maybe, by a class of boys and girls who seem to be made up primarily of wooden legs and arms, judging by movements. It is at times like these in the young graduate's life that discouragement is most likely to come, but persevere and in a short while we find all obstacles have departed and success is surely coming. And just here I wish to speak of our Magazine and the help it may be to our older graduates. Your Manager said to me, "How do you like the Magazine nowadays?" And I was forced to confess together with others who have discussed the question with me, that at the present time it is not reaching the older ones fully. Not from a literary standpoint, bless you, there is no criticism on that score, but from the point of what Emerson itself is doing. If new voice work is being introduced, we would like to hear about it; if new methods in applying the Steps of Evolution or Perfective Laws are being used, an article on that would be most interesting, etc. We can hear Professors, Ward or Rolfe or other lecturers on their subjects in our own towns and cities. We cannot get the Emerson principles except from Emerson itself, and every word from Dean Southwick and the others is precious. Now I may call down much criticism upon my devoted head for speaking thus plainly, but, as I was asked to do so, have complied, although with no feeling of disloyalty, for the Magazine has come to my home every year since I graduated from the dear old College. Your Manager said, "The Alumni can help, if they

will write what they are doing; will you tell of your work at the present time?"

Since the Y. W. C. A. was organized, four years ago in our city, I have served as its secretary, had charge of the physical work, the social life, etc. Last year presented two dramas with the Association girls in the cast, which brought in several hundred more dollars, and am at work now on the third one. Am also coaching a club of young girls for another play for one of the societies here, and about fifty children for an operetta for another; these, outside my regular work with pupils. Many of you know that my specialty since graduation has been coaching for entertainments, many of which are original and some of which have been purchased by publishers. The experience in all these ways has been varied, I assure you, but success has come, as it will come to any one of you who truly tries to live up to our teaching. Over and over it has been my pleasure to revisit the same places and work for the same societies, your surest test of success. Loyal to Emerson? Is the question answered? And now I hope other members of the Alumni will write of their work even, although like the writer, they may dislike to speak so prominently of the personal pronoun "I."

Yours, in E. C. O.,
Lettie Kingsley, '93,

Brockton, Mass.,
January 23, 1908.

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Longfellow.

Oh Silent River, yet more softly sing,
Lest thou disturb thy lover's long, lone sleep
Above thee! Oh hush thy voice—or rather weep
For him whose silent harp can never bring
Again the sweetness of thy song. Thy sting,
O death, is caught by moaning sea and sweep
Of wailing wind! The stars above shall keep
A faithful watch, till once again shall ring
The call of Universal Morn. We need
Thy trusting faith, O Bard of childhood's heart;
Thy simple love, that warms the firelight's glow;
Thy sweet sincerity—the priceless meed
Of faith and love—give these; the part
Of life that lives: the oak, the flower—we'd know!

—J. A. GARBER.

Walter Bradley Tripp.

Walter Bradley Tripp was born in July, 1868, at Cincinnati, Ohio. His father, Albert E. Tripp, was a Massachusetts man, a native of Charlestown, and in his early years an attendant of the Boston and Cambridge schools. Shortly after his marriage he moved to the middle west. Previous to settling upon civil engineering as a profession—in his later life he held for years the position of City Engineer of Cincinnati—he engaged in educational work and for a decade was Master of one of the city grammar schools. He was a scholar in every sense of the word, and it was from him that his son derived the greatest inspiration and the larger share of a most serviceable kind of knowledge. Mr. Tripp's mother, who was Miss Lucy Bachtelder, is a descendant of one of the oldest families of Wenham, Massachusetts, a family that figured prominently in early Colonial history. She was educated in the East and for several years previous to her marriage taught at Atkinson Academy. A lady of rare charm and innate refinement, she has transmitted to the son the same elements. Perhaps it might be said that Mr. Tripp inherited most of his traits from his father, but both parents were active in carefully directing his early education, especially by instilling and fostering a love of good literature, so that they brought their son up to feel that a professional rather than a business career would be his.

As a boy, Mr. Tripp attended the old Woodward High school of Cincinnati, and after his graduation in 1883, entered the employ of Robert Clarke and Company, at that time the largest book concern in the West. Here he became Mr. Clarke's personal clerk and from him received a great deal of encouragement in his dramatic work; it was at this time that Mr. Tripp was getting his earliest dramatic training. He was given frequent opportunity, through his

first teacher in Expression, Mrs. Katherine Westendorf, to take part in many of the travelling theatre companies, notably those of Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, and Modjeska. As early as 1881 he had actively participated in the Cincinnati Dramatic Festivals, which were ranked among the greatest of the kind ever given in this country. He also studied with James E. Murdock and a little later with Steele Mackaye.

After five years' service with Clarke and Company, Mr. Tripp came to Boston, where he took up some special academic study, and in the fall of 1887 entered the Monroe College of Oratory. At the end of two years he received his diploma and was then engaged by the College as teacher of Rhetoric, and the following year was placed on the regular staff. This position he retained until the spring of 1898, when he left the College and joined the William H. Crane Company, of New York. After finishing that season and part of the next with Crane, Mr. Tripp again came to Boston and was engaged as Professor of Oratory at Boston College and as special Lecturer on Oratory at the Boston University Law School. These positions he held for six and four years, respectively, and in 1899, in addition to doing private studio work, began in Boston University and Harvard a course of special study, which was continued for five years.

It was in 1894 that he was first engaged to teach in the Summer School at Martha's Vineyard, and with Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick successfully conducted the school for several seasons. Mr. Tripp's summer work has also included considerable teaching in the schools of Glens Falls, New York, and of Charlottesville, Virginia, while he has, since 1901, been director of the Boston Summer School.

The autumn of 1900 found him once again on the Faculty of Emerson College, where he has since remained as teacher of Dramatic Art, Oratory, and Literary Analysis.

In addition to his class-room work, he does a great deal of outside coaching, particularly with professional men along lines of forensic training.

The public work which Mr. Tripp began when still very young included not only the dramatic experience previously mentioned—and for several years, as a dramatic student, “he carried a spear with Edwin Booth”—but likewise the direction of a number of prominent Cincinnati clubs, notably the Cushman Club, in whose performances his work, both as director and actor, attracted much attention and something more than local commendation. His keen and enthusiastic appreciation of things dramatic is still shown in numerous ways. For twenty-five years he has been an inveterate theater goer.

Mr. Tripp's reading career vies in interest with what he has accomplished as teacher and actor. About the time that he came East, he and Mr. Charles W. Kidder formed a company and for several years they were very successful, being employed by some of the best Eastern Bureaus. This general work continued until 1899 when Mr. Tripp began special work as a monologue reader. “The Tempest,” given with a musical setting, was his first program. It was presented in Steinert Hall, and from this beginning his recitals have become increasingly popular, so that today his tours extend as far west as the Dakotas and as far south as Texas; and the “Tempestous” beginning has grown into twelve complete plays. And his scholarly lectures on “Shakespeare” and the “Elizabethan Drama,” first delivered a dozen years ago, still delight audiences in all sections of the country.

Mr. Tripp is a clear thinker, decidedly analytic and discriminating in judgment, artistic in appreciation and reticent with a reserve of the finer kind. Though he is always constructive in his criticisms, he is relentless in a measure,

for he believes that the student can stand "polishing off" better here than after he gets out into the world.

His entire work, both as reader and teacher, is characterized by a common-sense conciseness and artistic sanity rather than by an emotional abnormality, all too common. In fact, it is the element of poise and balance that renders Mr. Tripp one of the most attractive readers upon the platform and an unusually strong teacher. He doesn't believe that the heart ought to do the thinking. He doesn't believe in talking unless there is something to be said. His sense of humor is always on duty. His repartee is never wanting. By the less charitable his remarks are sometimes thought to savor of the caustic but a deeper kindness is always evident to the one who knows him better.

He has two hobbies well known to all his friends—music and his library. He is himself a pleasing performer and as a music critic his judgment is seldom at fault. His private library is composed of the most choice books, both as regards text and binding. These two "hobbies" find a warm welcome in his home at Jamaica Plain, where Mr. Tripp lives. It is a very happy household, for Mr. Tripp's devotion to his mother, sister and little niece is second only to their affection for him.

The Educational Value of Dramatic Training.

Walter Bradley Tripp.

Though it is not the first time this subject has been treated in the pages of this magazine, nor has it failed to receive attention in a more general way elsewhere, it is always interesting to compare different points of view, and of course the subject is of perennial interest to the teacher and student of Dramatic Art. We want to know where we

stand, and in these days there is such a rapidly-changing attitude towards the training in dramatic art in the schools, that the word of today is out of date tomorrow. Among a certain group of educators there is in progress a quiet discussion as to its value, and whether or not it should receive recognition in the regular curriculum. There has been a marked increase in the production of school plays or "dramatics" within the past ten years, and there has been a corresponding interest in the results as indicating a new factor in the educational scheme.

There is an innate dramatic instinct in every human being, and at some time or other this instinct seeks expression. From the simple, rude efforts of the savage to the complexities of the modern Drama is manifest the impulse to pictorially represent the experiences and emotions of human life; nor is this desire confined to any one class of men.

From this fact the question arises as to whether this instinct should receive that recognition which shall place it on the same footing with other activities, and if so, how far is the training to be carried, and is it likely to kindle ambitions which have no warrant in actual achievement? Joseph Jefferson, the famous comedian, once said: "Dramatic instinct is so implanted in humanity that it sometimes misleads us, fostering the idea that because we have natural talent within, we are equally endowed with the power of bringing it out. This is the common error, the rock on which the histrionic aspirant is most often wrecked."

In the University, the College play, unless it be presented by one of the departments for the obvious purpose of presenting the work of that department, is more than apt to be simply a means for recreation and to temporarily escape from the routine of the class-room. That "all work and no play" does make "Jack a dull boy" is no longer questioned, and College theatricals have a place of their own which has become firmly established. But it is not probable that the

opportunities offered thereby are such as to turn the ambition of many of the participants to the stage as a profession, though there are instances where such has been the case, and it must be admitted that the results have been most satisfactory, proving that a College education is of greater value to the actor, than that derived from dramatic performance is to the professional or business man. It is a poor rule which will not work both ways. But the danger, if it is to be so considered, is but slight to the College man, for by that time he has usually made up his mind as to a life pursuit; and if he has not, he is not as liable to turn to the stage as he was earlier in school life. The same is equally true of the College girl. It is in the secondary schools that we find a valid argument in discussing the dangers of such training. To examine the position of those who hold that such dangers do exist. In such cases the force of Mr. Jefferson's statement is undoubtedly felt. The desire for personal approbation and a mere predilection for or appreciation of things dramatic may turn the head of an otherwise perfectly normal boy or girl, a condition which unfortunately is many times fostered by ill advised friends, so that a little talent is sometimes magnified into genius and the victim is heralded as a coming Booth or Bernhardt. A good amateur actor is often spoiled in this way and forced to take a position which can only bring failure in the end.

In some such condition as the above seems to lie the chief objection of the opponents of dramatic training, and naturally it does have some weight, but right here the teacher can be of the greatest service. It should be strongly instilled into the mind of the young student that the dramatic classes are but a means to an end, and not the end itself. That this is not as difficult as may be supposed is the testimony of several teachers with whom the writer has discussed the question. In the first place the dramatic classes should pre-suppose definite training in the fundamentals

of expression, and should never be allowed to take the place thereof. If there is to be real educational value in dramatic work, this fact must never be lost sight of on the part of the teacher, and often a little judicious insistence on this idea with the pupil can be made to counteract the impression that it is purely for entertainment, that it is "good fun"—an opportunity to "show off." This is made all the easier in regular school work because of other studies which have to be done, and that there is not time enough allowed for the Oratoric or Dramatic classes to lose the relative values. Whether this will hold good in special schools which devote more time to dramatic presentation, and are in greater danger of losing that balance and sense of proportion, which is after all one of the tests of the true artist, may be a grave question, but does not immediately concern the present discussion.

Constructively, what is the value of this form of training? This may be answered primarily by another question—what do we mean by "dramatic"? We may say it is that ability on the part of an individual to sympathetically identify himself with a state of mind, with some feeling or emotion which does not happen to be his own at the moment. Not only is it necessary, however, that there should be perfect understanding of the situation as far as a passive attitude of mind gained through impression is concerned, but the full force of "dramatic" is not complete until there is a corresponding ability to *express* these ideas, these emotions. And here again I refer to Mr. Jefferson's thought that though we may have a natural talent within, we do not necessarily have the power to bring it out. To my mind this latter power is the test of the true actor, though its value does not belong to the actor alone. It is equally necessary to the platform artist, the teacher, the lawyer, indeed to all who are concerned with some form of public expression. Now if this power of *expression* can be developed in the

individual, particularly at that impressionable age which may be easily molded, the value of such education is hard to overestimate, not only in its fundamental service to character, but in its development of the actual agents of expression which tend to technical accuracy and ease, as well as the gaining of freedom and spontaneity on the part of the student; a keener insight into the purpose and experiences of human life; and above all the broadening of the sympathies which is the very essence of true dramatic art. As one of our poets expresses it, "nothing is truly ours but what we learn by *heart*."

That all of this may be accomplished without allowing the student to feel that the "Class Play," the "School Dramatics" are simply means of self exploitation is my firm belief; but it lies in the hands of the teacher to say whether this shall be so or not. If the teacher brings anything less than the highest ideals to bear upon this work, it will degenerate into mere performance, a show, devoid of all educational value.

Now if our educators can be made to feel that there is this deeper purpose, and there are many who do see it, at least the possibility of it under right direction, we have made a distinct advance in placing this work on a secure basis in the school curriculum. It will be a step, too, which will add dignity to the work, and bring the teacher of dramatic expression on a level with the teachers of other branches of study. Too often at present the latter are apt to look down upon the teacher of expression as one taking part in a work which may be tolerated but not to be regarded in any way as being of equal importance with their own departments.

One further word may be said on this point. Much is to be done in the choice of right material, and from my observation, in some cases the effort to establish dramatic classes in connection with the work in Oratory and Elocution has not been successful because of the failure on the

part of the teacher to understand such requirements. So much may be accomplished by our Schools of Oratory to fix this standard. It is a mistaken idea that the average (that much abused word) human being wants something "cheap" for his entertainment. No better method of teaching the works of Shakespeare or the dramatists of the first rank, can be conceived than through their dramatic presentation. That the teachers of English are learning this is shown in the hearty co-operation given to the dramatic teacher when such material is used. But as a difficult problem in algebra is not given to the beginner in mathematics, a Beethoven concerto to the young piano student, so it should be made clear that the plays of the great dramatists must be approached by regular progression in the development of the dramatic powers of the student, and that under no circumstances should any of this work be done until the pupil has prepared himself for this highest form of expression by an apprenticeship in the fundamental principles of expression which underlie all forms of the spoken word.

The Students in Limericks.

A Freshman quite dolefully said,
"I fear all my genius has flaid;
I thought I could read,
But the teachers with spead
Are lessening the size of my haid."
Said a Junior, "Could I but choose,
I should never pay any more doose;
It's quite far from funny
To be all out of munny—
No wonder we've all got the bloose."
A Senior declared with a boast
She knew she could play Hamlet's goast;
She was given a trial
And has since lost her smial,
For she now knows the meaning of "roast."

Said a P. G., "There now is no doubt
That my talents are fast budding out;
 Why, at my last recital
 Ere I'd finished one tital,
The people all gave a great shout!"

The rehearsals, alas! had been few,
And she wailed ere the play was half threw,
 "Oh would I could die,
 For my part is now nie,
But I find I've forgotten my cew!"

A lad who made gestures unique
Was asked once in public to spique;
 But he said with a sigh,
 "Oh dear! I'm too shigh,
And my voice is exceedingly wique!"

A. G. S.

Ethical Growth Through Physical Education.

Harriet Sleight, '07.

The aim and purpose of all education is to make better men and women. Nature has striven from time immemorial to carry on an educational process. Evolution of man from lower organisms, the rising of the savage to barbarism and of the barbarian to civilization shows nature's results in her endeavor to make better and more perfect men, to adapt them to surrounding conditions, to educate them by and through experience. The means she has used have been physical ones acting upon physical organisms; it has been physical education.

Mental evolution becomes possible through the physical adaptation. Sensations are the basis for all mental work; without the senses we could have no perception.

Modern psychology emphasizes four great governing principles which have a direct bearing upon the subject in hand: 1st, Life is complex; 2nd, Man is a unity; 3rd, Will and action are of central importance; 4th, The real is the concrete. In other words, it urges upon us the recognition of the multiplicity and intricacy of the relations every where

confronting us, of the essential unity of the relations involved in our own nature and of the fact, that this unity demands action and is best expressed in action; that we are shut out from resting too much in abstractions and must find reality in the concrete. The influence of bodily training on mind and morals is but another indication of the close relation of body and mind. Gymnastics, fencing, skating, dancing, swimming, etc., are generally conceded by scientists to be exercises much more of the central nervous system, of the brain and spinal marrow, than of the muscles. I need only remind you of Dr. Seguin's wonderful success in dealing with feeble-minded children, or of the results of physical training in the prisons or reformatories all over our land, to prove the incontestable mental and moral gain, through inculcating habits of mental concentration, obedience or application, and thus forcing to the back ground the former abnormal being.

The Ethical life with its center in the will is particularly interested in the close connection between muscular activity and the will. Dr. Stanley Hall says: "Few realize how impossible healthful energy of will is without strong muscles which are its organ, or how endurance and self-control, no less than great achievement, depend on muscle habit;" and no where are the psychical and physical so completely interwoven as in the phenomena of habit, for here the nervous system behaves with dreadful impartiality, the plasticity of the nerve substance and its capacity to receive and retain impressions, there results the certainty that the nerves will act again more easily in those ways in which they have already acted. Habits are due to pathways through the nerve centers; the currents, once in the brain, must find a way to get out. In getting out they leave their traces in the paths which they take. The only thing they can do, Professor James tells us, "is to deepen old paths, or make new ones." Now if habit diminishes the conscious attention with which our acts are performed, it must be the aim in all education to make our nervous systems our allies rather than our enemies; to make habitual, useful actions. Habits we must have, but it is for us to choose what they shall be—provided we choose quickly—for we are told that personal habits are fixed before we reach

the age of twenty and professional ones before thirty. It would seem, therefore, that our intellectual, as well as our moral day of grace is limited. Yet it is no use to rebel against the facts, just as it is unspeakable folly to ignore them. Rather, let us take arms against opposing forces and—control them.

Man is capable of being developed in several lines—physically, aesthetically, intellectually, socially, politically, religiously and morally. The man who neglects one or more of these natures, is of necessity one-sided, just as it follows that the nearer all are developed the nearer he comes to attaining the object of life—complete development. Let us consider these various possibilities of man's powers.

Physically. All physical training aspires to promote better health, physique, grace, self-control, self-reliance, fortitude, courage, power of endurance, alertness of perception, quickness of action, muscular development, will-power and morals. Much has been said regarding the absurdities committed in the name of physical culture (not without cause, I regret to say); still, from the attitude of the old foggy who claims that a broom or scrub brush, wash board or churn handle in the hands of Samanthly are gymnastics enough for "his gal," to the mother who wrote the teacher thus:

Miss Brown: You must stop learnin my Lizzie fiscal torture. She needs yet readin en figgers mit sums, more as that. If I want her to do Jumpin I kin make her jump.—

Physical educators have not had a bed of roses to make the work reach not only a dignified but scientific standing.

Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, of Americanized Delsarte fame, says, in her little book on this subject: "Gymnastics which promote health of body and muscular development are, it is conceded, indirect agencies toward higher ethical conditions, while gymnastics psychologically taught are direct agencies toward the development of will, judgment and character. In the correspondence between inner states, mental and moral, and the outer physical manifestations is made the basis of this form of training."

Aesthetically. It is not, then, hyperbole to say that the aim of present day physical education is to give to the body and soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are

capable. We have learned to look upon grace not as a superficial accomplishment either to man or woman, but to recognize its usefulness as well as its beauty. Economy of force—ease in force—have grown to be familiar phrases both in school and in the home. Awkwardness is but physical extravagance. It would be carrying coals to New Castle to remind an E. C. O. club that easy possession of our instruments of expression and the instantaneous response to thought or feeling directing them affords freedom for the intellectual faculties to express themselves. The inner power cannot achieve its highest expression through a clumsy, untrained body, the exceptions but proving this, for it was not because of but in spite of restricted bodies that such men as Carlyle, Amiel, and our beloved Robt. Louis Stevenson have given to the world the philosophy and music their souls sought to express.

Intellectually. The organs of sense and their communications through nerve fibres with their respective brain cells must be not only in existence in the normal man but they must be well trained and drilled. Everything which tends to keep the receiving organs, (those of sense), the communicating organs, (the nerve fibers), and the registering apparatus, (the brain cells), in more perfect health must facilitate their training and consequently increase the mental power.

We can never be reminded too often that the body is not a conglomeration of parts independent of each other but a piece of machinery so delicately adjusted, that what affects one part stretches its influence to every other part. Mind governs it, though we are not all mind nor all body but a marvelous unity of mind and body.

Socially. We pass for what we seem. How many persons go through life with the stigma of stupidity tacked upon them when they are only timid; with no real possession of nerve and muscle machinery, they find themselves wholly unequal to meeting situations which contact with their fellow beings presents, for after all what is the meaning of the word *culture* if it is not *adjustment*, or as Jane Adoones once so truly replied to the question as to what she considered the word meant—"Instantaneously putting yourself in the other person's place." If we could all try to

see the other person's point of view—if in a recognition of the short-comings of others we could show only graciousness—or to be equally generous in acknowledging another's superior qualities, the day of true culture would be with us.

Politically. The man of the hour is not raised from the ranks of the partially trained. We have exemplification of the purely physical in might over right, an ever present quantity in the typical word boss; we see the serious mistakes of the purely intellectual man, coming from his books long enough to advocate theories regarding the steering of the Ship of State oblivious of the Scylla and Charybdis of impracticable dreams through which he wishes to sail; we also see examples of one-sided enthusiasm in the misguided hatchet-wielding Carrie, who would crack moral principles into the brains of those who will not cease to swallow—other theories. Such names as Theodore Roosevelt, LaFollett, Gov. Polk bring to our minds men of the hour raised to act fearlessly for the good of all when most needed—men of brain and brawn, trained intellectually, physically, morally.

Religiously. The works and results brought to our notice right here in Boston of the ministers who heal the sick by practical application of the laws of psycho-physiology, the growth of this movement throughout the country (and it is but in its infancy as yet), bespeak again in unmistakable tones the unity of mind and body.

Morally. Can there be anything more clearly defined than that integrity of mental action and integrity of moral purpose certainly in a degree depend upon integrity of muscle; that morality of muscular fibre shows in the man of purpose and action? We do not bestow offices of trust upon a man with flaccidity of muscle. The shuffling "Long day" attitude goes to show unmoral condition of muscle, the negative being who never does anything, beaten in life's battle by his own mental attitude. But we do turn with trust and confidence to that man of whom the poet writes:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break.
Never dreamed, though right were worsted wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Finally, Physical Education develops moral character, first, by lending strength to the will; second, by directing

this strength toward moral channels through the love of habit which is *ten times nature*; and last, but by no means least, by producing co-ordinate power of mind and body, economy of force, which in turn results in self-possession, that dumb music of motion which we all desire to cultivate. Our ministers should know more of physical training in teaching the conduct of life; the pedagogue should know more of ethics and the power of the physical; while the teacher of gymnastics should also be a student of psychology, for the ideal physiological psychology educates men for manhood, women for womanhood and both for the service of humanity.

Notes from Chapel Talks.

Given by Dean Southwick and Suggested by Members of the Faculty.

"Repose is the expression of concentrated energy," or, to bring out the thought in another way, repose means a very nice balance of harmony, proportion. The most wonderful illustration of repose is found in the universe itself, in which there is no jar on the surface but tremendous energy in the center. Repose is not found in anything inconsequential: a mosquito, for instance, is decidedly energetic but scarcely reposeful; a mountain, on the other hand, is a splendid example of energy resting.

You feel repose when all your power is in control and yet you know there is more power behind. In the rendition of quiet passages you need as much power as is required in intense dramatic passages, though the power is shown in a different way. To give correctly the first voice exercise of the morning requires both skill and concentrated energy. In fact, in our work underneath everything must be repose. But do not make the mistake of thinking that devitalization is repose.

Repose cannot be reached by short cuts—there are no bargain counters in the gaining of any kind of education. What we must do, if we are to succeed, is to summon at all times energy, regulated energy. In this art the worst thing we can do is to do nothing. Remember that there is all the difference in the world between an unawakened Vesuvius and a sleeping mummy!

"Breath control is the fundamental principle of voice training." This fact cannot be over-emphasized, particularly in a school of oratory. It is vital in significance and can best be put into practice by the faithful observance of the following practical suggestions:

1. The conscious point of support is the costal muscles and not the diaphragm.
 2. Do not try to see how much breath you can hold but how well you can control a little.
 3. Keep the upper chest firm.
 4. Replenish the breath at the end of phrases and not in the middle.
 5. Take the breath quietly through the nostrils and do not gasp.
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The key word this week is "Clearness of Speech." When you get out into the teaching field, you will find that you have coaching to do for a commencement or for a prize-speaking contest, and you will ask yourself on what basis will the judges on this occasion decide as to which is the best speaker, what will be their criteria of judgment? You will find that almost universally the thing that the judges are going to put perhaps first, is, Can the speaker or reciter be clearly understood? Now that seems a very common thing, and students are apt to think they must go out for some higher degree of artistic excellence, but here they make a mistake. Underneath all lies the general statement that the best way to secure clearness of speaking is by clearness of thinking. It is the power of mind over muscles. So the first thing is, Am I clear; is every syllable clear? Now in some places it will be impossible where the acoustics are very poor. It is not easy to be understood in all parts of Chickering Hall, and I do not know of anyone who is absolutely successful in that. In one hall I had to give Julius Caesar and I found that I could make myself heard only by speaking with great slowness and distinctness; I must sacrifice all dramatic values in order that I might be clearly heard, or read dramatically and have few understand me. I chose to read dramatically and I suppose very few in the audience had any definite idea of what I was talking about. Some have a slovenly habit of clipping off syllables and thus rendering them not clear, or telescoping syllables, running them together. I remember in Philadelphia—where there are possibly more bad pronunciations than in any other city of the United States, because there you will find the bad habits of the South, the West, and local habits—one day a boy got up to read and after he had finished, another boy got up and said he had pronounced a word wrong. I asked what was the trouble and he said that it was not "round" enough.

Think the thought you are going to express with concentration and try to make it clearly and distinctly understood. We have heard of the school ma'am's speech being spoken of derisively, but the school ma'am usually does it with the best intentions. Her influence depends on what she does, and so she is very conscious of the matter of preciseness, she is over-conscientious about precision. Well what should she do? She

should not leave out the music of speech. So the first line is the line of wishing to be understood, determined to be clearly understood, because that determination always seizes upon the vocal organs and causes them to work with greater preciseness. Now we can idealize the sound of a word just the same as we can idealize anything. Has the mind the power to idealize? Yes, it has or there would be no art. The sculptor can produce a figure more beautiful than you or I have ever seen or he has seen; he gets the modles of a perfect hand, torso, wrist, throat, head, and he combines those perfect parts in his mind until he holds a mental image of the perfected whole, and then, if he is artist enough, he externalizes that concept and gives a figure in marble more perfect than you and I have ever seen. So clearness of speech always implies precision, and always implies or should imply beauty of sound.

In Memoriam.

A letter just received announces the death of Mrs. Matilda Chase Wilson, of La Porte, Indiana, on November 25, 1907.

Mrs. Wilson was a graduate of the Class of 1897 of Emerson College, and her charmingly refined personality, together with her active interest in everything uplifting, were recognized by all with whom she was associated. Many hearts will be made sad to know that her work on earth is at an end.

As a classmate and personal friend, I can testify to her high ideals, and to her strenuous efforts for their attainment, also that her letters always breathed a spirit of love for her Alma Mater.

Her friends can find consolation in her generous, helpful life and in its most peaceful ending, for we are told that lying down one afternoon for a rest, she never awakened. For her the journey was done, and now from the other shore, we seem to catch this message, "Have faith in life, faith in love, and faith in the integrity of the Universe."

Alice W. Emerson, '97.

Ode to the North Wind.

Oh! Northern Wind! So stern and bold!
Artic herald—æons old!
Monarch of the frozen clime
Untamed—imperiously sublime!
Hearken ere thou sweep on past
In thy wild flight—O wintry blast!
Give ear unto my fervent prayer
Proud Spirit of the boundless air.
Thou who art so free to go
Roaming mid eternal snow—
Roaring over mountains grim—
Sighing through still valleys dim—
Whispering in nook and glen—
Spurning garish haunts of men—
Kissing ice-clad lake and stream—
Gliding o'er their glassy sheen—
Whirling fairy snowflakes light—
Silv'ring earth with purest white—
Driving fleeing storm clouds by—
Tearing 'cross the moonlit sky—
Tossing ocean's surge and foam—
Blowing good ships safely home—
Be gracious!—Tell if thou dost know
The ways of mortals here below,
Will "She" whose soul is kin to mine
E'er be my own sweet Valentine?

WM. G. HARRINGTON, '80.

February Fourteenth.

The Way They Do It In The Fatherland.

London seems to lose its charm at Christmas time and everyone who can prepares to leave the city. Those whose homes are near enough journey thither for the family reunion and the good old English celebration of Yule tide so well described by Washington Irving; others go over to the continent, where the day of days is somewhat more cheerfully observed than in musty fusty London. The lonely tourist finds London a rather quiet place on Christmas day. Not even a theatre is open, and Piccadilly and Regent streets are almost as quiet as Tremont street, Boston, after 12 o'clock on a Saturday night. So we packed our luggage

and said good bye to our comfortable chambers opposite St. James Palace on Pall Mall, and left Saturday evening, December 21, for Dresden, Germany.

We found when we reached our pension at Dresden that preparations were already being made for the gala celebration that has annually made the place dear to those Americans who have been fortunate enough to gain admission. The day before Christmas found the streets of Dresden thronged with people out to do their final Christmas shopping. The quiet manner in which they went about their business was quite unlike the rush and hurry of the average American. I strolled leisurely down Prager Strasse, stopping frequently to enjoy the tempting displays in the shop windows. How fascinating the shops were! The china shops with their exquisite assortment of finely decorated Dresden china, realistic figures of animals and people executed out of china clay by the skilled artists at Weissen; the pastry shops with their deliciously tempting rolls, cakes and sweets; the book stalls with their well bound books; the picture shops with their photographs of masterpieces that abound in the wonderful Dresden picture gallery; the toy shops with the unexcelled German toys; the poulterers' with a window completely filled with the most unique and interesting display of an infinite variety of savory sausages so dear to all Germans; the florists' shops with their lovely violets and roses, the huge pot of tulips and lillies of the valley, and great vases filled with white and lavender lilacs that make us almost mistrust that it is winter; all these and many other displays cause one to linger and to feast one's eyes on the good things. The scene in the Alt market is an interesting one. Scores of booths had been erected in this big square and all sorts of attractive things were offered for sale. Never was seen such an endless variety of artistic and unique baubles for Christmas tree decorations.

Leaving all this fascinating material display behind, I went past the Royal palace to the square facing the Elbe, around which are grouped the Court Church, the magnificent Renaissance structure, the Hof theatre and the picture gallery. Entering the gallery I sought the quiet little hall which is set apart for Raphael's great masterpiece, the Madonna di San Suto. Here, seated in a quiet corner I realized as I had never realized before the real spirit and the true significance of Christmas. With ever increasing wonder and awe I gazed at the serene Madonna with face luminous with holy light and love, at the child Jesus whose pure eyes seem to pierce with their spiritual vision the veil of sense and to penetrate the very throne of heaven. Leaving the gallery I felt that I had had my full and true Christmas celebration.

Christmas eve all the stores close early and the people hurry home to their families for the Christmas tree. The streets are quite deserted, save for the police, for every one is expected to spend Christmas eve in his own home. Shops, theaters and everything are closed.

At about 8 o'clock we gathered in the hall and waited expectantly for the doors to be opened into the salon, where secret preparations had been going on for many hours. The doors were soon thrown open and a flood of light and music greeted us. Were there ever such trees as the two before us, and such gorgeous decorations, and such an abundance of lighted candles! Our eyes were quickly diverted from the trees by the beautiful tables between the trees, representing most beautifully the Holy Babe in the manger carefully guarded by Mary and Joseph. Hidden behind evergreens, a boy choir with well trained voices sang sweet German Christmas carols. All about the room were long tables laden with gifts, making the salon look like a veritable bazaar. And when he had had a little time to become accustomed to the dazzling splendor of the trees, and had thoroughly enjoyed the tableau and had admired the little building that had been especially built to contain the manger, and had heard a number of the tuneful German Carol, then Herr and his wife, the host and hostess, came forward and proceeded to reveal the good things concealed among the green boughs of the tree. The gifts had been almost hidden by the tinsel, spun glass and favors that covered the tree. There were fine gifts for each of the 60 or more guests present, and a really lavish dispensation it was. Then an excellent concert followed, a concert worthy of the art loving city of Dresden. The second tree was laden with gifts for the servants who now came in and received with unfeigned gratitude the choice presents that had been generously prepared for them. When the trees had been relieved of their rich fruit, the salon was cleared for dancing. What a merry party it was! And the friendly way in which the guests who represented many nationalities, German, French, English, Russian, etc., joined in the good time, suggested the dawn of universal brotherhood and good will.

We were awakened Christmas morning by the cathedral bells ringing out their glad music. Breakfast over, I went to the Court church to attend the Christmas services. The Court church, opposite the old bridge that spans the Elbe at this point, is an interesting old cathedral in the 'baroque' style. It is adorned with 78 statues of saints on the parapets and at the entrances. The interior is rich and dignified. Over the high altar is a beautiful painting by Raphael Mengs, representing the Ascension. The service was impressive, the three priests robed in white and gold, assisted by the altar boys in white and crimson, conducted the service at the altar, where the great silver and gold cross and the great picture of the Ascension were illumined by the soft light of the great candles in the huge silver candlesticks. The music was the finest I have heard in any cathedral. The great organ was supplemented by a full orchestra, and the large boy choir was augmented by the best male and female voices that the city afforded. As the little bell rang and the vast throng of worshippers knelt, as the sonorous voice of the priest rang out, and the rich music of the great orchestra and organ, swelled by the full

chorus of voices, filled the fine old church, one got another aspect of the Yuletide in Germany.

At 2 o'clock we entered the salle, a manger. The long tables were decorated with 25 small Christmas trees bearing lighted candles and tinsel decorations. At each place was a dainty German favor, which souvenirs were realistic looking snowballs with a sprig of silvered cones projecting from the top, and containing candied nuts and fruit. At every place, too, was a dainty little pot of tulips and a little Venetian glass vase cleverly made to represent some fruit. Each vase contained sprays of lilies-of-the-valley. The dinner was a feast of good things; the Germans certainly do know how to cook. From the hors d'oeuvres to the nuts and sweets, everything was thoroughly good and tempting, and the hearty appetites of the guests gave testimony to their satisfaction. The afternoon brought a little pause in the day's recreation. The mildness of the weather prevented the usual jolly skate at the Grosser Garten, where every afternoon during the cold weather one finds at the rink not only the young people, but also the older people skating merrily to the music of the splendid band.

However, skating was not much missed on Christmas day, for dinner was not over until late, and as the opera at the Royal Opera House began at 8, there was only time for a little rest, followed by afternoon tea, when it was time to dress for the opera. I have heard most of the best singers who have appeared in opera in New York during the past six years, but never have I enjoyed opera as I have in Dresden. There is the true love and appreciation of music on the stage and in the audience. Each singer and all members of the orchestra seem to feel that he or she is a necessary part of the great whole; to attain perfect unity the singers surrender their own personality to the spirit of the opera, and the result is a well rounded production, where each part is a necessary part of the grand whole. The opera is over at an early hour, and the people go to the attractive cafes to sup and talk over the opera.

The shops remain closed on the day following Christmas and the band gives concerts in the Alt market. Indeed, the spirit of festivity continues until New Year's eve, when the trees are again lighted and merriment makes the city lively until the bells ring out the old year and ring in the new year.

JOHN C. MERRILL, '97.

Among the Magazines.

The stories in the *Century* are always conspicuous for their literary merit, but this month we are given one which adds to its literary merit those qualities of dramatic humor and genuine realism which make it

especially good for appropriation by such students as are still seeking to enlarge their repertoire. "Beauty's Sister," by Owen Johnson, is well told from start to finish.

Lucille B. Van Slyke has contributed to the current *American* a story exceptionally realistic in character delineation and decidedly original in plot. "Peachy H. S." is the title it bears; and when we discover that "Peachy H. S." is the name of a marvelous ice-cream soda concoction mixed by the admiring drug clerk for the sixteen-year old heroine, we are at once eager to learn what happens next. Luckily for the heroine she has a father who isn't altogether blind and whose tactful method of nipping his small daughter's romance in the bud serves to bring about a climax wholly unexpected by Miss Helena and thoroughly delightful to the reader.

For a breezy sketch which will, with very little cutting, make a good popular program number, see the first storiette in the March *Munsey*. "A Quiet Path to the Pierian Spring," by Dorothy Canfield, deals with life, as it is, at the typical girls' college. Annette, just previous to her *debut* into society, comes back to college for "a year of perfect quiet and retirement." On the first morning of her return she promises to be a candidate for class presidency, to take the part of Cyrano in the spring play, to be president of the German club, to captain the basket-ball team, to be leader of the Y. W. C. A., to start a hockey club, and to play first violin on the College orchestra. And when she closes by saying, "It's me for the quiet life, don't you see!" We are forced to reply, "Well, perhaps we ought to see—but we don't!"

This month's *Cosmopolitan* contains two stories worthy of the public reader's consideration. The first, "Woored by Wireless," by George A. England, is every bit as exciting as it sounds and derives its chief humor from the fact that the complacent Nancy couldn't escape her lover's declarations, even when in desperation she took to a trip on the high seas. Of course Bob won her finally, else the story would not have been worth the telling. The other contribution is Bruno Lessing's "Jake—or Sam." Spiegelbraner's adventures with The Man with the Glass Eye, his despair at finding himself unable to sleep at night or to keep awake by day, his unbounded joy when he is again able to set his daily schedule to rights, are all dramatically told with a plentiful mixture of German dialect and American humor. If German dialect is one of your specialties, it would be the part of wisdom to take a look at this story.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "The Night" in the latest *Harper's* is a beautiful story of such deep but simple pathos as cannot but move even the most prosaic and unemotional. The characters are two, a man and wife whose real married history is made up of but two moments, and these two moments are separated by a heart starvation of forty years' duration. The time of the closing scene is a January night; yet to the aged

couple, who have lived apart but who die together, it is a bridal day in June.

The Flickingers, still poor, but happy, appear, as usual, in the March *Everybody's*. This time we find them trying to enjoy a Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Mandy, the eldest daughter, but making sorry work of it because they "can't thank the Lord for what they ain't got." The gloom is dispelled by the unexpected arrival of Mandy's husband who has been seeking his fortune in the Klondike region, and who comes home minus the fortune but with a certain fifty dollars, the sight of which infuses new hope into the whole assemblage. The author, Bessie Hoover, has told the story with her customary vividness of detail and brought out the climax with dramatic accuracy.

[Owing to the unusual amount of personal and Alumni notes, it is thought best to omit the cutting this month.—ED.]

Editorials.

The Home Stretch Now that the last respite of the year in the way of vacation has come and gone, we are brought face to face with the fact that we have entered upon the home stretch and that if we would win out, we must indeed "bend up every spirit to his full height." There's no time now to philosophize upon what we might accomplish if the year were only a bit longer, nor time ever to shed regretful tears over what we might have accomplished if we had not wasted half our opportunities. Both meditation and weeping would be most inopportune. There is, in truth, but one thing to do, and that one thing is to get up and go! And so, students, let us refuse to cultivate even a passing acquaintance with spring fever, and let us get up and go with a vim! Only seven weeks more ere the home stretch is finished. And then—well, let's not prophesy; instead, let's wait and see. But of this we can be sure, that "to the victors" will "belong the spoils."

"I Haven't Time" This expression, like many another of a similar nature, is a convenient excuse frequently employed to cover a multitude of sins. Sins of omission, to be sure, but sins in which students of cul-

ture and art can scarcely afford to indulge. The most glaring example of such sinning—at Emerson at least—is the blind persistency with which the majority of students refuse to do any reading of good literature except the little that is absolutely required by their college schedule. “Oh, but I haven’t the time,” is their glib reply to all suggestions that regular reading of Dickens, Eliot, Hawthorne and the great poets might be decidedly worth their while. But, strange to relate, they do have time for whole days of bargain hunting, and spend many happy hours preparing for such pastimes as wisdom forbids us here to chronicle. They have the whole public library of Boston at their disposal, but, like the hardened sinners of Ruskin’s time, they prefer to “go and gossip” when they might “talk with kings and queens.” They have yet to learn what sad and painful experience has already taught scores of Emerson alumni, that the graduate who attempts to teach expression, without a thorough knowledge of literature as a basis, will be most woefully handicapped from start to finish.

And now while we are at it, we might as
Historic Boston well throw out a few more gentle hints, this time to the student who doesn’t take time to see. No need of enumerating here what there is to see: if you have forgotten write and ask your small brother who comes home each day with an American History tucked safely under his arm. And, by the by, just imagine that same small brother’s expression when some day next summer he asks you for a description of Bunker Hill monument and you are forced to reply that you have never visited it. It is then that “I hadn’t time” will hardly seem an adequate excuse either to you or to him. And rather than thus disgrace yourself, just appropriate for car fare a few of those dimes that now go for—church collections of course—and spend the few precious weeks that still remain in visiting some of those historical spots that many

a well-educated man and woman has deemed it worth while coming a thousand miles to see. You'll never regret it—that goes without saying.

Mr. Kenney's Song Recital.

On the afternoon of February twenty-seventh a thoroughly appreciative audience in Chickering Hall listened with keen enjoyment to a song recital, by Mr. William H. Kenney, assisted by Mrs. Kenney as accompanist. Mr. Kenney introduced the program by a talk on Voice and Appreciation. He said, in part: "The first law in true expression is the first law in Economics—success depends upon the development of the interior. All art is the worship, in some form, of the Supreme Unknown. The eye or man sees, his ear hears at every turn and at every moment of his waking hours nature and nature alone in more or less pure or distorted form. In some degree these impressions sink into the inner being, where they stir up the deeper emotions. The divine within is awakened by the divine without, and called into action.

"From the contemplation of these emotional activities thus aroused a conception of the beautiful is born, which must find some form of expression. In the case of a great genius it will be in new and original works, while with the average man it will be in producing or living in and with the productions of others. The plastic art is such a conception of the beautiful given forth in form, and the eye is the medium by which another receives it. In painting we have color added to form. In poetry words are so arranged as to give us rhythm, which appeals in accent and sound, and the ear receives an accompaniment to the word picture.

"Music speaks to us in vibrations, which stir our emotions and cause the heart to draw its own pictures from its own experiences, and each in its own way. Watch the faces of an audience at a symphony concert, an organ recital, or a string quartet concert, and you will find a field for study. It is easy to see that no two are building the same fairy castles with the combination of tones they hear; each builds his own world, fashioned from particular experiences, colored by his personal likes and dislikes, and he peoples it with the children of his own imagination.

"There is a something in tone-expression that is one step beyond the power of words coming to us as it does from the inner chambers of man's being and appealing to and moving us in the way it does. In vocal music we have words colored by tones. Here the words direct the line of thought while the tone awakens and quickens the imagination, so that the description or situation becomes personal in a degree that is not

possible in spoken poetry. The ear is slower than the sight. *We must prolong our vowels.*"

In his songs Mr. Kenney's voice was at its best. His rendering of the "Recessional" carried with it the majesty and dignity which the text demands; and in the old English ballads he sang with a delicacy and tenderness of feeling entirely adequate to the innate exquisite charm of these old melodies. His interpretation of the Biblical numbers was thoroughly appreciative: the awe, reverence, faith, appeal exaltation, and inspiration—all were truly portrayed. In fact, Mr. Kenney's whole nature seems to respond to the appeal in these songs; he loves them, and he approaches them with that reverence always characteristic of the real artist. His rich baritone voice was equal to every demand. With the greatest ease and accuracy he would pass from passages of exalted emotional and dramatic intensity to those of exquisite tenderness. In range, sympathy and purity of tone color—in the higher as well as in the lower register—Mr. Kenney excelled himself. The students of Emerson College congratulate themselves on their opportunity to listen to and study with an artist of such attainments.

We would feel remiss in our duty if we did not make more than a passing mention of the assistance which Mrs. Kenney rendered her husband. As accompanist she plays with a charm and sympathy that not only re-enforces, but to the voice of the singer adds a beauty. Mrs. Kenney also rendered several "tone pictures" with rare skill.

Posse Exhibition.

The Exhibition held at the Posse Gymnasium on the evening of March 2nd was a decided success, and Emerson College may well be proud of all its Seniors who took part. The program was as varied as it was excellent; it consisted of physical exercises, such as arch flexions, heaving movements, bar-jumping, and closed with an exciting game of basket-ball between the Reds and the Blues, in which the latter carried off the honors by a score of 7 to 3. Delightful readings by Ruth Hobart, Erminie Jones and Esther Schenkel, each of whom also participated in the physical work of the evening, were an unmistakable proof of the all-around development for which Emerson College stands. At the close of the exhibition the spectators expressed but one regret, and that was in the way of complaint: "We wish these exhibitions came oftener!"

In the Class Room.

The work in recitals has acquired new interest lately, due mostly to the introduction of several changes in the mode of procedure. Six students are chosen in each division to have charge of the weekly programs in the Freshman and Junior classes. Each student of the six prepares one selection from his repertoire and presents this at the regular class period in Chickering Hall. The young ladies appear in evening gowns and the young gentlemen in dress suits and, whenever possible, foot-lights are added for inspiration. Mr. Gilbert believes that one of the best aids to effective public work is to train students to feel perfectly at home on the stage, and that the simplest and safest method to train them thus is to allow them to put on their "best clothes" and appear on the recital platform at every possible opportunity. The excellent work which has been done in the last few weeks clearly proves that the students thoroughly approve the innovation. In the Senior classes the idea is being carried out even more extensively. Each Tuesday night a recital is given in room 1. Printed programs name the eight selections to be presented by the four Seniors chosen for the occasion. Each of the participants is permitted to invite from thirty to forty guests who are admitted by tickets and shown to their seats by ushers. These Tuesday evening recitals have been popular from the start. They seem to fill a long-felt need and bid fair to become a permanent feature of Emerson College work.

The plays which the Seniors put on every Tuesday and Friday afternoon in Chickering Hall attract many visitors, and with good reason, for they are exceedingly creditable performances. The stage management, coaching, arrangement of scenery and costuming are left entirely to the discretion of the students appointed to present the play, a fact which makes the general excellence of these performances all the more commendable. The plays themselves are in one act, never more than forty-five minutes long, and so far have included such favorites as "The Cape Mail," "Apples," "Hop o' my Thumb" and "The Holly Tree Inn." Those students who are taking the work will realize the full value of the training they are receiving, when they are forced to take charge of high school and boarding school dramatics.

Y. W. C. A.

Since the last edition of our magazine, the Y. W. C. A. has been very busy. Many new members have joined and the girls seem to take quite an interest in the work. We have not had any outside speakers, but Miss Kathryn Kelly one week opened a very interesting discussion on "Irreverence." After she had finished, each girl present had a word to say, and after the meeting was over we all felt we had gained a great

deal. Another meeting was devoted entirely to a song service. Here we tried new songs and at our later meetings we have been singing them.

After Miss Wright and Miss Harter had returned from Worcester, where they attended a conference, which was held for all girls' schools and colleges of New England, a report was given; the girls who went gained so much that we all regretted that more of us could not have been there.

Our school year is fast drawing to a closing and the girls are all working to obtain money for the purpose of sending delegates to the Silver Bay Conference, which is held at Lake George, N. Y., the latter part of June. On February 21st a candy sale was held in the upper corridor of the College. All the candy was sold and the students and teachers are ready for another in the near future. This money goes directly for the delegates.

The committee on the Extension Work have been making the little sick children in the hospital happy by their weekly visits and distributions of flowers. This is certainly a noble work and by next year we hope more girls will take a strong stand and help to make it broader, for we know "Many hands make light work."

Glee Club.

That the glee club is still alive and kicking, or rather, we should say, singing, these monthly notes do attest, as do the weekly notes from room one. That the repertoire is wide and varied and the range(?) equally so, we leave to the coach—he's a dandy. Who would rehearsals plan to sit and wait upon the bench for the late one, and then rehearse in the catacombs, when she can join the singers in room one! Echo answers—well what does it answer? I charge thee upon they allegiance tell! And a still small voice whispered in our ear,

"Oh, come let us remove,
The sight of singers giveth me a pain,
It may be for they bear us so much love,
They ask us in; we'll ne'er be caught again.
The pain we get at gym is not so strong.
We'll cut no more, we'll join the lusty throng.
We have sworn it!"

"An Emersonian Meeting."

When one is travelling, and is far away from home, the meeting of a familiar face, accompanied by a good, old time chat is a rare and delicious treat.

Those whom I met were Emersonians, and as I have been asked to send a few words for the magazine, perhaps I had better write of those who have been with us, worked with us, and are one of us.

It was way down in Brownwood, Texas, that this privilege first presented itself. On my arrival, the first thing that greeted me was the picture of Walter Bradley Tripp, wearing that sort of pleasant, self-satisfied expression, which comes after a good meal of "Roast Pig!" The good face greeted me from every store window and at once the place seemed like home.

I was not long at the hotel when the bell boy announced a visitor, and who should it be but Miss Maud Vernon, looking the same as ever, and as of old "dreadfully rushed!" She was giving a party and the dear girl gave me over an hour of her time midst the rush of "getting ready." She tells me, she expects to go to Europe in the spring.

We entertained at the library where Mr. Tripp was to read on his arrival. I have had the pleasure of reading and playing solos from platforms where Mrs. Southwick has read and lectured. It was easy to "imagine" that fine sonorous voice ringing out into the Auditorium and thrilling its listeners with its beauty and power. After the entertainment, I met Miss Willie Jenkins, a P. G. of '07. She is teaching in a College at Brownwood.

My next "Emersonian Meeting" was at Dallas, when Miss Esther Toleson came to the dressing room. She was with us when we were Juniors. She spoke so lovely of the College and wished to be remembered to every teacher there. It was her ambition to come back, but circumstances prevented.

To each and all at E. C. O. I can wish but happiness and success.

KATE GORDON MUNCH, '07.

Sororities and Fraternity.

Delta Delta Phi.

We take great pleasure in announcing that A'elise Griffin, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, has become a member of Delta Delta Phi.

Mary Isabel Ellis was a guest at the Chi Psi fraternity house, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, during the week of the Junior Promenade in February.

Ruth E. Harter went as a delegate to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Worcester, Mass. Miss Harter was entertained most delightfully at the home of Mrs. Beyant on Woodland Street.

Miss Edith McBride, of Patchogue, Long Island, formerly of the class of 1908, was entertained during the last week in February by H. Elizabeth Hardenberg.

A week-end guest of Ruth Harter, at the Delta Delta Phi Chapter House, was Miss Alice Blair, a student at Largeut's School of Gymnastics, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

An informal tea was given by Delta Delta Phi, Saturday, Feb. 29, in honor of Miss Margaret B. Slifer, a visitor at the Chapter house.

Miss Slifer is a member of Alpha Chapter at Froebel Normal Institute in New York.

On the evening of Saturday, February the fifteenth, Delta Delta Phi Chapter House was enlivened by a merry party in honor of St. Valentine and Leap Year. Progressive Hearts was the chief feature of the evening's program and impromptu music and dancing completed the entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mitchell were the chaperons of the occasion.

Thursday, the twentieth of February, the city Y. M. C. A. held a reception for all the enlisted army men and officers from the posts along the harbor. During the evening the guests were entertained by several readings by Nellie C. Casseday, who received very enthusiastic applause. The colation was served by the members of Delta Delta Phi.

Phi Eta Sigma.

The Phi Eta's profitted very delightfully when Miss Laurel Hardy, who was with us last year, invited us to help her celebrate her birthday at her home in Arlington.

More recently, we enjoyed an equally pleasant evening at Miss Hazel Jennings's home in Quincey.

The lack of time for purely social times among the frat members, has been obviated somewhat by converting the latter part of the regular business meetings into an hour for indulging in sandwiches, fudge, and—gossip!

Kappa Gamma Chi.

Miss Grace Arnzen was our guest Jan. 31.

The Sorority enjoyed a Valentine Party Feb. 14.

Miss Fanny Whitney, of New York, has been the guest of Miss Monroe, during her stay in Boston. She came to attend the Junior Promenade at Harvard.

Miss Smith was our dinner guest Feb. 12.

Kappa Gamma Chi was entertained at Gray's Hall, Harvard, at a "Tea" given in honor of Miss Whitney, Feb. 20.

Miss Berenice Wright attended the State Convention of the Y. W. C. A. at Worcester Feb. 10, 11, and 12.

Alpha Tau Lambda.

(?)

Phi Alpha Tau.

Since its last appearance in this volume history has been making in Phi Alpha Tau.

At the last social meeting Brother Tripp mysteriously concocted a most delicious rare-bit. (One can taste it now.) Everybody partook with much gusto and exclamation of approval. It was a jolly evening.

Three debates have been held. One between Farr and Taylor, with Bard as moderator (and a battle royal it was); another between Sparks and Harrington, with Johnson as moderator (how the sparks flew); and a third between Kelly and MacKenna, with Farr as moderator, (another wordy conflict).

Brothers Fager, Lean, Beck, and Langdell, have also blessed the fraternity with their presence during the past month. It was good to see their smiling faces once again.

On February 28, 1908, Brother Stockdale favored the 'frat' with a most interesting talk in room 9. All the men of the college were cordially invited and Brother Stockdale was given an enthusiastic reception. His topic was "The Luxury of Struggle." After a masterly, yet informal discourse, all felt renewed strength and inspiration.

It is whispered that on April Fool's Night, Phi Alpha Tau will hold a ladies' night and entertain their fair friends with vaudeville and dance. But still this may be only an April fool's joke. Wait and watch and observe.

The Classes.

'07.

Everybody busy and happy. The post-graduate plays are growing in interest and in merit of production. On February 6, Miss Porter presented "The Road to Arcady," by Evelyn Greenleaf Lutherland. She was assisted by Mr. Clark. February 14, Miss Carter presented "The Dancing Girl," by Henry Arthur Jones, assisted by Mr. Moore, Mr. Towne, and Mr. Stewart. February 20, Miss Applegate presented "Dream Faces," by Wynn Miller, assisted by Miss True, Miss Tiller, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Moore.

The class in Theatric Training, under the management of Mrs. Hicks, is of inestimable value to students contemplating coaching plays.

The work done by the members of our class in teaching the freshmen is of unusual merit. We have many earnest, capable, workers in our midst.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Miss Marion Johnson's mother, which occurred recently at Brownfield, Me. Miss Johnson has in this sad hour the sincere sympathy of all her classmates and friends.

It has been decided to present "Much Ado About Nothing" for our Commencement play.

'08.

The Senior Class has the program for Commencement week planned as follows: Baccalaureate, Sunday morning, May 3rd, at ten-thirty, by Rev. Allen Stockdale, of the Union Congregational Church; Gymnastic

Exhibition, Monday morning, at the Posse Gymnasium; Physical Exercises, Debate, and Pantomime, Tuesday morning, in Chickering Hall; Victorian Prose Program, Wednesday morning; Senior Recital, Wednesday afternoon; Post Graduate Play, Wednesday evening; Class Day Exercises, Thursday morning; Alumni Banquet, Thursday evening; Commencement Exercises, Friday morning; Faculty Reception, Friday afternoon.

The Victorian Prose Program is substituted for the Dickens Program of former years. It opens a broader field of material. This program includes the last act of "Masques and Faces," by Charles Read; a scene from "Nicholas Nickleby;" and a combination of the two "Library Scenes" from "Romola."

"The Princess and the Butterfly" is the class play. In richness of sentiment, delicacy of humor, and variety of characterization, this play is strong. Some few years ago it was presented by Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett.

Probably the most enthusiastic class in college at the present time in Senior Recitals, which is conducted by Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert has arranged a series of public recitals which affords each member of the class an opportunity to appear twice in public. Three recitals have already been given and have been most enjoyable and successful from every point of view. To Mr. Gilbert is due the credit of taking the initiative in this respect. After the members of the class attended the first recital, they saw the wisdom of the effort and extended their hearty support to their instructor. Now students are asking if it can be made possible for them to appear in public more frequently. The Senior Class hopes that before long, public recitals under the direction of Mr. Gilbert can be given in Chickering Hall.

'09.

Junior Stunt.

Announcement.

"Friends, teachers, fellow students, lend us your ears,
We come with an announcement, one of interest.
You've wondered why our stunt was after yours,
You've called the Juniors sleepy, slack and slow,
So here we give you answer. You know that Leap Year
Contains in this month one day extra;
Since it is so, it is a settled fact
That naturally have Juniors taken it.
Here Saturday a. m. just sharp at nine
The class of nineteen-nine will give to you,
Yes, to you all, all such as care to come,
Their stunt which deals with Leap Year troubles."

In accordance with the foregoing announcement the class of 1909 presented their "Stunt" in Chickering Hall on the twenty-ninth of February. The "Stunt" was in the form of a musical comedy, and apropos of the day, as was announced on the programs which the "real true" ushers distributed, was entitled "Leap Year at Emerson."

The cast of characters was as follows:

The Junior Girl.....	Miss Blanche Boyden
First Witch—"Try and do Better".....	Miss Mann
Second Witch—"Visualization".....	Miss Dondero
Third Witch—"Illumination".....	Miss Carpenter
"Hamlet"—"Clear Speaking".....	Mrs. Fisher
"Priscilla"—"Repose".....	Miss Ellis
Post-Graduate Girl.....	Miss Muzzy
Senior Girl.....	Miss Carl
Freshman Girl.....	Miss McDaniel
Junior Man.....	Mr. Kelley
College Men and Chorus Girls	

The curtain, upon which hung two class seals, opened, disclosing the stage which was decorated in the green and white of 1909. Then, to the strains of "School-Days" the chorus, who were attired as school-girls in white dresses with green sashes and hair-ribbons, danced gracefully in from each side, and sang "The Welcome Song." As the last words died away, the Junior Girl strolled in, and in a dejected manner told the sympathetic chorus of her vain attempts to captivate the Junior Man.

As she bemoaned her sad failure, a witch, even the first of the wierd sisters in Macbeth, crept in and gave the downcast maid a mammoth key which read "Try and do Better." (This was in imitation of the first "Key-Word" which was given us by Dean Southwick.) Then another and still the third witch stole in, and hovering o'er the girl to the mingled awe and interest of the chorus brought two additional keys "Visualization" and "Illumination." On the heels of the third sister, The Melancholy Dane stalked in and delivered his "Advice to the Juniors" which was a plea for "Clear Speaking." Scarcely had he finished than the Puritan maid, Priscilla, the personification of peace, entered and by her words and demeanor showed the need and value of Repose. Then with a gleam of merriment Priscilla said, "Why since this is Leap Year, why don't you speak for yourself, child?"

Hardly had the Junior Girl left, to put her new-found key to use than the Junior Man entered, and bewailed, alas, that with so much beauty on all sides, he must wait for one of them to propose. The other men in white ducks, black coats, straw hats with ties and hat bands of green, rushed in and after a song and dance, realizing the danger of their comrade in the vicinity of so many fair maids, compelled him to leave the stage.

The Freshman girl, a charming baby in the yellow and white of 1910, danced in breathlessly looking for the Junior Man. Her little song, telling the names of all her dollies, each one of which was named for some member of the Faculty, and even her Teddy bear, William Kenney, was very clever, and the Junior Man would have been unable to resist her charms, had he been there. The heartless chorus, however, perhaps afraid of her skill and grace, with a few words, waved her off the scene.

In her hurried exit, she bumped into the Post Graduate and Senior Maidens, who were also looking for The Junior Man. The fascinating P. G. wore the green and yellow Floradora costume in which the P. G. maids tripped the "light fantastic toe" in their stunt sometime ago. The Seniors was equally charming in the gold and purple auto togs which the entire class found so becoming when they took an auto trip in Chickering Hall, the morning of their Stunt. A very heated musical discussion ensued between them, each one being sure that her merits were the only ones worthy of captivating the Junior Man. Alas! the chorus, after patiently hearing both sides of the question, gently but firmly gave their verdict that "Neither one would do," and in dejection they left.

At this moment the Junior Quartet of men strolled along and suggested an "Emerson song." With enthusiasm we all sang a toast to Emerson, to the tune of "Heidelberg," during which the Emerson banner played a prominent part.

The Junior Girl, evidently attracted by the music, entered again and seeing the man of her choice, embraced her opportunity, and on "speaking for herself" was instantly accepted. The girls of the other classes, too, heard the singing, and entered just in time to see that they had failed. However, they were not to be daunted, and, as is characteristic of all classes at Emerson, when they failed to obtain what they wished, they took the next best thing, and each grabbed a man.

Then came the grand finale. To "Dixie Land" music the Juniors sang a farewell song, during the chorus of which enthusiasm held full sway, and green and white streamers were hurled into the audience. Then still to the strains of Dixie, the class marched off the stage, out into the hall, and this ended the Junior Stunt of the class of 1909.

The Stunt committee consisted of Miss Slifer, chairman, Miss Wright, Miss Kelley, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Kelley.

'10

What's the matter with the Juniors? Perhaps they'll tell us later on. Anyway the Freshmen are an enterprising lot, and made their debut as a class on the morning of February 14th, in the hall. There was more or less excitement—on the part of the freshmen? Oh, no! But it was nine o'clock and where were the seniors? Then, for the first time the seniors made their dignity pre-eminent as they filed in two by two, in cap and

gown. The news spread quickly behind the scenes and gave an added inspiration to the waiting freshmen. We felt highly honored.

It being St. Valentine's day, the decorations were in keeping. The outside of the curtain bore the E. C. O. in red letters, and four hearts with 1—9—1—0. When the curtain was drawn back, the class colors and class flower were revealed to the rest of the college by a may-pole with alternate gold and white ribbons. Twelve girls danced in, dressed in white with yellow ribbons and daisies artistically arranged. The figures of the dance were very prettily carried out, thanks to the careful training of Miss Bertha Fiske. Miss Grace Brown was faithfully on duty at the piano, throughout the stunt.

Two or three minutes intervened between the dances and the second part of the performance. When the curtains again parted, a large gathering of old maids in quaint costume were discovered, engaged in animated gossip. The decorations of hearts and cupids and red and white streamers were very appropriate. The meeting was called to order by the president, who is also our class president, Miss Marguerite Weaver. The class unites in praise of Miss Weaver, who made the stunt "go." The secretary, Miss Faye Smith, called the roll, and in response to their names, the members gave quotations somewhat revised from the Evolution books. Miss Weaver, Miss Van Clowes, Miss Gannon, Miss Whistler, and Miss Story are responsible for writing the clever "Take-offs." Next, the president called for reports from various committees. The one appointed to look up Mr. Gilbert and his wonderful transformer announced that he would be present at that meeting. Other reports followed, concerning Dr. Ward's use of slang, the "scareiness" of Prof. Tripp and the approval of Mrs. Puffer and Mrs. Southwick of our Old Maids' Matrimonial Society. Then, before the arrival of Mr. Gilbert, Audrey, alias Miss Nowtny, sang a solo "I'm glad I am an old maid," to the great disgust of the other old maids, but to the delight of the audience. Through the entire play, the deaf lady, Miss Gannon, and her kind friend, Miss Hodgdon, made a great hit by their funny remarks.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Gilbert, whose part was taken by Mr. Stuart, one poor soul, Miss Goldsmith, was overcome to such an extent that she fainted, but was soon revived. Mr. Gilbert proceeded to read testimonials in behalf of his wonderful transformer and beautifier, from Miss McQuesten, Miss Sleight and the P. G. class. Then began the wonderful change. The first to go, Miss Conklin, desired to be like Mrs. Whitney, thinking the three attitudes ought to gain her a man. She entered the machine, was ground up (supposedly) and a personage appeared dressed like Mrs. Whitney. Miss Powers took this part, putting the society and one or two members through a few of Mrs. Whitney's stunts. The next to go was Miss Merrill, desiring to be as sweet, patient and dainty as Mrs. Willard. Miss Janet Chesney made a splendid counter-part of Mrs. Willard in appearance and action and led the class through one of Mrs. Wil-

lard's pet exercises. Miss Carter wanted to have Miss Sleight's sunny smile and big heart. But alas! she put such stress on the latter, that only a huge heart and a femur appeared. It was too bad, for Miss Carter was a sweet old maid. There was a moment's hesitation. Then Miss Hodgdon arose with a wish to be like the Dean. But nay, Mr. Gilbert refused. There can be but *one* Dean Southwick! So she decided to try a combination of Prof. Tripp, "Si" Alden and Captain Kidder. But listen! a noise is heard, the machine breaks, and the old maids, in disappointment and chagrin, drive Prof. Gilbert away. They reappear a moment and as a class sing two new songs and give several yells. Thence to the corridor and general cheering and singing.

We have been assured by the faculty and upper classmen that it was a good stunt and, frankly, we're glad. It brought us all nearer together. The men stood by nobly, submitting to feminine apparel very readily. Guess they enjoyed it. And don't forget the "man behind the scene." In this case it was two girls, Miss Margaret Jones and Miss Ruth Whistler who carefully attended to all stage directions. Miss Frances True, of the P. G. class, very kindly superintended the make-up.

One only man!

Mr. Everett Gaylord has returned to his home in Kansas.

Yes, you with the necktie!

Alumni Notes.

New Emerson College Club.

The graduates of Emerson College are organizing a Club for the graduates living in or near Los Angeles, California.

Will any one who knows of a graduate living in that vicinity kindly send the name and address to:

Miss MARGARET McCROSSEN, E. C. O., 1906,
75 North Lake Ave.,
Pasadena, California.

Emerson College Club Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Phillips, of Roanoke avenue, Jamaica Plain, placed their pleasant home at the disposal of the Emerson College Club Tuesday evening, March third. The subject for the evening was "Mental

Culture." Miss Annah Hamilton Remick gave a comprehensive report of the work in literature, as now presented at the College. Mrs. Marmein gave most charmingly three exquisite lyrics, and bits of dialect. The lyrics: Shakespeare's "True Love," Lyle's "Cupid and Campaspe," and Milton's "Sonnet on His Blindness." A bit of Scottish dialect, "A Drap o' Dew," and "The One-legged Goose," negro dialect, provoked merriment. Mrs. Marmein gave, also, Browning's "The Tale." Two songs, "An Irish Mother's Lullaby," and "Summer Noon," by Mrs. Garrett, were received with great pleasure.

After the program the Club enjoyed a social hour, and refreshments were served, Miss McQuesten and Mrs. Ada Coats Phillips presiding at the table. The evening was one of the most delightful that the Club has enjoyed.

Several new members have been welcomed. Prospective members are urged to join the Club next meeting, and secure any needed information from Miss Laura M. Belden, 14 Charnwood Road, West Somerville, Mass.



General News.

Another month brings not only the hint of spring breezes but news of plans for more effective work, as well as accounts of past efforts and greetings from Emerson Alumni throughout the land.

Callers at the office during the month brought most satisfactory accounts of their work. Mrs. Florence Garrett, '01, of Brooklyn, is doing considerable concert work and also some private teaching; she spoke of the magazine, and thought the biographical idea a good one, likewise the review department and the letters from Alumni.

Flora Whittaker, '98, writes from her home in Malden, Mass., that the coming of the magazine each month is the one connecting link for her with the outer world of expression, as she is busy at home with the care of an invalid mother. In closing she says, "I suppose the Browning club has not met as yet this year, as I have received no notice of any meeting." (No, it has not met, owing to the absence of our devoted president, Miss Chamberlin. All of the members will be notified when the next meeting is called—Ed.)

A most interesting David Coperfield program was presented at the Seminary Hall, Tilton, N. H., February 1st.; the program consisted of scenes, readings, pantomime and music, and was presented by the members of the Tilton Seminary Y. W. C. A. under the direction of Alberta F. Black, '06. The large audience pronounced it one of the finest entertainments of the year and all are looking forward to "The Courtship of Miles Standish" which is to be produced February 29th. Miss Black is also coaching the Seniors for their spring recital work.

Mrs. Harriet L. Ely, '03, announces the marriage of her daughter,

Joetha, to Mr. Miner Theodore Dean. The wedding occurred the 14th of January, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Warner, a special in 1904-'05, upon a recent visit to the College expressed herself much pleased with the cordial greeting accorded her at the College. Miss Warner is at her home in New York City this winter.

The Boston Entertainment party consisting of Miss Madge Farnum, '07, Miss Gertrude Everets and Frank L. Beck, '07 is pleasing its audiences and receiving much commendation. "The sketch by Mr. Beck and Miss Farnum kept the audience in a constant state of merriment; while as Seth, the country boy, Mr. Beck made the hit of the evening," says the *Catskill Recorder*, Catskill, New York, where the party recently played to an appreciative house.

"The presentation was artistic, well sustained in every detail and was pronounced one of the most creditable ever given in the city by amateurs." This is the comment in the *Los Angeles Examiner* in regard to "As You Like it," presented by the graduating class of the State Normal School. The performance was held in the auditorium on Jan. 30. Alice M. Osden, '97, coached the play and deserves much credit.

A letter from Mrs. Sydney Thomas Corbly, '06, of Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va., is most encouraging to the magazine staff. In it she says, "I am very much pleased with the Magazine; it is well worth the price."

Anna Z. Flansburg, '07, is spending a quiet winter at her home in Gallupsille, New York. She sends greetings to Emerson and the class of 1907.

From Arnold, Pa.: "I am the assistant principal in the High School here and teach in the English department. Very often I think of you all at Emerson and enjoy every number of the magazine."—A. Viola Moyer, '07.

Nellie M. Fisher, '04, of Spokane, Washington, is doing much concert work this year. Her presentation of "Enoch Arden" is always enjoyed, while her miscellaneous readings captivate her audiences.

Despite the fact that Edwin C. Cox, '93, formerly of New York, lost his home in the San Francisco fire, he writes that he and Mrs. Cox still linger on the Pacific coast and are swiftly rebuilding their fortunes. Mr. Cox is engaged in real estate transactions and is most successful in his new home. He sends greetings from himself, Mrs. Cox and their daughter Catherine to all Emerson friends and—one dollar for the magazine—a good example.

The *State Journal*, Lincoln, Neb., says in a recent issue: "The first performance in the New Temple theatre was not merely good for amateurs; it was absolutely good." The play "You Never Can Tell," by Bernard Shaw, was given by the University Dramatic club under the direction of Miss Howell, '98, on the evening of Jan. 18th.

"Mr. Bob" makes a hit. "The audience that witnessed the presentation of 'Mr. Bob' at the Opera House, Moultrie, Ga., by the public school faculty, was the largest and most enthusiastic that has assembled this season. The play was put on for the benefit of the school library. Miss Mary Boyd, '07, was director of the play and had planned every detail, and there was nothing lacking to lend interest and appreciation. One of the cast was unable to appear on account of an accident, and, with only a day's notice, Miss Boyd supplied and carried through the part as cleverly as though she had rehearsed it for weeks.

"A neat sum was raised for the literary fund, and so successful was the presentation of 'Mr. Bob' that there may be requests to put the play on at some of the near-by cities."

A letter from Jean F. Clement, '07, of Boston, says that she is doing private teaching this year. She adds, "Perhaps you may know that Miss Buth's, '07, of Hartford, is teaching the children of the city, (or some of them) the Emerson system of general development."

Marshall Pancoast, at Emerson in '04-'05, assistant principal in the Normal High School, Greeley, Col., has been training his classes for the inter-class declamation contest which was held Feb. 14th. The first of these contests occurred Dec. 13th, and was between the pupils of the lower grades. There are some 200 students at the High School and they are very much interested in Prof. Pancoast's classes in oratory and public speaking. He writes that Mrs. Toby, '99, is teaching in the Normal proper and last spring presented her seniors in "Cyrano" so successfully that it was the talk of the town. At about the same time Prof. Pancoast tried his seniors from the High School in "Twelfth Night." This, too, made a "hit." "We in the High School are strong for expression work and our weekly programs in the Shakespearean Literary Society have attracted considerable attention. The climate here is delightful and my work equally so."

"The Southland is beginning to put on her spring robes and the mocking birds are here to sing their opening chorus." With this breath of the spring Nola Venable, '05, begins a most interesting letter to the College. She is teaching at Colonial Institute at San Marcos, Texas. In her letter she speaks of Mr. Tripp's recent visit to San Marcos and how greatly his reading of "Martin Chuzzlewit" was appreciated by the large audience which greeted him.

Mrs. Theresa L. Kidder, '98, who, though practically a "shut-in" for several years has not lost her interest in persons and things Emersonian, sends greetings and says that she wishes to indorse the suggestion in Miss Kingsley's letter in the February magazine that Emerson let its alumni know of new courses and methods of work. We are glad for this word from Mrs. Kidder.

Most excellent accounts come from the Red Path Bureau concerning the work of Anna Landis, who was at Emerson in 1904-05 as a Junior Special. Miss Landis's home is in Millersville, Pa.

Hanford, Cal., and its near-by city, Fresno, is the home, at present, of Agnes O. Hersey, '98, where she is busy teaching privately and doing considerable reading.

A postal of Owensboro College, Owensboro, Ky., comes from Grace L. Petty, '07. On it she says, "Accept my congratulations upon the very excellent magazine you are putting out this year; like old wine, they grow better each month. We put on a little Japanese affair some time ago that the people seemed to like it very much indeed. My kindest regards to all Emersonians."

Through an over-sight the marriage of Bertha Silva, '05, to Frank Crantford Bettle, of Boston, was omitted in the November magazine. The wedding took place at Edgartown, Martha's Vinyard Island. Mr. and Mrs. Bettle are now living at 411¹/₂ Ruggles Street, Boston. The magazine extends hearty congratulations.

Janie Mitchall, '05, is busy with her work in the State Normal School at Fitchburg. Miss Mitchall supervises the work done in the model department of the Normal School—and also is coaching a number of plays.

Letter from Harriet Rumball, '04.

Minnesota State Normal, Moorhead, Minn.

Dear "Emerson, my Emerson:" A word from the prairies to the Hub of the Universe doesn't look alluring to the reader, does it? Yet, maybe, if I promise to tell you of savages, and cayotes, and sun-dogs and other animals, you will squander a moment or two over these pages.

I am in the far-famed Red River Valley, and a big contrast I have found it from the scenes of earlier labors. For one thing, it is, as perhaps you know, the bottom of old Lake Agassiz, and is, therefore, the flattest known region in the World. When first my green orbs opened in the sleeping-car to behold the endless stretch of land, acres upon acres without a fence, and with rarely a tree, I consoled myself with the thought "But there are flowers!" and bless their hearts! There were wild asters and golden glow. Later, when I visited an Indian reservation near here I learned many new varieties, such as the gorgeous mocassin, (the state flower of Minnesota), the scarlet Indian paint-brush, the ragged robin, and the fairy-like prairie smoke. These flowers did not grow in clusters as in our Eastern sheltered groves, but for the first time in my life I saw broad fields that had run riot with these myriads of bright-hued creatures scattered among lakes, of which also there seemed myriads, for maybe you know that this great state has over three thousand sizeable lakes.

May I digress a moment to tell you of the Indians themselves? A celebration was on, and the Sioux and the Chippewas, in native costume—and how impressive that was with Nature's lavishly appointed background—were engaging in war-dances, log-rolling, and horse and dog

barbecues for our edification. Two old chiefs, one of whom was styled "King of the Woods," had recently returned from Washington, D. C., where they had been presented to President Roosevelt as types fast dying out. I shall not soon forget the study in expression afforded me in their impressive silence. Throughout my visit there I did not once see an Indian make any visible recognition of a white man's presence; a Red Man seems to have power to scorn an experience that may be eating his heart out.

Perhaps the feature of the west, which has struck me with most wonder, is its skies. My first two winters here were so extraordinarily cold that there were wonderful atmospheric effects, such as northern lights. When I knew that Mr. Tripp was about to visit us on a recital tour, I was eager that some such doings might be on. Picture my pleasure then when the weather man got up a giddy row of sun-dogs just at sunset, which made them brilliant and many hued. I think Mr. Tripp appreciated the stunt; I know he appreciated keenly the cause thereof, namely, intense cold. Sometimes at night I have seen around the moon as many as seven of these bright patches arranged in two rows. They are popularly called moon-dogs, and are, of course, much paler than the sun-dogs.

You of the effete East, what shall I tell you of conditions and people here that will interest you? You, who take luxuries as necessities; you, whose pupils have already traveled far along the road to learning before they reach your domain because they have been brought up in homes of comfort where they imbibe tradition and song with the air they breathe, what would you know of the prairie children? Yet I bethink me that Emerson's benediction upon its disciples is that it has brought them to care for human hearts everywhere. And so you, too, would be interested, as I am in the fate of the girls and boys of the west.

I think that ninety per cent. of the students of the Normal are Scandinavians, and it would take a more skilful pen than mine to picture their earnestness and fidelity, their sacrifices that they might have opportunities to learn, and finally their progress. Many of the girls are the prettiest I have ever seen, for nature has endowed them with clear, delicate complexions of pink and white, and correspondingly light hair and bright blue eyes. As they grow older they lose much of this freshness and become withered and wrinkled at an earlier age than do our American women. Most of them have a broken accent because English is not used in many of their homes. In my work this is especially noticeable, and we often have good laughs over one another's mistakes. For example our "th" sound bothers them. "T" is so much more easily said so that "three" becomes "tree," "thread" becomes "tread"—and, of course, complications follow. Recently, for instance, a student reading in *Ivanhoe* that Gurth wore a coat which reached only to his *thigh*, pronounced the last word like "tie," and much merriment prevailed in consequence. One day in *Lochinvar* the word "quaffed" bothered a boy. I asked him the meaning of it and he replied "To drink with release, or swallow in gallops." Unable to cope with the definition which he claimed to have found in the dictionary, I turned to the said dictionary and found that he meant "to drink with relish, or swallow in gulps." To another student "scaling a man-of-war" meant picking the scales from a soldier. It is surprising, however, what results may be obtained from them, for they work *with* their teachers, and that means much. Miss McQuesten's exercises have been invaluable to me in this connection.

Across the Red River from this Normal town, and connected with it by trolley, lies Fargo, a stirring city of North Dakota, where the Theatrical companies that tour through Minneapolis, Winnepeg, and

other large cities, come frequently for at least an evening's performance, so that we have a chance to hear such good things as "The Man of the Hour," and "Three of Us." Sometimes I have been out in the State and I have been amazed at the growth of "mushroom" towns, places that seem to have sprung up in a night. We hear a great deal about the marvelous growth of the Canadian West, also, for we are not far from the border. Remembering, as perhaps you may, that I am a "serf of an Emperor"—as a friend of mine calls King Edward—you will understand that this pleases me, and also that I have watched with much interest the doings of the Emerson Canadian Club, and I am wondering what makes one eligible for wearing one of their pretty maple-leaf pins. May I know?

After growling about the severity of earlier winters, it would hardly seem fair to close without telling you that so far this winter has been so mild that we are tempted to fancy that Minnesota has dropt into the banana belt. It is a rich state, with large appropriations for educational purposes. Our Normal takes a very prominent rank in matters of learning, for it is under able management, that has taken great pains to secure a worthy faculty. But lest I invite criticism upon the verbosity of woman, I must close with the toast that lies deep in my heart as on my lips, "Here's to Emerson and the Dean!"

Cordially yours,
HARRIET RUMBALL, '04.

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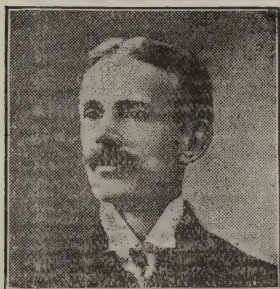
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Spring.

The sun's warm kiss of love :
A robe of green, a whirl of wing,
A song of joy abroad,—
A resurrection—Nature's Spring !

The soul's still touch of love :
A gleam, then wide the portals swing—
To do, to love, to live,—
A resurrection—Youth's fair Spring !

G.

Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

Jessie Eldridge Southwick was born in Wilmington, Delaware, but her early childhood was spent in Ohio. Her father, Issachar H. Eldridge, is an orthodox Quaker of English extraction, and her mother, Martha Beverly Gause, bears the distinction of being a descendant of Lord Beverly of England and the member of a family of notable educators.

The early education of Jessie Eldridge was carried on at home, first under the guidance of her mother and later under the instruction of private tutors. For a short time she attended the local high school and the Glendale Female College in Cincinnati. Then work under private instructors was resumed until her fifteenth year, at which time she was prepared for entrance to Vassar College. She had also devoted much time to the study of music, and by the age of thirteen, when she first played for public audiences, showed unusual appreciation in her execution of the master compositions.

It was their daughter's taste for music which at this time led Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge to decide to send her to the New England Conservatory instead of to Vassar. Accordingly, they left their Ohio home and came to Boston where Jessie at once entered upon further study of music. But strangely enough, she had not long been a student in the Conservatory when her interest in the department of Oratory became dominant, and it was from that department that she received her diploma.

After her graduation from the Conservatory she became interested in an institution devoted entirely to the study of Expression—the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory. Entering here as a student she soon completed the course and was immediately elected to a position on the Faculty.

That position she has since retained, being today instructor in Voice Culture, Shakespeare and Epic and Lyric Poetry in the Emerson College of Oratory. It is not generally known that the institution's change in name was largely due to Mrs. Southwick herself, for it was she who formulated and presented to the Alumni the resolution that Monroe Conservatory become Emerson College of Oratory.

Besides the teaching which Mrs. Southwick has done at Emerson College, she was for three years assistant instructor in the department of Elocution at Wellesley College. In addition, she has for many years been active in summer school work throughout the country, teaching and sometimes conducting the summer sessions at Asbury Park, N. J., Glens Falls, N. Y., Ocean Park, Me., Charlottesville, Va., Knoxville, Tenn., Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and Boston. Mrs. Southwick's summer work has also included considerable reading before Chautauquas; the year in which she was chairman of the Literary Committee of the Association for the Advancement of Speech Art, her program given before the New York Chautauqua received particularly high commendation.

In fact, it is as reader and lecturer that Mrs. Southwick is best known to the people of the United States. She has lectured repeatedly in all parts of the country, and this work, as well as her reading, has been given for the most part from the platforms of Normal Schools, Colleges and Universities. She first presented "Faust" some years ago before the National Federation of Woman's Clubs; the last addition to her repertoire has been "Jeanne d'Arc," first given about one year ago in the auditorium of the New England Conservatory. Mrs. Southwick's ability along purely dramatic lines was best shown in a presentation of Aeschylus's "Eumenides" at Point Loma, California, when she sustained the role of Pallas most creditably. The

tragedy was given under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood with Leader Katherine Tingley as director.

Apart from the reputation she has acquired in platform and dramatic work, Mrs. Southwick has been successful in still another line. Her hand book on "Expressive Voice," which first appeared some years ago, has just been revised and with an additional treatise on phases of vocal expression, now comes from the press under the title of "Expressive Voice Culture." The rapid sale of the first edition and repeated calls for more copies have made this second edition necessary.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Southwick's acquaintance with noted scholars and public educators has led to their services being secured at different times as lecturers at Emerson College. Among a number of others may be mentioned Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, with whom she pursued courses in Ethics and Philosophy at Miss Johnson's School for Women; the Shakespearean scholar, critic and writer, Henry M. Hudson; and the distinguished educator and author, Emerson E. White. It was Mr. White's daughter, Alice White DeVoll, who afterwards bequeathed her library to Emerson College.

While Mrs. Southwick has won a national reputation through her reading and lecturing, she has endeared herself to the students by her personal charm and her keen interest in their happiness and welfare. Within the last two years this active concern for the best interests of the student has been manifested in a way at once commendable and thoroughly practical: Mrs. Southwick has established and still maintains a system of College Residences which provide homes for about one hundred Emerson girls. All these Residences are cozily furnished, and each is under the direction of a capable chaperone, whose duty it is to attend to the comfort of the girls under her care. The system is popular, as it

deserves to be, and is an innovation which fills a long-felt need.

An event of peculiar interest occurred very recently in New York at the home of Mrs. Lillian Taylor Kiliani, daughter of Bayard Taylor who is a near cousin of Mrs. Southwick's. In the presence of Mr. Taylor's widow, sister and nieces, Mrs. Southwick read with great impressiveness his translation of "Faust." Mrs. Kiliani has since written to Mrs. Southwick her appreciation of the reading in these words of simple sincerity: "We treasure the evening you gave us in our memories as a beautiful rendering of my father's translation."

It was in 1889 that the Eldridge-Southwick marriage took place. Since then, Mrs. Southwick has given less time to public reading in order to devote herself to teaching and to her home. Her three interesting children—Ruth, Mildred and Jessie—claim and are granted her comradeship as soon as her professional duties are done. At the Brookline home Emerson students and their friends are always welcome guests, the Dean and Mrs. Southwick both being the most gracious and entertaining of hosts.

Dramatic Interpretation.

Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

The term dramatic has an emotive significance, and all interpretation expressive of emotive appreciation may be said to have dramatic quality. The distinctive province of the dramatic element is that of expression, while the oratoric partakes more of the power of motive, and its object is ethical impression. The element of dramatic interpretation is susceptible of considerable variation, and may be associated as an element with other characteristics. Simple narrative carried to a degree of picturesqueness, awaken-

ing feeling, becomes dramatic. There is among interpreters much emphasis of the style of simple statement. The criterion constantly sought in these interpretations appears to be the negative aspect of good taste; that is, the absence of over-much demonstration, the absence of confusing elements, the absence of excessive feeling. Probably no line of expression is subject to more abuse than the dramatic; and the reaction of many would-be sensible people against melodramatic extravagance has caused a limitation in favor of cool statement. There is, however, a great range of power in the dramatic quality of interpretation, entirely consistent with good taste and the principle of reserve.

Nowhere is the measure of dramatic feeling more appreciable than in the voice. Many readers and speakers content themselves with propriety of utterance, clear enunciation and intelligent phrasing. If, however, the appreciation of tone values is cultivated, and motive vitally focused in the voice, the imagination may render the tone color of every descriptive or emotive word or phrase marvelously significant. Take the following passage from Shelley's lyric, "The Cloud:"

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

In the rendering of these lines, the imaginative realization of each descriptive phrase should be simultaneous with its enunciation. This will bring significant variety in the vocalization. One might say this is not a dramatic selection, but the dramatic appreciation shown in vivid tone color makes a living reality of what might otherwise be indifferently impressive. Much fine literature taken as material for public recitation fails to be appreciated by a large number of people unless it is vivified in this way.

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams"—

should be given with the accompaniment of a vivid act of the imagination and the sense of fresh coolness suggested in the phrase, "I bring fresh showers." "I bear light shade for the leaves"—should be given with a delicate touch, and a subtle shade would come in if the very fluttering of the leaves and the soft cloud shadow are appreciated at the instant of the utterance of description. "I sift the snow on the mountains below"—should be given with a clear appreciation of the cold white sparkle of the snow and the breadth and majesty of the mountains, as the white covering falls over them; then, in an instant, the music of the sighing pines should sweep through the nerves as the next line, "And the great pines groan aghast," is given. "And all the night 'tis my pillow white"—combines a sense of rest and vast cold spaces of snow; and, "I sleep in the arms of the blast"—should be given with a feeling of restful, upbearing power. All of this analysis sounds, perhaps, elaborate. It is impossible to put into mere words the fine distinctions which may be appreciated in one flash of the imagination. But the vivid thrill of the active imagination through the nerves playing upon the free voice, well projected by vital support and motive force, is absolutely essential to the magnetic influence which causes the auditor to see the thing described and to appreciate its qualities and

atmosphere. The majority of people are inattentive to the absolute necessity of realization simultaneous with the enunciation of the word.

Many passages are rendered with some significant points standing out, then a number of phrases, perhaps, given without living consciousness of their meaning; then the impulse of appreciation takes hold of another point, and this is followed again by much neglected material. The artist who would be complete and develop the keenness of realization which never flags from beginning to end of a piece of literature, must teach himself the persistent concentration which allows no detail to escape, and must synthesize all details in a strong progressive current of motive and appreciation.

Another phase of dramatic expression, (that usually referred to by those using the term), is the assumption of a character other than one's own. Many persons change the pitch, form and rate of movement, thus more or less differentiating one character from another; but holding an identity of individuality through these different modifications. This, however, may be much improved upon by vivid concentration of the feelings under the power of trained imagination, so that the interpreter representing the character shall appreciate vitally, and with the concentration before described, the type of the person represented, and, standing mentally in the view point of that type, feel the vibration of influences passing through him. A well trained voice, and the habit of concentration in vocal consciousness, will then reflect distinct varieties of personality, according to the gamut of the artist's appreciation. To an unthinking observer there appears to be a marvel of effort in the alternation of a light and delicate character, for instance, a charming woman or a child, in close contrast with the heavier masculine, or mature and broad personality. The truth is that, once the power of appreciation is developed and the voice

and responsiveness of the body trained to quick adaptation,—the capacity of reaction may make accurate and wonderfully clear these character contrasts. For instance, in "Macbeth," the character of the little boy, Fleance, expressed in sweetness and childish simplicity of tone, comes in close contrast with the soldier-like virility and breadth of tone that would be appropriate to Banquo, his father, under the domination of the brooding mood in which he restlessly meditates upon the prophecy of the weird sisters and their relation to Macbeth and himself. A moment later comes Macbeth still more virile and broad, with a latent fierceness in his disposition and a perfect cloud flashing lurid gleams, in the atmosphere of his meditations when he is left alone to experience his vision of his "air-drawn dagger," and to meditate upon the murderous deed he has brought himself to contemplate.

In the "Merchant of Venice" we have an example of strong contrast in tones and personality of Portia, in conversation with Shylock in the Court Scene:—the bitter, subtle, keen and powerful resonance of Shylock's revenge standing strong against the gentle, earnest, vibrant appeal from the heart, expressed in Portia's appeal for mercy. The power to feel vividly the type-view-point once being awakened, and given a flexible voice, the power to impersonate or to reflect different characters is scarcely limited except by the range of psychological appreciation of which the individual is capable. This is modified, however, by the type-capacity of the artist.

A person whose voice and personality are peculiarly delicate may communicate the mental significance of broad and powerful characters, but can scarcely reflect the real dramatic force of them. The "reader," so-called, may interpret in the narrative spirit, and present every character through his own individuality, expressing appreciation of a character in a mental way, but not merging the indi-

vidual type of the speaker into that of any other character. This form of interpretation is capable of much beauty and restfulness, and is adequate in its own way, if reinforced by a very keen appreciation on the part of the individual through whose personality all the interpretative types are seen.

There is, however, a supreme and irresistible power of universal appeal in the purely and truly dramatic. The individual seems to live all lives, and the force of each view point is revealed with a convincing vividness of life itself. Even the orator, who speaks directly to the motive and from the moral view point, must recognize the fact that humanity is moved to action, or influenced materially, only when emotion is aroused, and that the dramatic *element* even without the dramatic *form*, is an indispensable source of power. All persons have the capacity to reflect in some degree what they are capable of appreciating, and as humanity is universally susceptible to the dramatic appeal, surely it is true that every individual, disposed in any degree to expression may and should develop the dramatic power of appreciation, the control of imagination and of the body and voice in expression which shall secure Truth's most vivid and convincing revelation.

The power of Dramatic Expression is the greatest asset of the student of vocal expression.

The Choice of Books.

(Extract from a speech prepared for class in Extemporaneous Speaking.)

Library statistics indicate that the great majority of the reading public display a most deplorable lack of wise discrimination in the choice of books. Books of the hour—nay, of the moment—are in most cases preferred to those of enduring worth. It is the province of this article

not to discuss why such a condition exists, but rather to show why it should not continue. But before considering the individual's need of vigilant discretion in the choice of his reading matter, let us first decide what constitutes good literature.

DeQuincey has said in substance that books to be classed as literature must be books of knowledge, or books of power,—they must be able to teach or to move. Books of either kind are valuable, but the books of power have the greater intrinsic worth. Increased knowledge widens the horizon and carries one farther along on the materialistic plain, whereas the first step in power is upward. Literature of knowledge, like the fashions of the world, soon passes away; each hour discoveries of science render entirely worthless the research of years; but the literature of power shall endure.

Carlyle has facetiously remarked that all books may be divided into two classes,—sheep and goats,—and has asserted that the first great necessity in reading is vigilantly and conscientiously to select and discriminate between the sheep and the goats. But inasmuch as Carlyle does not clearly define what constitutes "sheep," as he terms books and true worth, his utterances must be considered only as an appropos witticism. Thoreau has put the matter succinctly in his advice to "Read not the *Times*; read the Eternities."

Ruskin has said, "all books are divisible into two classes: books of the hour and books of all times." Mark the distinction. There are, to be sure, good books of the hour and good books for all times, but those books which we class as good literature are always the books of all time. In such books as these the author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful or helpfully beautiful. He breathes a message new and inspiring, one that he alone is able to transmit. He would tell us: "This is the best of me,—for the rest I ate, and drank, and slept; loved,

and hated like another; my life was as the vapor and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." When one writes inspired by such thoughts as these, his creation is indeed a book, one that verily may be considered good literature. Sainte-Beuve spoke truly when he said in brief that good literature is that which enriches the human mind, increases its treasures, causes it to advance a step, or discovers some moral and not equivocal truth.

At this juncture one may pertinently ask for some specific mention of books that may be considered well worth knowing intimately. In reply we would venture to suggest that one who reads the works of Carlyle, Ruskin, Bacon, Emerson, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, Dickens, Eliot, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Lowell is not in serious danger of spending his time amiss. Just take account of stock; ask yourself how many of these few authors chosen at random from the great field of literature you are thoroughly familiar with; then pause a moment before you waste another evening reading rubbish.

For—and here we come to the main point of this discussion—a right choice of books is a matter of vital importance, since close association with great and inspired thought inevitably promotes personal development by engendering true wealth of mind, strength of character and a sweet nobility of soul. The great works of genius quicken and energize the pulse, launch ambition and high resolve on the seas of action, and make possible the accomplishment of all sane purposes.

The benefits of right reading are not alone inspirational, however. Books of travel carry us over restless seas, through distant lands, and acquaint us with the uttermost parts of the earth. Thus is our horizon widened. Biography and autobiography teach us that what man has done man can do—lend courage to the fainting heart and spur us on

to great achievement. History brushes away the dust of time. One can see, as did the ancients, the magnificence of Carthage, the decadent days of Rome, the tragedy of Palestine, the battles of Napoleon. Through the touch of the master the great events of all time pass vividly before our eyes, each with its suggestive and helpful lesson.

Why, then, will we pass by the treasures of literature and spend our precious moments reading mediocrities! There is absolutely no excuse for such self-deprivation—modern methods of printing have placed the best books within the reach of all. Indeed a classic may be purchased for far less than the latest novel; and if one has neither the means nor the inclination to purchase books, the great libraries extend their welcoming arms.

And now a word in regard to the proper way to read a good book. Each individual must find a method best suited to his peculiar needs and temperament, but whatever the method employed, one must concentrate. Real reading demands concentration, the holding of one's mind upon the subject in hand. Then after the work has been carefully read, it is worth while to write from memory a short abstract. The mental effort necessary to express one's self concisely in writing, crystallizes thought and gives a perspective which enables one to get a proper balance of the parts and a just appreciation of the whole. It is also good practice to read a good book at least twice with a considerable interval between readings. The second perusal is sure to reveal new thoughts and undiscovered beauties. Finally, after reading a book, or during the reading of it we may derive great benefits by oral discussions with someone who has a common interest in literature and whose pertinent questions and helpful comment will prove of great suggestive value.

Choose wisely, then, your books, and those with whom you discuss them. Remember that good books are God-

like shrines dedicated to imperishable utterances. Choose, then, in a reverential spirit. Meditate upon the words of Ruskin, "that if you read this, you cannot read that; what you lose to-day, you cannot gain to-morrow." Then decide whether it is worth while spending your days skimming through books whose chief attraction is their gaudy binding, "when all the while this eternal court is open to you, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time."

Affluence.

High up the mountain side, from melted snow
A little stream o'er boulders leaping ran
In cascades purpled by the sunset glow
And gathering other streams, did spread and grow
Into the largest river in the land.

The genial warmth of sunshine gave it birth
And sent it singing down the rocky way;
Murmuring and humming with a gleeful mirth,
And slaking the thirst of the hard cold earth,
Brought life and beauty to the flowers of May.

It leaps from dizzy heights in silvery spray,
And bids the sunbeams paint the brilliant bow
On misty canvas stretched 'gainst rocks of gray;
Then once more swiftly flowing runs away
To field and meadow where sweet perfumes blow.

Now through valleys, 'tween hills slowly flowing
Seems resting after long continued play.
On its grassy banks the cattle lowing,
On its tranquil bosom, mirrored, showing
The sky so blue, the green hills far away.

In high ideals is the starting place
From whence doth spring love's holiest influence;
As grew the stream and fed the thirsty land,
So happiness Love gives with bounteous hand
And tranquil joys—Life's truest affluence.

HENRY JOHN MARMEIN.

Variety.

Notes from Chapel Talk by Dean Southwick, Tuesday, March 3rd.

Variety is one of the characteristics of any interpretation which may justly be called great. All the orators and all the artists recognize that fact, practically, and when they formulate their views on oral expression, they always emphasize it. In an address to theological students Beecher cautioned them against trying to hold an audience for a long time to the pitch of sublimity. The human mind cannot sustain it. You can raise it there, but you cannot hold it there any length of time; there must come variety, something that gives the valley, something transitional through which we must pass before we can again ascend the mountain top.

When you first saw a great artist the thing that probably overwhelmed you was the gamut of his expression. In our every-day life, we have a certain limited range of expression, and for the first time you hear a Bernhart or a Salvini, you are amazed at the tremendous range and variety.

One of the reasons why the students of oratory and literary interpretation should study dramatic literature, quite apart from any theatric application, is that it affords so much of variety, that it so develops the gamut of one's expressive power. It is foolish to attempt to develop a student in expression without recognition of the value of dramatic literature, and without giving it a place. It is foolish, however, to bring the student up on it entirely. But its variety is so great and so obvious, that it is almost impossible for the student not to see it, and no matter how immature, how inexperienced he is, if he respond at all to the thought, variety begins to come into his interpretation. In training clergymen and theological students, I have often been requested by them, not to confine myself to the voice, or to the interpretation of the Bible and of hymns, but to give them a great deal of Shakespeare. They recognized that Shakespearean reading would help them out of their ordinary type and form of speaking and reading.

The distinction in method between the ordinary recitation and the dramatic is that in recitation or direct address we speak to or with the audience, but in the dramatic we do not talk to the audience or with them, we talk for them, and what seems to be a trifling distinction is really a fundamental one. It has been said that no confirmed elocutionist makes a good actor. Take many men and women who have obtained distinction on the platform, not only as readers, but as orators, and they have gone on the dramatic stage and have been failures,—some relatively, some absolutely. They failed simply because the methods they had followed, the habits fixed by years, had unfitted them for the dramatic form of expression. Entirely apart from any theatric application, dramatic literature, if its use is properly apportioned, helps you to

ward variety. It helps one to recognize transition and contrast, light, shade and color.

Now in your work of this week do a little extra and outside practice. Work upon things that contain striking contrasts. See how brilliant you can make points. Read "Flashed all their sabres bare, flashed as they turned in air;" "The day is bright," "the day is dark." Contrast temperatures, height and depth, sizes, weights,—the expression of the weighty idea contrasted with a butterfly of thought. Then you can contrast color, as blue, red, yellow, black, etc. Listen to the distinctions in the vocal expression as the mind holds these contrasting ideas at the time of utterance. These things all lead to variety. Nothing is so distressing, after lack of life itself, as lack of variety.

Good Literature on the Popular Program.

Marion C. Johnson, '07.

It is often asked whether a reader of average ability can successfully present programs of genuine literary merit. Many of our younger readers feel that a "hit" can be made only with light vaudeville selections. Much of the adverse criticism regarding public readers arises from this cause. That the general public can and does appreciate good literature is shown by the extensive circulation of works of literary merit. The trouble, then, must be with the recitalist, who either is not sufficiently familiar with standard authors; or, what is more probable, does not know how to make a judicious selection. It is the purpose of this article to present a few suggestive programs from such authors as Thackeray, Rossetti, Scott, Bryant, Irving and Cooper.

The reader who wants something out of the ordinary will find splendid material in J. Fennimore Cooper. One might give a very interesting lecture recital on Cooper and the American Indian, varying it with scenes from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

An enjoyable evening could be arranged from the *Leather-Stocking Tales*, the reader first giving an introductory talk on Cooper, and that delightful creation of his, Natty Bumppo, and then taking a typical scene from each book, beginning with Natty as a young man in the *Deerslayer*, and carrying the narrative through to his death in

the *Prairie*. The death scene is very effective, and the closing speech is particularly good: "A valiant, a just, and a wise warrior has gone on the path which will lead him to the blessed grounds of his people! When the voice of the Great Spirit called him, he was ready to answer. Go, my children; remember the just chief of the palefaces, and clear your own track from briers!"

The following is a suggested arrangement of the life and development of Nathaniel Bumppo:

INTRODUCTION.

- I.—His First Battle.....*The Deerslayer*, ch. 7.
- II.—The Escape of Uncas.....*The Last of the Mohicans*, chs. 23 to 27.
- III.—Farewell to Love.....*The Pathfinder*, ch. 29.
- IV.—The Spear of Leather Stocking*The Pioneers*, ch. 24.
- V.—Death of Natty.....*The Prairie*, last chapter.

The death of Uncas and Cora, from *The Last of the Mohicans*, would make a very strong reading. The entire book is not unworthy of consideration; it is full of thrilling situations, and Cooper's clever use of historical material makes the story of double interest.

The Pioneer is especially rich in material. A number of humorous readings could be easily arranged. The scene between the housekeeper,—Remarkable, and the majordomo, Benjamin, is very funny and gives an excellent opportunity for character work. Another funny story is the Celebration of Christmas Eve, in chapters 13 and 14. Like *The Last of the Mohicans*, the whole book could be used for an evening's reading. *The Prairie* has a number of fine stories; one of the best is to be found in the chapter on a prairie fire.

The Spy is a historical novel rich in possibilities. The escape of Birch, in chapter 17, is full of excitement and offers a good chance for character work. The *Sea Tales* are full of interest and the *Water Witch* contains several strong scenes. Of course all require careful cutting and good introductions.

Scott's works are much more difficult to arrange for public use but they are well worth the trouble. *Ivanhoe* is full of dramatic situations. The scene between the Templar and Rebecca is very strong. *The Talisman* is another

fascinating novel which offers excellent opportunities to the reader. The encounter between Saladin and the Knight as given in the first part of the book and in the last chapter where King Richard begs for an encounter, could be arranged for public use if it were skillfully cut and given with good connecting links.

Scott's works are so full of legendary lore that an interesting lecture recital might be given from his novels and poems by arranging a lecture on the legends and manners of Scotland and England, introducing scenes from his works as illustrative.

Washington Irving's stories are excellent. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, if well arranged, could be used before any audience.

Hawthorne's stories are much easier to cut and arrange; several good readings could be made from the *Tanglewood Tales*, and the *House of the Seven Gables* contains a number of fine stories; old Hepzibah's first attempt at storekeeping makes a charming little story. The story the artist tells Phoebe is a good reading in itself. In fact the whole book could be given for an entire evening. The Snow Image and Great Carbuncle make very effective readings.

Those who wish to read for children will find valuable additions to their repertoire in tales from a *Grandfather's Chair*. There are so many good things one can read to the little folk! Delightful stories can be found in Grimm's and Anderson's *Fairy Tales*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Bulfinch's Age of Fable*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, The Louisa Alcott books and the Lewis Carroll books. Many of these stories can be used on programs for older audiences. *Rab and his Friends* has fine stories for boys. Delightful stories for boys could be arranged from *Great Emergencies*, by Mrs. Ewing, and the Tom Brown books. *Undine* would make an effective reading for both old and young.

Readers who wish to do church work will find Bunyan a help to their programs; *Pilgrim's Progress* is full of beautiful stories, and the *Holy War*, while not so well known, is of equal interest.

An interesting program for a church recital might be made up of readings from the sacred writings of different religions, supplemented with brief explanatory remarks;

I.—The Snow Image (pathetic)—.....*Hawthorne*
 II.—Lyrics from Shakesphere and Browning—.....
 III.—Mrs. Nickelby's Lover, from "Nicholas Nickleby" (comedy)—*Dickens*
 I.—Spectre Bridegroom (dramatic)—.....*Irving*
 II.—The Wild Huntsman, (a translation)—.....*Scott*
 III.—Fitz Booodle and Ottilia, from "Fitz Booodle Papers" (comedy)—
*Thackeray*
 IV.—Songs from "The Princess"—.....*Tennyson*
 V.—Revelry Scene from "Twelfth Night"—.....*Shakespeare*
 I.—The Lady with the Yellow Curl papers, from "Pickwick Papers"—
*Dickens*
 II.—His First Battle, from "The Deerslayer" (dramatic)—.....*Cooper*
 III.—My Lost Youth—.....*Longfellow*
 IV.—The Quarrel, from "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," (chapter II.)
 (comedy)—.....*Meredith*
 V.—The Little People of the Snow (pathetic)—.....*Bryant*
 VI.—Playing Wm. Tell, from "Story of a Bad Boy" (comedy)—.....*Aldrich*
 VII.—The Crooked Foot Path—.....*Holmes*
 I.—The Coon Dog—.....*Sarah Orne Jewett*
 II.—(a) Telling the Bees (pathetic)—.....*Whittier*
 (b) The Old School House (pathetic)—.....*Lucy Larcom*
 III.—Moses at the Fair, from "Vicar of Wakefield" (comedy)—*Goldsmith*
 IV.—The Bulfinch (pathetic)—.....*Ouida*
 V.—Sister Helen (dramatic)—.....*Rossetti*
 VI.—The Surprise Party (comedy)—.....*Marietta Holley*
 I.—In a State of Sin, from "The Virginian" (comedy)—.....*Owen Wister*
 II.—(a) Godira (dramatic)—.....*Tennyson*
 (b) Uncle Toby proposes to the Widow, from "Tristram Shandy"
 (comedy)—.....*Sterne*

III.—Horatius (dramatic)—.....	Macaulay
IV.—The First Customer, from "House of Seven Gables"—.....	Hawthorne
V.—Love Among the Ruins—.....	Browning
I.—Among the Hills—.....	Whittier
II.—Child verse from Stevenson and Fields	
III.—The Fatal Boots (comedy)—.....	Thackeray
I.—How the Old Horse Won the Bet—.....	Holmes
II.—The Witch's Daughter (dramatic)—.....	Whittier
III.—Death of Arbaces, "Last Days of Pompeii" (dramatic)—.....	Lytton
IV.—Roister Doister's Letter (comedy)—.....	Nicholas Udall
V.—The Gray Champion—.....	Hawthorne
VI.—Sylvia (pathetic)—.....	Lucy Larcom
VII.—Night before Thanksgiving—.....	Sarah Orne Jewett

(The two following programs are copied from a public reader. The arrangement is particularly good.)

Temperance Program.

I.—Care of Harmony—.....	Thackeray
II.—Omar Repentant—.....	Richard LeGallienne
III.—The Resubmissionists Story—.....	Harry L. Mills
IV.—Then Gently Scan Your Brother Man—.....	Burns

How Men Propose.

Love scenes from various authors.

I.—(a) Wooing of David and Dora—.....	Dickens
(b) Elopement—.....	Ben King
II.—(a) Balcony Scene, "Romeo and Juliet"—.....	Shakespeare
(b) Candor—.....	H. C. Bunner
III.—(a) The Dividing Scene—.....	Ruth McEvery Stuart
(b) Forfeits—.....	H. C. Bunner
IV.—(a) The Middle Hall—.....	Ruth McEvery Stuart
(b) Jennie—.....	Fred Emerson Brooks

To Spring.

O Spring
We sing
Of thee;
Of bird
And beast
And tree.

The snow
We know
Is gone!
We rise
Now at
The dawn.

The sky
Is high,
The fly
Is nigh,—
O me,
O my!

B. B.

Among the Magazines.

Elizabeth Jordan has contributed to the April *Scribner's* a well written story entitled "Bart Harrington, Genius." The plot is decidedly unusual and the hero delightfully quaint. When the story opens, we find Bart making this somewhat startling proposition to the editor of a daily newspaper: "I'm goin' to commit suicide to-day, and I agree to write the experience for you, up to the last minute if you-all will have me buried decently. I don't cayah to be shoveled into the Pottah's Field." Bart doesn't commit suicide, however, and at the end of the story we find him a man of wealth due to his invention of a hat-pin "that would stay in and keep a hat *on*." Thus it will be readily seen that the story is remarkably strong in point of originality.

A vivacious story in dialogue form may be found in the current *Century*. We refer to George Lee Burton's "As Seen by His Bride." Realistic and exciting, it is just the kind of selection many readers desire for their popular audience repertoire. It deals in humorous vein with the tribulations of a bride whose husband's mind was so constantly absorbed with his business interests that even during the honey-moon he forgot he

was married and without any warning left his wife in a New York hotel and took the first train for home in his eagerness to land a big contract for the firm. The bride, not to be outdone by such treatment, started out to finish the honey-moon alone. The husband's frantic pursuit and the results are vividly and dramatically described, but their details must be learned by a perusal of the story itself.

Justus Miles Forman has written for this month's *Harper's* a story which will appeal strongly to readers who have a liking for the tragic. "Greater Love" raises the question whether a man whose life is useful to the community ought ever to risk that life to save the life of a man who is a vagrant and beggar. The hero of the story thought not; and he *did* not. Thence arose the tragedy, for both the woman he expected to marry and the man who was his dearest friend regarded his failure to act at the critical moment as evidence of cowardice; and their unconcealed contempt led to his death. The story is essentially the dramatic handling of an almost unanswerable question and, being simply but effectively told, leaves an impression which the reader will not soon forget.

[As the current magazines offer no story particularly well-fitted to the purpose of this department, we submit, instead, a cutting from *The Deerslayer*. Ed.]

His First Battle.

All are doubtless familiar with the Leather Stocking Tales and their hero, Nathaniel Bumppo. When very young he went to live with the Delaware Indians; they soon found he was truthful and called him "Straight Tongue." Then they discovered he was fleet of foot, so they changed his name to the "Pigeon." This was soon changed to "Lop Ear," because he could follow a trail. As a hunter his deadly aim with the rifle won him the name of Deerslayer. How this name also was changed is told in the following story:

The scene of the story is on the shore of Lake Glimmerglass; a canoe had drifted ashore, and Deerslayer, who was on his first warpath, had gone after it with all possible precaution. He was in the very act of stepping ashore, when a sharp report was heard, followed by a bullet. The next instant Deerslayer staggered, and fell his whole length in the canoe. A yell—it came from a single voice—followed, and an Indian leaped from the bushes, and came bounding towards the canoe. This was the moment the young man desired. He rose, and leveled his rifle at his uncovered foe, but he hesitated about pulling the trigger on one whom he held at such disadvantage. This saved the Indian who bounded back into cover, while Deerslayer dashed into the woods. He knew his adversary was reloading, for he had no sooner placed himself behind a tree than he caught a glimpse of the Indian's arm in the very act of pushing the bullet into the muzzle of his gun. Nothing would have been easier than to fire, but

although his own life had just been attempted, it struck him as unfair to assail an unarmed foe and he muttered to himself,—

"No, no—that may be red-skin warfare, but it's not a Christian's gifts. Let the miscreant load, and then we'll take it out like men; for the canoe he *must* not, and *shall* not have. No, no; let him have time to load, and God will take care of the right!"

The Indian had been so intent on reloading, that he was ignorant that his enemy was in the woods. His only fear was that the canoe would be carried away before he could prevent it. As soon as the Indian's rifle was loaded, Deerslayer hailed him.

"This-a-way, red-skin; this-a-way, if you're looking for me, I'm young in war, but not so young as to stand on an open beach to be shot down like an owl by daylight. It rests on yourself whether it's peace or war atween us; for my gifts are white gifts, and I'm not one of them that thinks it valiant to slay human mortals, singly, in the woods."

The savage was a good deal startled by the discovery of the danger he ran. He understood English, however, and was too well schooled to betray alarm, so, lowering his rifle, he made a gesture of lofty courtesy.

"Two canoes, one for you—one for me."

"No, no, Injin, you own neither; and neither shall you have, as long as I can prevent it. I know it's war atween your people and mine, but that's no reason why we should slay each other; go your way then, and leave me to go mine. The world is large enough for us both; and when we meet fairly in battle, the Lord will order the fate of each of us."

"Good; my brother missionary—great talk; all about Manitou."

"Not so—not so, warrior, I'm not good enough for that. No, no; I'm only a hunter, though afore the peace is made; 'tis like enough there'll be occasion to strike a blow at some of your people. Still, I wish it to be done in fair fight, and not in a quarrel over a miserable canoe."

"Good! My brother very young—but he is very wise. Little warrior—great talker. Chief sometimes, in council."

"I don't know this, or do I say it, Injin; I look forward to a life in the woods, and I hope it may be peaceful. All young men must go on the warpath, when there's occasion, but war isn't needfully massacre; and I now invite you to go your way, while I go mine; and hope that we may part friends."

"Good! My brother has two scalps—Gray hair under t'other. Old wisdom—young tongue."

Here the savage advanced, his hand extended, his face smiling, and his whole bearing denoting amity and respect. Deerslayer met him, and they shook hands cordially.

"All have his own, my canoe, mine; your canoe, your'n. Go look; if your'n, you keep; if mine, I keep."

"That just, red-skin; though you must be wrong in thinking the canoe your property. However, seein' is believin' and we'll go down to the shore, where you may look with your own eyes; for it's likely you'll object to trustin' altogether to mine."

The Indian uttered his favorite exclamation of "good," and they walked to the shore, where the Indian pointed towards Deerslayer's boat, and said—

"No mine—paleface canoe. *This* redman's. No want other man's canoe—want his own."

"You're wrong, red-skin, you're altogether wrong. This canoe was left in my keeping, and is mine till its owner comes to claim it. Here's the stitching of the bark to speak for itself. No man ever know'd an Injin to turn off such work."

"Good! My brother little old—big wisdom. Injin no make him. White man's work."

"I'm glad you think so, for holding to the contrary might have made ill blood atween us, everyone having a right to take possession of his own. I'll just shove the canoe out of reach of dispute at once, as the quickest way of settling difficulties."

So saying he gave the canoe a vigorous shove and sent it far out into the water. The savage started at this ready expedient but still retained his friendly air.

"Good! Young head, old mind. Know how to settle quarrel. Farewell, brother. Injin go to camp; tell chiefs no find canoe."

Deerslayer was not sorry to hear this proposal, and he took the offered hand readily. The parting was friendly and the red man walked towards the wood, without once looking back, while the white man began his preparations for departure, when happening to turn his face towards the land, he saw, at a glance, the danger he was in. The black ferocious eyes of the savage were glaring through a small opening in the bushes and the muzzle of his rifle seemed in a line with his own body.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Deerslayer, as a good hunter, did him good service. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single moment and a single motion; then aiming almost without sighting, he fired into the bushes where he knew a body ought to be. So rapid were his movements that both parties discharged their pieces at the same instant. Deerslayer dropped his piece, and stood with head erect, watching the result; while the savage gave the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing tomahawk. When about forty feet away the savage hurled his keen weapon; but it was with an eye so

vacant, and a hand so unsteady, that the young man caught it by the handle. At that instant the Indian staggered and fell his whole length on the ground.

"I knowe'd it I knowe'd it! I knowe'd it must come to this, as soon as I got the range of the creatur's eyes. A man sights sudden, and fires quick when his own life is in danger."

Deerslayer reloaded his rifle, and advanced to his victim. It was the first time he had seen a man fall in battle—it was the first fellow creature against whom he had ever seriously raised his own hand. The Indian was not dead, though shot directly through the back. He lay motionless, but his eyes watched each action of his victor. He probably expected the fatal blow which was to precede the loss of his scalp. Deerslayer read his thoughts, and found a satisfaction in relieving the fears of the helpless savage.

"No, no, red-skin, all enmity atween you and me's at an ind, and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury. My gifts are white; and I hope my conduct will be white also."

"Water! give poor Injin water."

"Aye, water you shall have, if you drink the lake dry. I'll just carry you down to it, that you may take your fill. This is the way, they tell me, with all wounded people—water is their greatest comfort and delight."

So saying, Deerslayer raised the Indian, and carried him to the lake. Here he helped him to appease his thirst, and then seated himself with the head of the dying Indian in his lap.

"It would be sinful to tell you your time had'nt come, for it has. The principal thing now, is to look forward to what comes next. You'll find your happy hunting grounds, if you've been a just Injin; but you're too old and experienced to need explanations from one as young as I."

"Good! young head—old wisdom!"

"It's sometimes a consolation, when the ind comes, to know them we've harmed, or *tried* to harm, forgive us. Now, as for myself, I overlook entirely your designs agin my life; first, because no harm come of 'em; next because its your gifts, and finally, because I can bear no ill will to a dying man, whether heathen or christian. So put your heart at ease, so far as I'm concerned."

It is probable that the Indian had some of the fearful glimpses of the unknown world which God seems at times to afford all human races; but like most of his people he thought more of dying in a way to gain applause among those he left than to secure a better state of existence hereafter. While Deerslayer was speaking, his mind was a little bewildered, though he felt the intention was good. With the high innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior, he endeavored to express his gratitude.

"Good! good! young head; young *heart*, too. Old heart tough; no shed tear. Hear Indian when he die, and no want to lie—what he call him?"

"Dearslayer is the name I bear now, though the Delaware Indian have said that when I get back from this war-path I shal have a more manly title, provided I can earn one."

"That good name for boy—poor name for warrior. He get better quick. No fear *there*,—eye sartain—finger lightning—aim, death—great warrior soon. No Dearslayer—Hawkeye—Hawkeye—Hawkeye. Shake hand."

MARION C. JOHNSON, '07.

Editorials.

The One Best Thing. "In any given situation there is always one best thing to be done." So says Professor Griggs; so we all religiously believe. But the question is: how are we always to know what that one best thing is! "Ay, there's the rub!" Especially at this season of the College year when duty seems to be calling a dozen ways at once and Commencement week is drawing near with relentless rapidity. Not only Post-graduates and Seniors but underclassmen as well are prone to become affected with a certain restlessness and recklessness which play sad havoc with the last weeks of College work. This undesirable spirit has, we believe, two causes. In the first place, the students fancy that as the end is so near it hardly matters whether the lessons of the last weeks are well prepared or not; if they have done their work faithfully all through the year, they can afford to relax a little and prepare themselves, as it were, for the complete rest of the summer vacation. A too sudden stopping of hard work might prove disastrous! Or again, there are those—and this applies particularly to the Seniors—who allow themselves to be so carried away by the approaching festivities of Commencement that they can talk, think and dream of nothing else. The result is that regular studies are made not merely secondary but pushed

entirely into the background, and cutting of classes becomes quite the order of the day. Now, what is the remedy for this deplorable condition? Like the cause, it is twofold. First, let us divest ourselves of this false notion that a good beginning is ever an excuse for a poor ending; in other words, that we can live out the last month of the school year on the merits of work accomplished in previous months. Surely all of us are not so anicent that we have entirely forgotten that childhood adage, "The last's the best of all the game!" Let's make it the best! We can do this not merely by seeing that it ought to be the best but by so arranging our duties and dividing our energies and time that it can be the best. Why not take half an hour off, retire to some quiet spot, collect our wits, think over just what we are supposed to accomplish in the few days that remain to us, and calmly resolve that Commencement rehearsals and daily lessons shall go hand in hand the rest of the year—that neither shall be neglected for the other, and if at any time they seem to conflict, we will put daily lessons first. However, if we keep serene and busy every minute and come promptly to all rehearsals, we shall soon find that duties never do conflict in reality, and that not only is there always a one best thing to be done but we shall be able to discern what that one best thing is. Once having seen the path, we shall have no excuse for not taking it; and once having taken it, we shall soon get into the habit. And then! The anxious, flurried spirit will melt away into thin air, all the teachers will breathe a sigh of relief, and the year will end with a calmness and glory which will make the Commencement week of 1908 the red letter week of Emerson College history!

**A Golden
Opportunity.**

It is a little early to predict results but not too early to express hearty approval—and the Magazine does most sincerely approve of the movement now on foot to appeal to the heart and purse of some

generously-inclined individual who, in view of the worthiness of the cause, will be persuaded to play the part of the cheerful giver. Here is a chance indeed for immortal fame; but better still, it is a golden opportunity for the doing of a golden deed, one which will live in practical form for countless generations. Our best wishes that the movement may meet with speedy and unqualified success!

"Alabama."

Rarely does it happen that the expectation of something good is rewarded with the presentation of something better, but the evening of March nineteenth was one of those unusual occasions when this actually happened. And it was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the large audience who gathered in Chickering Hall on this occasion came expecting to see a play not merely good, but particularly good. That this anticipation was well founded is clearly shown by one glance at the names in the cast; but no one, not even the most sanguine, fully realized beforehand what a delightful and altogether satisfying performance he was to have the pleasure of witnessing.

To begin with, the play of "Alabama" is in itself, as charming a drama as the last fifty years have produced; and when to a naturally beautiful story are added realistic scenery, shimmering moonlight, the sympathetic singing of plantation melodies, and acting which is entirely adequate in its appeal alike to the human heart and artistic mind, the result is likely to be an impression which no appreciative audience will ever forget. Thus it was with the performance under discussion.

Mrs. Marmein, as Mrs. Page, played her part with the dignity and sympathy which the role demanded; in the

several ordeals, which she was called upon to face, her womanly self-composure was well supported by the manly gallantry of her son, Lathrop. This part was played by Mr. Farr, whose loyal protection of his mother's honor and persistent love of his sweetheart, Atlanta, were characterized by an impulsive devotion which made him a favorite from the first. And what shall be said of Mr. Tripp's Squire Tucker, whose fondness for frog legs and widows' hearts kept the audience in a continual titter? The part was played throughout in Mr. Tripp's own inimitable way—a way which quite baffles the pen of the critic, but which the spectators will remember long after they have forgotten the plot and even the name of the play. Mr. Armstrong, the lover of Carey, found a worthy representative in Mr. Bard who so truly presented his part that the audience entirely forgave Carey for being willing to elope with him. Carey herself, an Alabama blossom in every sense of the word, gave us as charming a bit of acting as we could desire. Her work showed a grace, simplicity, tenderness and abandon which captured all hearts and more than once brought the audience to sympathetic tears. In fact, Mrs. Hicks' work was from every standpoint, the work of the finished artist. Mr. Hicks, as Colonel Moberly, likewise created quite a sensation as that type of Southern gentleman appropriately called "a relic of the Confederacy." So entirely was his own personality submerged in that of his character that Mr. Hicks bears the distinction of having made all the Southern girls in the audience suddenly and distressingly homesick and all the Northern girls eager to go where such gentlemen live. The part of the villain of the play, Raymond Page, was taken by Mr. Moore, whose acting was clean-cut and decisive and at all times in keeping with the character. In some respects the most interesting actor was Mr. Burnham, who played the part of Decatur,

an ante-bellum servant. In body work, gesture and voice Mr. Burnham was true to his part and his work was commendably free from any trace of burlesque. Mrs. Stockton, like her friend Mrs. Page, displayed both ease and becoming dignity, which contrasted well with the witchery of the coquettish Atlanta with whom she most often appeared. Atlanta was represented by Miss Perkins and adequately represented too—an altogether worthy daughter of a very worthy father. Still another type of Southern character was shown in the work of Dean Southwick, who enacted Colonel Preston, the old planter, the gentleman of the South who refused to be "re-constructed." It goes without saying, that the part was realistically portrayed from first to last with true dramatic effectiveness. The part of Colonel Preston's son, Captain Davenport—the leading man, hero and peace-maker—was played by Mr. Garber, who fully met the demands of the character in quiet strength, dignity and depth of feeling. At all times master of himself and master of the situation, he revealed nevertheless an emotion so strong and true that sympathetic response from the audience was inevitable.

All in all, "Alabama" was an unqualified success; and the purpose for which it was given—the clearing of the Magazine debt—renders it doubly worthy of a prominent place on the pages of Emerson College history. And too much cannot be said in praise of the earnest work done by Mr. Tripp and Mrs. Hicks, under whose direction the play was presented; and Mr. Burnham as "prop man" rendered most valuable service. Besides the performance in Chickering Hall, two others were given, one at Leominster and another at Warren. These, too, were highly successful and added not a little to the ever-widening reputation of Emerson College.

S.

Some Emerson Don't's.

"A word to the wise is sufficient"

Don't ever come to rehearsals on time. The shock might prove too great for the rest of the cast, to say nothing of the disastrous effect upon your own self-respect.

Don't ever say "pantomime" when you mean "pantomize." People might get the idea that you really knew how to spell the word. Ditto "naught" and "ought."

Don't get into the habit of always being in your seat at chapel at nine a. m. The Dean might faint if his sight should not be refreshed each morning by the usual number of stragglers.

Don't ever take notes at lectures. The ignorant observer might think you were writing a letter home.

Don't ever pay class dues the same day you get the notice. To do so would deprive the treasurer of the exquisite pleasure of dunning you regularly for a period of six weeks or more.

Don't ever be so rash as to attend a class meeting. You might happen to find out just what your class is doing.

Don't ever hand in magazine news the day it is due. Such a course would assist the Board too much in getting the magazine out on time.

Don't ever indulge in favorable criticism of anyone else's work. Just think how such remarks might upset the listener!

Don't ever go to class when you would rather go to Shooshan's. By all means preserve a good digestion.

Don't ever walk through the corridors with dignity and grace. Visitors might fancy they had strayed into a school where physical culture is taught.

Don't be so unwise as to remove your make-up before going to the next class or on the street. You owe it to yourself and all the world to look as beautiful as you can.

Don't hesitate to speak in as loud tones in the corridors as your vocal organs will permit. You should attract as much attention as possible, and then, too, the classes appreciate the disturbance.

Don't question the propriety of congregating in the office for the purpose of discussing for the benefit of the office people any and all varieties of subjects.

Don't ever take your wraps to your locker; put them in the office, or better still, lay them at the top of the basement stairs, so that some one from the street can relieve you with the least possible effort.

Don't suppose for a moment that any of these "Don't's" are intended for you; certainly, they are all for "the other fellow."

College News.

Program for Commencement Week.

May 3-8.

(To be given in Chickering Hall unless otherwise indicated.)

Sunday Morning—Baccalaureate Sermon, (Union Church, Cor. Columbus Ave., and West Newton St.)

Monday Morning—Posse Gymnasium Exhibition (206 Mass. Ave.)

Tuesday Morning—Physical Culture Drill, Debate, Pantomime.

Tuesday Afternoon—Senior Recital.

Tuesday Evening—Post Graduate Play.

Wednesday Morning—Victorian Prose Sketches.

Wednesday Afternoon—Senior Play, (Jordan Hall.)

Thursday Morning—Class Day Exercises.

Thursday Evening—Alumni Banquet (Young's Hotel.)

Friday Morning—Commencement.

Friday Afternoon—Faculty Reception.

Y. W. C. A.

The days are going so rapid that our school year will soon be over, but Y. W. C. A. members are active and each one is working with "might and mind," for we want our association to stand strong at the close of this year, so at the beginning of next we can begin just where we stopped this term.

The girls are getting more enthusiastic since our President, Miss Wright, gave such an interesting talk in chapel one morning, and there is no reason why next year the association should not be very strong. Surely if only still more of the girls would come to one meeting and hear the discussions, they would become so interested that they would not like to miss any of them the rest of the year.

On March the twentieth Miss Jessica Powers opened a most interesting discussion on "Friendship." The girls then took it up, each one having something to say, and when the meeting was over each one felt that it had been an hour well spent.

Glee Club.

The Glee Club report recruits to their ranks and to them they say, "Welcome to our city."

Mrs. Curtis, the pianist, has been compelled to return to her home, and Miss Grace Brown has been elected to her position.

The Glee Club sang in chapel, the morning of March 4, the following selections: "Spoonin' Time," by Yale; "Mother Goose Medley," by Sherwood; "Six o'clock in the Bay," by Adams. The audience seemed much pleased with their efforts and demanded encores, only one being responded to. The Dean expressed himself as well satisfied and thanked the Club for their stunt. The Club smiled at the word "stunt". We wonder why?

Canadian Club.

The members of the Canadian Club have been enjoying themselves, in spite of the fact that they, like all other Emerson students, have been in a chronic state of "rehearsal." A number of social gatherings have taken place during the past weeks. The first of these was given by Miss Archibald, president of the society, on the evening of February 16th. Rooms 1, 3 and 4 presented a very inviting appearance. No trouble had been spared to make the place attractive and to provide entertainment for the guests.

Mrs. Black and Mrs. Puffer received, in their own gracious manner, and the dancing which formed the main feature of the evening was a genuine relaxation and joy. Cozy corners were used to advantage, and the usual spirit of good comradeship, which pervades the Club gatherings, was felt by all.

Refreshments were daintily served, and further developed the feeling of friendship, for it is a recognized fact that feeding the "inner man" is a peculiarly sure way to promote a comfortable relationship.

After singing Canadian songs the members all joined in hearty farewells, and it was the unanimous decision that the Canadian Club was "just the thing."

On February 29th the club met at the home of Miss Mildred Forbes, in Roxbury. This was a particularly happy occasion as the girls were brought into touch with the home life. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were most cordial in their welcome and kind in their manner, and this very enjoyable Leap-year party will long be remembered.

The Misses Griffith and Crichton entertained royally at the college rooms on Monday evening, March 23rd. Everything was more than satisfactory, the dancing delightful, the refreshments most adequate, and the members very happy. It is a good thing to see people definitely plan to enjoy themselves, and to see them succeed so well. Mrs. Southwick and Mrs. Black were asked to preside.

The Club has enjoyed its play hours and is hoping to take some good walks together before school closes.

Most sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Clara Haynes in her recent bereavement.

The best wishes of the club follow Mr. Martin Sheldon, who has gone back to his home in Chatham, Ontario. Success to him in his new business undertaking.

We are glad to welcome Miss Winnifred Sinclair, who has returned to college.

The Sororities and Fraternity.

Alpha Tau Lambda

We take pleasure in welcoming Miss Janet Chesney as one of our new pledge members.

The "Frat" entertained at an informal dance on the evening of March the seventh.

Miss Marguerite V. Weaver attended a house party in Marion, Mass., during the vacation.

On the afternoon of March 19th the "Frat" had the pleasure of entertaining some of their Wellesly friends at tea.

While at her home in New York, during the vacation, Miss Mable Gannon was married to Mr. Frank Cooper.

We have had the pleasure of having Miss Tatem with us several times lately.

Delta Delta Phi.

Mrs. Dora Hardenbergh, of Kingston, New York, received a most enthusiastic welcome when she was installed as chaperon of our chapter house early in March.

The March vacation was spent in various ways by our members. Welhelmina Carter went with Catherine Carl to her home in Kingston, N. Y.; Alice Rudisill was in Ocean Grove, N. J.; Ruth Harter, Erminie Jones and Beulah Cady at their respective homes, and Francis Woodbury spent the vacation at the home of Margaret Slifer in East Orange, where she enjoyed the measles. Those of us who stayed at the chapter house enjoyed a busy, happy holiday with sight-seeing trips, chafing-dish suppers, spreads and theater parties.

On the evening of March the twentieth several of our members gave an evening's entertainment at the Unitarian Church in Lynn. The program consisted of solos and readings, and was concluded by a one-act play.

The Glee Club of The Boston Young Men's Christian Association spent the evening of March the twenty-fourth at our chapter house and delightfully entertained us in a musical way.

Delta Delta Phi wishes to correct an inaccuracy made in the March magazine: Miss A'elsie Griffin is not a member as was announced.

Phi Alpha Tau.

The "Frat" was well represented in the Faculty play, "Alabama." The Dean and brothers Tripp, Bard, Farr and Burnham, all members of Phi Alpha Tau, won laurels for themselves, the Faculty, the College, and last but not least, the fraternity.

Brother Johnson, now of Harvard, gave a most interesting talk on debating at one of the March meetings.

Brother Lean goes on a flying trip to Washington in April.

Brother Bard has accepted a position in Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio. Good luck to him.

Recently N. E. Rieed has been elected to membership in the fraternity.

The Classes.

'07.

We are now on the home stretch, and rehearsals are coming on thick and fast. Make the most of the time; it is our last chance.

Miss Katherine Porter has been summoned home, owing to the death of an uncle. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Porter.

The post-graduate plays are growing in interest. Two acts from Bernard Shaw's "Candida" have been given. Act II, presented by Miss Sibilla, supported by Misses Wiggin, Shaw, Clement and Hammond. Act III, by Miss Thompson, supported by Misses Tiller and Hammond. "The Lost Paradise," presented by Miss Casseday, supported by Mr. Clarke, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Hirschler, and Miss Brennan.

'08.

The committee of the faculty has given out the commencement assignments. Satisfaction at the choice of material and the assignment of parts is general. To the members of the committee—Mesdames Hicks and Willard, Misses Tatem and Smith, and Messers Tripp and Gilbert—the class expresses its hearty thanks. The assignments are as follows:

CLASS DAY.

Salutatory.....	Miss Baker
Orator.....	Mr. Harrington
Historian.....	Miss Garvin
Prophet.....	Miss Fulton
Poet.....	Miss Agnes Smith

READERS.

Miss Grace Reed.....	Miss Rand
Mr. Farr.....	Miss Hobart

DEBATE.

Miss Daly.....	Miss Bean
Miss Reagan.....	Miss Perkins

PANTOMIME.

Miss Clarke.....	Miss Jones
Miss Cowan.....	Miss Lynch
Miss Flint.....	Miss Schenkel
Miss Heineman.....	Miss Wheeler
Miss Jennings.....	

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Miss Baker.....	Miss Grace Reed
Miss Garvin.....	Miss Rickey
Miss Havener.....	Miss Scott
Miss Hobart.....	Miss Sharp
Miss Kimball.....	Miss Suter

Miss Lawson.....	Miss Grace Thompson
Miss Myser	Miss Tyler
Miss Rackham	

VICTORIAN PROSE.

"Masks and Faces"—C. Reade.

Mr. Triplet.....	Miss Bradstreet
Mr. Vane.....	Miss Simmons
Colley Cibber.....	Miss Tyler
Mr. Quin.....	Miss Beales
Mr. Pomander	Miss Monroe
Mr. Soaper.....	Miss Trow
Mr. Snarl.....	Miss Nickles
Pompey	Miss Belcher
Mrs. Triplet.....	Miss Turner
Peg Woffington.....	Miss Griffith
Mrs. Vane.....	Miss Suter
Mrs. Clive.....	Miss Caroline Thompson
Triplet Children {	Miss Gill
	Miss Hammond

"Old Curiosity Shop"—Dickens.

Dick Swiveller.....	Mr. Davidson
Sampson Brass.....	Miss Scates
Mr. Quilp.....	Miss Scott
The "Marchioness".....	Miss Bannon
Sally Brass.....	Miss Barlow

"Romola"—George Eliot.

Tito Melema.....	Mr. Sharps
Romola.....	Miss Myser

"The Princess and the Butterfly"—Pinero.

Sir George Lamorant.....	Miss Crichton
Sir Robert Chichele.....	Miss Hodgkin
Edward Oriel.....	Miss Waggoner
Maxime Demailly.....	Miss Lena Reid
Denstroude.....	Miss Haynes
Ronald St. Roche.....	Miss Hardenbergh
Arthur Eave.	Miss Chaffee
Adrian Mylls.....	Miss Hanno
Bartley Levan.....	Miss Sander
Percival Ord.....	Miss Arguello
Kara Pasha.....	Miss Hogan
Count Reviczky.....	Mrs. Horn
Gen. Yanakoff.....	Miss Babcock
Col. Ughbrook.....	Miss Maude Smith

Sir James Percival.....	Miss Sharp
Faulding.....	Miss Sanborn
Princess Pannonia.....	Miss Lawson
Fay Zuliani.....	Miss Keppie
Lady Ringstead.....	Miss Powers
Lady Chichele.....	Miss Morris
Annis Marsh.....	Miss Thayer
Mrs. St. Roche.....	Miss Jacoby
Mrs. Marsh.....	Miss Phillips
Blanche Ariel.....	Miss Blood
Mrs. Sabiston.....	Miss Archibald
Mme. Yanakoff.....	Miss Ingalls
Mrs. Ughbrook.....	Miss Emma Ross
Catherine.....	Miss Tracy

The Senior class is proud to be the winner of "The Emerson Banner," which became the property of the class that sold the largest number of tickets for "Alabama." Much of the credit for this victory is due Miss Floris Perkins, whose energy in disposing of tickets was untiring. The class expresses sincere gratitude to Miss Perkins for her enthusiastic efforts along this line, and congratulates her for her splendid work in the play.

The Seniors regret very much the loss of one of its most popular members, Miss Anna Sander, of Washington, who was recently called home on account of the illness of her mother. We sincerely hope that she will return next year to join us in the post-graduate course.

'09

The Junior class takes great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Fisher has been elected as marshall for commencement week.

The Junior Promenade was held at The Vendome Hotel on Friday evening, the tenth of April. A full account will be printed next month.

We welcome back again Miss Minnie Reese Richardson, who sprained her ankle sometime ago in Posse Gymnasium. We missed Miss Richardson's vivacious presence greatly, and are glad indeed to have her with us once more.

Just a few weeks remaining! We mean to work together better than ever and try to bring new inspiration to the members of the Faculty who are extremely busy at this time of year.

'10

Last milestone for this year! Volume IV of the "Evolution" has appeared. Well, that's all right, but how about taking an examination in all four?

Many of the class spent a pleasant vacation at home, taking some of their far-away friends with them. Still others had a good time right in Boston.

On Wednesday afternoon, March eleventh, Miss Moore entertained several of the girls at her suite on Columbus Avenue. Misses Bruggeman, Munro, Novotney, Goldsmith, VanClowes, Ryan, Smith, and Powers were present, and all had a splendid time. Miss Moore made her guests perfectly at home and had the best spread ever! Miss Moore is certainly a charming, little hostess.

Mr. Morrel, a former member of the class, has been seen about college recently.

Yes this is leap year! Also the Freshmen had a stunt bearing on matrimonial prospects. Of course it was expected that it would make an impression, and bring results later. But we didn't look for anything important quite so soon. Now perhaps you remember a certain deaf lady, who made quite a hit in the stunt. Strange to say her quotation was, "Hear the mellow wedding bells, golden bells!" but she was here interrupted by an accusation of "vis ualizing." Perhaps she was! At any rate she has heard the wedding bells, for the news comes by telegram that Miss Mable Gannon became Mrs. Frank Cooper on March eighteenth. It is a great surprise even to the girls in her own house, as she was expected to return as usual after vacation. The class extends hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cooper.

Now who do you suppose will carry on the good work? You never can tell.

Alumni Notes.

General.

A breezy western letter comes from Northfield, Minn., where Calvin C. Thomas, '04, has been teaching the past year. Mr. Thomas has conducted gymnasium, physical training, rhetoric and oratory classes. He writes, "I read with interest the magazine numbers telling me all that is going on at E. C. O. Each number is to me a helpful call to arms."

"I want to thank Emerson College for sending us such a charming reader as Miss Casseday. We hope we may have the pleasure of hearing her again," writes Edith Spencer in a graceful note from Dorchester.

The account of two Ben Hur recitals came recently to the editor's desk. The first was given by Mrs. Grace Aspell Dunn, '97, of Fort Plain, New York. "In the first place the recital was a marvel of condensation," writes the Rev. M. D. Jump, in appreciation of Mrs. Dunn's rendition. He continues, "It gave the extended story without a serious omission from start to finish, giving distinctness to every important character and to every climax the full force and effect."

"In the second place her work in every line revealed the true artist. In gesture, bearing modulation and truth of feeling the rendition was well nigh perfect.

"But, thirdly, and still more important, was her interpretation, skill

and power. The inner meaning of the story was made vital, and this meaning was the divinely-human glory of the Christ.

"Sometimes we are impatient of the frivolous amusement madness of the times, but in Mrs. Dunn's conscientious and commanding work we see that there is still a love for serious and thoughtful interpretation of great themes, especially when presented with noble art, and suffused with a spirit of sincerity and moral earnestness.

"We could but feel that this entertainer has a mission to instruct as well as entertain; a mission to move us toward the higher and nobler ideals of life."

The second Ben Hur recital was held in Auburn, N. Y., and the appreciative audience was hearty in its applause of the reader, Grace Jean Salls, '07. One of the Prominent Auburn papers gives this account of Miss Salls's work:

"Her renderings of the scenes from the great book Ben Hur were sympathetic, forceful and vivid. The audience was caught in the progress of the story, and held until the close of the final scene 'The Miracle.' Miss Salls has a perfect self control, and her ability to represent skilfully diverse personalities is remarkable. She made one see the scenes of the story rather than hear them related.

"She gave a brief prelude in which was sketched an outline of the times, giving a setting for what was to come. Between the selections from the book she carried the thread of the narrative along to make a smooth and harmonious whole. The scenes are as follows: Prologue, Angel and the Shepherds; part I, Accident to Gratus, By the Well at Nazareth; part II, On Board the Galley 'Astrea,' Chariot race; part III, The Disillusionment, The Miracle.

"Miss Salls at all times showed good judgment, and in the most difficult places where a single misstep would have ruined an effect, her power was most evident. She did not strain for effect nor overdo any part, yet she made the most of the dramatic possibilities in the situations of the various scenes. The recital was one of the best of its kind that has been given locally in a long time and Miss Salls fully earned the unstinted praise which was given her."

Plymouth church, Spokane, Washington, enjoyed a delightful evening on March 6th, when Nellie M. Fisher, '04, of the Cheney State Normal presented Straus's musical rendition of Enoch Arden. The church bulletin says of her work: "It is superb, not pompously technical nor keyed beyond the range of everyday appreciation, but simple, straightforward, and marvelously captivating."

Emerson College Magazine Association.

Dear Friend: Enclosed find a check for this year—. I always look forward to the coming of the magazine and wish you all kinds of success. May I say "Amen" to the letter from Miss Kingsley, which was published

in the February number? Those of us who are plodding along as best we can, need all the ideas you can send us.

For nine years I have had full charge of the Expression department in this school. It has been my aim to dramatize the school classics, as far as possible, for public programs.

Much interest was shown in our program this week. I take pleasure in enclosing one—"Among the Magazines" is very helpful to busy teachers. Cordially Yours,

AUGUSTA HELEN GILMORE, '98.

Dickinson Seminary,
Williamsport, Pa., March 14, '08.

The "program," which Miss Gilmore mentions, was a splendid one and the press accounts were most flattering: "The presentation was pronounced one of the best amateur efforts that has been staged at the seminary in recent years." The dramatization was that of Silas Merner, and was presented March 12th in the Seminary chapel.

Mrs. Mabel Henderson Vandemark, '97, of No. 4 Plympton St., Woburn, Mass., called at the office recently. She is busy this winter assisting her husband, the Rev. Wilson E. Vandemark, who is pastor of the M. E. church. Her Emerson training is most helpful in her parish work.

Ame C. Looker, '92, who lives at 43 Holbein House, Sloane Square, S. W. London, writes to the college of her recent marriage to Mr. Thwing of London. Mr. Thwing is the senior partner of the Gabbetas Thwing and Company, scholastic agency. Mr. and Mrs. Thwing will reside in London.

Olga White, '05, is receiving many compliments for her successful coaching of amateurs in one of the cleverest satires on English social life. "The Duke of Killicrankie" presented in Pensacola Opera House, March 3, "was by far the greatest artistic treat of the season, that Pensacola has enjoyed. Every part was sustained with splendid artisticness. Miss White, who played Mrs. Mulholland, a widow whose husband suddenly made a fortune, and who aspires to society, showed herself a finished actress."

"Among the Breakers," a two-act drama, was given by the members of the Dramatic club of Peddie Institute, in the chapel on February 18th. The play was coached by Louise R. Browne of the Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J. It is interesting to note that this is the thirty-third play which Miss Browne has presented since coming to the school in 1901.

"Among the Breakers" proved to be one of the treats of the season.

Less than a year ago there was organized in Minneapolis a new institution known as the Minneapolis School of Music, Oratory and Dramatic Art. Charles M. Holt, '96, has charge of the department of oratory, while Mrs. Holt is one of the teachers. The enrollment is steadily

increasing and the school is flourishing in every line. The building occupied by the school is centrally located and especially adapted for work of musical and oratorical nature.

On the evening of March 23rd the school presented, "The Merchant of Venice." This difficult play was not only well staged and costumed but it was given with much professional atmosphere. Mr. and Mrs. Holt received many congratulations upon their successful coaching of the cast.

A beautiful tribute is paid to Coralie Franklin Cook, in the March issue of a prominent missionary paper. Coralie Franklin Cook was born in West Virginia of parents who had spent their early years in slavery, but at the time of her birth were connected with the faculty of Storer College of Harper's Ferry.

Coralie at an early age showed decided talent along lines of literature and oratory. She graduated from Storer Normal School and taught among her people for several years. She then entered upon a course study at the School of Elocution at Philadelphia, but later returned to the Storer School as teacher of literature and elocution. In 1898 she married Prof. George William Cook, of Harvard University. During the summers of '99, '00, '01, '02 Mrs. Cook was a faithful student at Emerson. It was on the occasion of a celebration of the eightieth birthday of Susan B. Anthony at the Woman's Council that a speech by Mrs. Cook attracted much attention and won not only favorable comment by the press but the friendship of Mrs. Anthony.

Prof. Cook has been assisted by his wife in his labors at the Industrial*Home School for neglected boys. Prof. Cook is superintendent of the school. Mrs. Cook is a remarkable woman and is doing a great work among those of her race.

A clipping from the *Cambridge Chronicle* of March 28th tells of the work of the class in physical culture and oratory in the Cantabrigia Club of Cambridge. The closing exercises of this class were held March 28th and the excellent work of Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, '93, the director of the class, caused much favorable comment. The exercises ended Mrs. Sherman's winter work with the club.

The *Chronicle* says: "One of the annual events of the class always looked forward to with the highest anticipations, is the public meeting at the close of the class in physical culture.

"Mrs. M. L. Sherman, who has so long and ably conducted this class and for whom so warm an affection is felt, was cordially greeted when she stepped forth on the stage. She modestly disclaimed the idea that the drill to follow was an exhibition, but when evolution after evolution of the intricate figures in the march and the various fancy steps in the dances had been shown, besides the perfect rythm of the Emerson drill and the graceful movements of the Indian club swinging had been watched, the eager and pleased audiance felt that they were satisfied that they

had seen a fine exhibition at careful training and patient work.

"The program was as follows: Emerson drill, marching, the Duchess dance, mazurka, Dutch folk dance, and Indian club drill. Mrs. Blackard and Mrs. Chase were the leaders.

"This was followed by a Colonial play entitled 'Maids and Matrons,' by Grace B. Faxon. It was performed with spirit and enthusiasm and the parts were admirably assigned and carried out. The costumes were pretty and appropriate. The dancing of a minuet in the second act was particularly enjoyed.

"Mrs. Sherman can be congratulated on the very successful results of her winter's work."

This is a line of work that more of our graduates would do well to consider; and especially those who find it necessary to remain at home.

Miss Elizabeth White, '07, is one of the 'family' who writes 'home' frequently, and her letters always bring us encouragement and joy. In a recent communication she says: "Many thanks for the magazine, which arrived promptly and which was most thoroughly enjoyed. Maggie is certainly improving. I look forward to her arrival with great pleasure—and I'm never disappointed."

She then tells us of a recent recital given by her class in Oratory. The work was enthusiastically received, but Miss White modestly says, "I'm going to *beat* it before the end of the year." And if she says so, we believe that she will do it.

Emerson College Club Notes.

There was a large company at the April meeting of the Emerson College Club of Boston, held Tuesday evening, April 7th, at the home of Dean and Mrs. Southwick, Brookline. The cordial welcome and general hospitality of Dean and Mrs. Southwick deeply impressed the Club and inspired it with new enthusiasm in the work of furthering the interest of the College and former students.

Mrs. Southwick spoke with feeling and fervor on "Character and Art," and read two poems illustrating the theme of her talk. Mr. Eugene Goudy added to the pleasure of the evening by his sympathetic rendering of musical selections. Refreshments were served by Misses Ruth, Mildred and Jessie Southwick.

A number of new members were received into the Club and several applications for membership were presented. Persons who wish to have their names proposed for membership are requested to communicate with the secretary.

Letter from Olga White, '05.

Pensacola, Fla., April 1, 1908.

Dear Ones at Home: Mrs. Southwick always spoke of us as members of one big family, and just because I've left the family roof-tree, I have not become an alien, though I am at the other end of the states. Why should I? One goes around the world, but thinks ever of the parents who nurtured him and the brothers and sisters in the home, though he may not have seen them in many years. Neither can he forget the institution which gave birth to and nurtured ideals that have grown and are ripening and which will fill his life full with the things that are true and real. His heart will often go out in gratitude to those who planted the seeds, and in loving remembrance of those who shared the work of seed time and the joy of the harvest season with him. Then there is always a vital interest in those who are in the field now, like that one feels in younger brothers and sisters whom one has never seen. And so you are, "Dear Ones at Home" to me. You who are not there in person will get my letter which will be forwarded to you from "Home."

But—to tell you of my work: After teaching English and Expression for two years at the Southern Industrial Institute, Camp Hill, Ala., my sister, who teaches vocal and piano, and I decided to open a studio here at home, which we did last September, and we have been very successful. This is a sleepy old city—founded before St. Augustine, but was deserted and rebuilt afterwards. It now has a population of thirty thousand, composed of negroes, Italians, Irish, French, Spanish and Southern aristocrats—and a few others. But it is waking up since the discovery was recently made that we have an unusual harbor. All the modern conveniences have been put in now but the sub-way.

It is a wonderfully beautiful old city, cozily nestled between two bays and a bay, within sound of the roar of the Gulf. The skies are so clear; and the moon so brilliant and beautiful reflected in the water; and the giant oaks, with the mosses clinging to them, so picturesque, that one would be content to sit and dream one's life away. That is the difficulty in trying to teach Expression in a *thorough* way here. Inspiration "to do" is soon forgotten in the beauty of the scene and the aromatic odors everywhere. A teacher must needs be a preacher. But so responsive are all my pupils to a few words and a quotation from Emerson, or Dean Southwick, that they usually get the benefit of each lesson by throwing themselves heart and soul into it. They are every one bright and talented and most of them planning to go to Emerson.

As a special effort of the program to entertain the Confederate Veterans, who were having a State Reunion here last fall, my pupils presented "Two Little Rebels," by Elise West, with very great success. On March second, the first evening of the Carnival, we put on John Drew's famous play, "The Duke of Killicrankie;" so you see we *can* shake off the

tendency to dream, and recall the inspiration, and proceed with "animation" to the task in hand, when the occasion demands. I anticipate putting on "Mid-Summer Night's Dreams" out doors, as a Commencement feature.

The Magazine, telling all that is going on at "Home" and what the big brothers and sisters are doing, is a great comfort. A body would get "mighty" homesick without it, I tell you.

I wonder if '05 will not send me a postal—every one of them? I shall be delighted to send one in return—the very prettiest ones I can find.

With love to all the family, I remain, always one of your own,

OLGA H. WHITE, '05,
802 Blount St.

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AGNES G. SMITH, Editor. J. A. GARBER, Bus. Mngr. MARY I. ELLIS, College News.

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May.

There's perfume sweet upon the air
And song of bird and bee,
A melody in babbling brook
And in the restless sea;
The sun bends low and loves to life
The death of winter's day,
And earth and air are full of joy—
When comes the merry May.

But to my ear a sweeter note
Than bird, or stream, or sea,
And in my heart a warmer glow
Than clothes the wood and lea;
Oh, broad and deep the bourgeoning
Into the soul's new way,
And speaks a voice unheard before—
When comes my merry Mae!

J. A. GARBER.

The Magazine Board.

The Board of Editors and representatives of the *Emerson College Magazine* for the year just completed merit highly the appreciation which has come to them from all readers, old and new. In response to many intimations that readers would be interested in hearing more about these students, whose work has been manifest on every page, the editors have consented to print the following article:

J. A. Garber, born in Rockingham County, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia in 1879, is the Business Manager of the Magazine. As a boy he attended the public schools of his home town and in the autumn of 1897 entered Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va., where in 1899 he received the degree B. E. The next year he completed the Commercial course in the same institution. Mr. Garber, took a special course at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind., about this time, and studied with Prof. Frank S. Fox, President of the Capitol College of Oratory, Columbus, Ohio, and also with Dean and Mrs. Southwick in the Summer School, at Charlottesville, Va. In 1900 he accepted a position as Instructor in his alma mater. The next year he was elected to full professorship and was made Principal of the Commercial Department, and he also had charge of the classes in Expression. In 1903 Mr. Garber was elected Principal of the Prince William Academy, Brentsville, Va., where he completed a very successful year. He declined a re-election to the same position in order to take up the further study of Expression at Emerson College. He entered here in the fall of 1904, finishing his course, after several interruptions, in 1907.

Mr. Garber combines in a peculiar manner literary ability, dramatic insight and business skill. During his Southern college life he was a member of the magazine board of *The Philomathean Monthly* for several years, serv-

ing both as Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager. During this time he contributed a number of stories and essays to the publication. As Business Manager of "Bridgewater College: Its Past and Present," a history of the College covering twenty-five years of its life, Mr. Garber's clear business head and true literary appreciation contributed in no small measure to the book's success. His dramatic ability has been shown very clearly by his work in "Arms and Man," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Alabama," and a number of one-act plays, while his discriminating literary judgment has been evident in every issue of the Magazine of the present volume.

Mr. Garber and college spirit are almost synonymous terms. For three years he held the position of captain of the baseball team of his alma mater, and during his student career at Emerson he enthusiastically fostered college spirit in his capacity as president of his class in his Freshman year and the latter part of the Senior year. His interest in and broad but practical knowledge of college life and college management fitted him to fill most ably the office of Secretary, which he has held this last year in addition to his position as Manager of the Magazine.

Under the management of Mr. Garber the Magazine has completed the most successful year of its existence. Not only has that grim spectre, "the Magazine debt," melted away, but there remains a margin for the Board of next year. Besides acting as Manager, Mr. Garber has done much of the editorial work of the Magazine, has been Professor of Public Speaking in People's Institute and substitute teacher of Rhetoric at Emerson.

Agnes Garfield Smith, the Editor-in-Chief of the *Emerson College Magazine*, was born July 16, 1881, in Ithaca, New York. Her childhood and girlhood, which were spent in Tonawanda, N. Y., culminated in her graduation from the North Tonawanda High School in 1897. Two years later

she entered the Freshman class of Cornell University, where she directed the majority of her efforts to the study of English Literature and the languages, in which studies she displayed noteworthy ability. Following her graduation from Cornell in 1902, (B. A. course), Miss Smith accepted a position as teacher of English in the High School of Sandy Creek, New York. She continued teaching English in the schools of her native state, steadily advancing from one position to another until in 1906, when she set her teaching aside temporarily in order that she might more fully develop her literary and dramatic tendencies at Emerson.

Both as a Freshman and as a Senior, Miss Smith has displayed enthusiastic school spirit. She has been a faithful worker on the different "Stunt" Committees, a valuable factor in the editing of the *Emersonian* and an ardent advocate of The Students' Association. Her editorial work in the Magazine speaks for itself as she likewise spoke for herself on Senior Class Day as Class Poet.

Miss Smith now intends to renew her work as a teacher of English and Expression and to further develop her literary talent, which already has been manifested in several articles, poems and short stories published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and other magazines.

The department of College News, has been ably filled by Mary Isabel Ellis, of the Junior Class, and a member of the Delta Delta Phi Sorority. Miss Ellis was born July 6, 1886, in New York City. Her entire life has been spent in New York State, first in Brooklyn, later in the mountains of Delaware County, and finally in Kingston-on-the-Hudson. After being graduated from the Kingston Academy in 1905, Miss Ellis taught district school for nine weeks, and then accepted a position in the grade schools of Kingston. The following year she entered Emerson, where she is taking extra work, which will qualify her to receive both her senior and post-graduate diploma in 1909.

In the Kingston Academy, Miss Ellis displayed the energy and spirit which have been hers at Emerson, by winning, in 1903, the first prize in the prize-speaking contest, and by her work as Editor of the *Kingston Academy Spectator*. At Emerson she has been chairman of the Freshman "Stunt" Committee and the Junior Calendar Committee. In addition to her work at college and on the Magazine, Miss Ellis reads frequently at public recitals, and is everywhere enthusiastically received.

Susan Applegate, the representative of the Post-Graduate class, is a native of Bridgetown, New Jersey. Her early education was received in the public schools of Bridgetown, from whose High School she was graduated with honors. Miss Applegate continued her education in the South Jersey Institute at Bridgetown, and in the National School of Oratory, Philadelphia, receiving her diploma from the latter institution in 1899. She has spent two years at Emerson and this year received her professional diploma.

Miss Applegate's interest in Expression has always been supreme in her life. The work she has done at Emerson should enable her to acquire additional recognition of merit which she has already won by her excellent teaching in the South Jersey Institute and in the Central College in Lexington, Mo.

The representative of the Senior Class is Alice Lorraine Daly, who has always lived in Minnesota, in St. Paul during the winter, and at Grey Cloud Island, in the Mississippi River, during the summer. Miss Daly attended the public schools of St. Paul, and is a graduate of the Cleveland High School of that city. From the High School she went to the University of Minnesota, where, in 1907, she received the degree of Bachelor of Arts and six months later, by special request of the Board of Regents, she was granted the degree of Master of Arts, with English as her Major subject.

In the fall of 1907 Miss Daly entered the Senior Class of Emerson, where she has taken a lively interest in the activities and possibilities of the institution. She was a member of the "Stunt" Committee, one of the editorial staff of the *Emersonian*, which she helped both in a literary and financial way, and is best known as the promoter and president of The Students' Association.

Miss Daly's interests are literary and dramatic. While a student at the University she contributed short stories and commendable articles to the College Magazine.

Mary Rebecca Slifer, the Junior Class representative of the Magazine, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the eighth of April, 1886. As her father's business is with the railroads, her life has been a series of moves, first to the Middle West, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois, then to New Jersey, and finally to the Isthmus of Panama.

Miss Slifer received her education in the public schools of the west and in Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from the Seminary Department of which institution she was graduated in 1904. After two years spent at home and in traveling, Miss Slifer in 1906 entered Emerson College, where she has since taken an active interest in all phases of College life. She is a member of Delta Delta Phi Sorority, and of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Vice-President of the class of 1909 in the Freshman year, and in the Junior Year Class Secretary, and chairman of the "Stunt" Committee.

Miss Slifer is especially interested in Expression as a means of interpreting Literature as well as for its own sake. While at Milwaukee-Downer she was elected a participant in the yearly recitals and class reader at her graduation. As she has been elected Editor-in-chief of the *Emerson College Magazine* for the ensuing year, we may expect to hear more of her again.

Jessica Minerva Powers, one of the brightest and cleverest students in the Freshman class, has reported the doings of that class to the Magazine during the past year. She was born in Marlboro, Mass., December 8, 1888. Her life has been spent in the vicinity of Boston where she attended public schools and also in Randolph, Massachusetts. Her preparatory education was completed in Thayer Academy, where she was graduated from the classical course in 1906. She planned to enter Wellesley, but on deciding to come to Emerson, discontinued her Post-Graduate year at Thayer and gave private lessons in Physical Culture, in which she is vitally interested.

Since entering Emerson last fall, Miss Powers has gained much popularity. She is a member of the Glee Club, Vice-President of the Y. W. C. A., and has recently been elected President of her class for the Junior Year.

Miss Powers is ambitious and energetic. Besides her work at Emerson, she teaches privately in Randolph and frequently reads in public. She is a popular reader and bids fair to be among the foremost students of Emerson College.

S. E.

*A New Hampshire Milton.

By W. J. ROLFE.

Doubtless "mute inglorious Miltons" rest in many another country churchyard than the one at Stoke Pogis immortalized by Gray. I possess an interesting relic of a native bard of this humble type, who, though, like the singer of "Paradise Lost," not "mute," was nevertheless "inglorious," except for his transient local fame in a New England rural district. In his day and generation he was more fortunate than the great majority of his class, who seldom get into print unless in the "Poets Corner" of a country newspaper. He attained the distinction of having his lyrics collected in a book, an imperfect copy of which came into my hands more than fifty years ago.

It is a tiny volume of 252 pages (each measuring $4\frac{3}{8}$ by $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches) bound in "full sheep," like an oldtime pocket New Testament. The title-page reads thus: "The Farmer's Meditations, Or Shepherd's Songs. By Thomas Randall, a Resident of Eaton, N. H." The imprint is "Limerick, Me. Wm. Burr, Printer, 1833." Eaton is a town of about five hundred inhabitants, in Carroll County, in the northeastern part of New Hampshire.

Whether the book contained a preface or dedication I do not know, as a few pages following the title are missing.

[*This article recently appeared in the *New England Magazine*. We quote the following from a letter received from Dr. Rolfe: "Since it appeared in the *New England Magazine* a lady in New York City, who has a complete copy of the book, sends me a transcript of the perface, which was written by a Mr. Jordan (perhaps the village clergyman or schoolmaster) to whom the poet entrusts the manuscript for publication, stipulating that he should not alter the text except to correct (or to indicate) violations of grammar or the use of improper or inaccurate words. This was done by Mr. Jordan by the insertion of the *italics* which I supposed to be the "Shepard's" own. Otherwise Mr. Jordan praises the poems as works of untaught genius."]

There are more than a hundred of the poems in all, and, like those of Milton, the majority are of a sacred or religious character. Others, like "Lycidas" and the lines "On the Death of a Fair Infant," are in an elegiac strain, while the rest are on subjects drawn from nature, village life, and history.

"The Ox" is the theme of "Poem XII.," and a few of the sixteen stanzas may be quoted as a sample:

"His horns we use to make us combs;
Oil is extracted from his bones.
The ox we view with great delight,
And love to taste his tender tripe.

"His liver, too, it is confess'd,
Is excellent, if rightly dress'd.
His hair, when mixed well with lime,
It plasters well on oak or pine.

"His paunch, the country women, *please*;
It's often used to fetch their cheese.
(Tho' this may make the ladies laugh,
It's not inferior to the calf.)

"The tongue, that often roll'd the cud,
Combed his hair and lick'd the mud,
(We can't reproach it for a lie)
It makes a most delicious pie."

The italics in *it* and *please* are in the original, and illustrate what the author appears to mark apologetically as "poetic license." Another instance, and a bolder one, is in these lines elsewhere:

"Their language was charming, 'twas lovely and true;
Each sound was delightful, *and plain to the view.*"

So also in a poem on "The Loss of Parents:"

"Their sleep or slumber we deplore—
If sleep—*why do they never snore?*

Certain words are used again and again in this italicized way, regardless of the sense, as in this stanza:

"The sun and moon adoring stand,
The glory both of sea and land.
The earth they ever will *convene*,
And clothe her well in living green."

And in another poem:

"He's cloth'd us with the richest dress,
In publick to be seen;
The worth of learning did impress;
(In business to *convene*.)"

The following is from the elegy "On the Sudden Death of John Hern:"

"That voice that so often has thrill'd on the ear,
By the call of his dog, *and the grasp of his gun*,
Those limbs, not oft weary, nor startled with fear,
Are cold now in death, and his voice is undone."

If our modern poetasters made such emphatic confession of words and phrases used for the rhyme rather than with reason, the printer's italic fonts would be heavily drawn upon. I will add only one more example of the kind out of many that might be cited:

"May Europe (*now in foreign lands*)
Soon burst *their* heathen, slavish bands!—"

though *their*, where *her* might have been used, was not required on metrical grounds, like the superfluous geographical information about Europe.

We may infer that the keeper of the village store is satirized in the poem on "The Subtile Merchant," of whom we are told:

"It's by his craft and subtilty,
He lives in ease and luxury;
His table *it* is richly spread,
While costly suits adorn his bed.

"His house is mounted high in air,
With carved work that's fine and fair;
Some costly paint is then applied,
It's neatly brushed on every side.

"His silver spoon, his golden dish,
All things are suited to his wish;
Rich carpets do adorn his floor,
Drawn from the simple, laboring poor!"

Very different is the fulsome eulogy on "The Tall Lawyer of N. H. (J. M.) (*written while at court*," (which begins thus:

"There is a lion in this place
Conceal'd from many an eye;
But noble heads and generous hearts
Do view him standing by.

"Carelessly he moves about
Upon the publick floor;
And, through the assembly while he looks,
Begins his dreadful roar.

"With majesty he rears his head
Light streaming from his eye;
His passions he does well suppress
To raise his judgment high.

"He's like a tall, majestic tree
Whose fruit is rich and rare,
He has to bow his head to see
And learn where people are!"

It would appear that there was a mining "boom" in Eaton or its vicinity at that time, though it is to be feared that its success was not brilliant. Our poet, in his "Remarks on Mining, &c.," says of the local "promoter."

"Binny's a man of piercing eye;
He cleaves the rocks, he makes them fly;
With his steel hammers and his drills,
Explores the bowels of the hills.

"Each thundering blast—does shake the sky!
While rocks in nameless ways do fly!
The shining minerals leave their bed,
Pours forth in torrents round his head!"

The poem ends with this prophecy, but it is the only assurance of "A. Binny's" fame that has come down to these latter days:

"His name will live in future times,
As an explorer of the mines—
While their rich treasure shall remain,
Time shall record A. Binny's name."

One of the elegies has the title: "Remarks on John March; a man of large stature, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and who lately died at his residence in Eaton. (Inserted by Request.)" The first two of the twenty stanzas are as follows:

"The mighty fall by God's command;
Who can secure their breath?
John March, Esquire, has quit the land,
Resign'd his life in death.

"His bulky form we did admire;
Uncommon was his weight;
A fever seized on him like fire,
And shortly seal'd his fate."

The early demise of an Eaton damsel of eighteen is be-moaned in twenty-four stanzas, of which only a few can be cited:

"Young Esther Merrow once was here,
Robust and hearty, fresh and fair:
Health flow'd in streamlets round her head,
Threw in her face both white and red.

"Fair Esther, once with wit and sense,
Whose flesh was soft, whose bones were dense,
Is gone to earth from whence she rose,
Where all her frame will decompose.

"She's met in youth her deadly fate,
And pass'd in haste death's iron gate;
She's fled and left the world behind
(To grasp at air or empty wind.)"

But the most pathetic of these lyrics is that "On the Death of Miles Shorey"—a tribute, like Milton's, to "a fair infant," but longer than his (88 lines to his 77.) Here also brief portions must suffice for the present purpose:

"Miles Shorey, fifteen months of age,
In haste has quit his favorite stage,
By oil of vitriol, spill'd on him,
And was consumed in the flame.

"This child—who suffer'd by this fire,
His father's name was Nehemiah,
Who is a real friendly man,
His loving mother's name was Ann.

"Join'd in the bands of social life,
This Nehemiah and his wife
In Buxton liv'd (their residence),
Possessing there the joys of sense.

* * * * *

"But in the midst of all their care,
Death unto him was drawing near;
It was conceal'd within a jar,
His tender flesh and life to mar!

"To gratify his childish wish,
He spill'd the oil upon his flesh,
Run o'er his frame in various ways,
And swept him off within three days!

"He groan'd—he died—he quit the stage—
But only fifteen months of age—
Sunk back to earth, from whence he came—
Still on record we have his name.

"But Miles—we hope his spirit flies
In purer climes, beyond the skies,
Finds pleasure far beyond the jar,
With vitriol fire his face to mar."

It would be interesting to quote from some of the historical poems—for instance, the "Description of the Horse, with an Account of Alexander and Bonaparte," in 57 stanzas; "Bucephalus, that wonderous beast" being the connecting link between the animal and Alexander, and his famous steed suggesting Napoleon's "horse call'd Noble," that

"gave him ease
Over the Alps and Pyrenees—"

but I must end with a few stanzas referring to Boston and its history:

“Now Boston City heaves in sight,
With mounted domes and spires;
Their various colors give delight,
And kindle new desires.

“Their sounding bells are heard afar,
Sweet tuneful notes they play,
The thrilling sound salutes the ear,
And celebrates the day.

“Boston was once the torch of war,
The dawn of liberty;
Old Britain's Acts they did abhor,
And salted well her tea.

“They did declare they would be free,
And rose in dreadful haste,
And when they'd made a Dish of tea,
To right about they fac'd.

“And soon on Breed's or Bunker Hill.
They fac'd the dreadful foe,
Declar'd no teapots they would fill,
While India tea should grow;

“Not under Parliament'ry laws,
Where duties must be paid—
For they were now in freedom's cause;—
And blast the India trade!”

The spelling and punctuation of the quotations have been followed throughout.

Class Poem.

To-morrow's dawn shall bring to us
A cherished hope fulfilled,
A fond ambition realized,
That could not else be stilled
Saved by our giving, full and free,
The best of thought and heart,
That we might learn full well to show
The richness of our Art.

The Art by which with spoken word
Are hidden truths made plain;
And stolid hearts, awakened, feel
The depths of joy and pain
Their fellow men have felt before;
The erstwhile blinded see
The matchless charm of golden thoughts
That live eternally.

Those thoughts which breathe of Nature's world,
Which paint in colors bold
The splendors of the sunset sky,
Of mountain, wood, and wold;
The while we list the sweeping song
Of blast and surging sea,
Or hear through hush of summer night
Sweet woodland melody.

Those thoughts which breath of faith and love,
Which strengthen, calm, inspire,
Which banish brooding discontent
And silence wrong desire
With visions of the God-like man
The human yet may be,
When self-surrender crowns the soul
With Truth's sincerity.

To voice with powers these deathless thoughts—
A dream we all have dreamed,
And most of all in joyous hour
When near the vision seemed;
And if there come some whispered fear
To chill our heart's desire,
Shall helpless silence seal our lips
And we no more aspire?

It must not be! 'Twere treason thus
To hide the gift away
In grief, because the gift seem small;
For they who Truth obey
Use well whatever gift be theirs,
And trusting, learn to know
By giving forth the best within,
The power to give doth grow.

But what if after years of toil,
Truth seem no longer true,
The shining goal grow sudden dim
And even lost to view!
Will some fair angel in a dream
Once more the vision show?
Doubt not, but hear this tale of joy,
If thou wouldst truly know.

At eventide a weary youth
Sank down in sore dismay
Upon the silent, endless sands
He'd trod since break of day;
Swift darkness fell, nor moon nor star
Vouchsafed one beacon light;
No sound save wail of wandering wind
Swept through the blackening night.

Then thus in anguish cried the youth:
"My path I cannot see!
The light that gleamed at early morn
Alas, gleamed not for me!
Oh why should now my path be hid,
Is all my toil for naught;
And shall I never find the light
Which I in faith have sought?"

"Be not afraid, for thou shalt find!"
A clear, sweet voice replied;
"To those who seek in earnest faith
The light is ne'er denied!
The lonely night must come to all,
But wait the dawn, O Youth!
Then look on high! Before thee lie
The sunrise hills of Truth!"

Again the wind swept o'er the sands,
And lo! its wailing cry,
Now tender as an angel's voice,
Became a lullaby!
It sang to sleep the weary youth,
He dreamed the night was gone—
He woke to find the distant hills
Clear shining through the dawn!

AGNES G. SMITH, '08.

The Personal Factor.

Class Oration.

The term "personal factor" may be construed to mean simply you,—the body, brain, soul, and bundle of habits that make a distinctive something called "you."

Experience teaches us that it is the personal factor which gives one the power to do and the wisdom to choose rightly at crucial moments, which radiates a magnetism that makes for one a host of friends or subjects him to a life of loneliness, which engenders good or evil impulses, which determines to a great extent success or failure, right living or depravity, happiness or discontent in every walk and phase of human life.

It is obvious that one's personality is susceptible to extraneous influences, and is capable of being materially and consistently developed, strengthened, and beautified. An all-seeing Providence has made each individual a unit, a marvelously co-ordinated structure absolutely under the dominion of enthroned reason, and vivified and illumined by a divine ray of celestial light. The sum of all the individual's physical, mental, moral, and spiritual attributes, and the unification and blending of all his traits, habits, characteristics, idiosyncrasies, likes and dislikes, constitutes the personal factor—the real you. It is clear, therefore, that, regardless of one's natural endowments, his personal development is, from its very complexity, a matter of slow growth, and is continually shaped and moulded by every influence that touches his life. To-day he is the product of many yesterdays, and when the sun rises on the morrow, the moving finger of today will have traced its indelible impression.

Therefore,—since one's career in life is determined largely by the personal factor, since the personal factor is ever changing, growing stronger or weaker, and since one's daily living and its consequent influence upon the personal factor is under the dominion of the will, it follows that one in the development of his personality can to a marked extent control his destiny.

Thus it is that the evolution of the personal factor is

like unto the rearing of a majestic arch whereon the sculpturing chisel of adversity and stern discipline leaves its enduring trace. The task is lifelong, but there is no reason for discouragement. Remember that the world's history is but the record of man's achievements,—achievements won by the strength of his arm, the keenness of his intellect, and the iron determination of his will—all elements in the personal equation. Historians have dedicated their deathless pages to men who have conquered nations, discovered continents, revealed noble truths, uttered sublime thoughts, composed wonderful harmonies of music, created beautiful works in painting and sculpture, and devoted their lives to the alleviation of human suffering and the betterment and uplifting of mankind. Yet it was but the personal factor that distinguished the great men of the past from their fellow men. It is but the personal factor that differentiates the foremost men of today from their contemporaries, and in the future it is the potent influence of the personal factor that will determine man's achievements.

In the art of expression, after every rule has been mastered, and every technical suggestion has been observed; after one has brought to bear upon his interpretation and expression of a given selection every means at his command, it is, in the last analysis, the personal factor that gives him a center of vision distinct from his fellow men, that causes his being to re-act in a unique manner to its stimuli, and makes his work distinctively and inimitably his own; hence the practical necessity of continually striving with a discreet and vigilant determination to develop the personal factor.

It should be our constant aim to form habits of correct diction and enunciation, to acquire a well-poised attitude; harmonious relation of thought and action; and in our preparation of subject matter, always to practice careful analysis, and diligent research.

The task of personal development, however, does not terminate with matters essential to development of body and brain. Our moral and spiritual attributes, likewise, must be seriously considered. Hence, it is necessary that we should carefully choose our companions—their personality re-acts upon us; and our books—they disseminate an

influence even as do our associates. Keep in mind then your moral standard and spiritual development. No personality can be great that does not reveal the fervent glow of an earnest soul. Recognize also that the personal factor must be rooted in the good brown earth of self respect. Pythagoras has said "Reverence thyself." It is imperative that we should. We have no excuse for not finding clean, wholesome society in our own thoughts.

High ideals and wise methods alone are not sufficient. Personal development rests, fundamentally, upon hard, conscientious work in conjunction with idealism and intelligent endeavor. It will not suffice fervently to exclaim, "I will do thus and so! I will do all that is required by the technique of whatever I may be studying! I will live so that my soul shall find fullest expression!" and then remain a passive nonentity, a mere negation; a bit of driftwood in the eddies of life's rushing stream—a being without vices and without virtues. Personal development demands positiveness and progression. One must not only affirm, but he must do that which he affirms. If he would "hitch his wagon to a star" it is necessary that he use the harness of resolution and determination. If he would follow the beckoning gleam, he must hold firmly the reins of sound discretion, and under the lash of painful striving urge himself up the path of light. Hard, intelligent, high-resolved work, with an abiding faith in eternal goodness, is thus a potent factor in personal development.

Disraeli maintained that the great secret of success consisted in being master of one's subject, and that mastery can be obtained only through constant application. Men who have moved the world have not alone been men of genius, but plain, every-day men of ordinary ability who were persevering, self-reliant, and indefatigable in their work. Determination is a wonder-working personal quality. Brilliant and impulsive men that lack perseverance are inevitably distanced in life's Marathon by those whose ability is supported by unyielding grit.

History is rich in examples of this truth. Giaridini practised twelve hours a day for twenty years before he became master of the violin. Rubenstein once said that if he ceased practicing for a day the difference in his playing

was apparent to him; if for two days, it was apparent to his friends; and if for three days it was apparent to the world.

Work, however, must be tempered with patience. Great results and high honors cannot be achieved in a moment. We must not only work diligently, but we must be content to advance slowly, step by step. To know how to wait is one of the great secrets of success. We cannot reap the harvest until we have ploughed the ground and sown the seed, and waited for sunshine and showers to work their wondrous changes before the golden splendor of autumn touches fruitful hill and meadow. There is no royal road to learning; no short cut to success. We still have to plod along in the material world; the airships are not yet running on regular schedule to dreamland. Impatience of study and lack of attention to detail is one of the mental diseases of the present generation. Use freely the tonics of ambition and perseverance, ever keeping in mind the maxim that he who does one thing well does more than all. Well-rounded personal development requires that one be not overcome by failure and disappointment. Fortune never smiles upon the craven-hearted. As an antidote to discouragement, therefore, we should ever keep in mind that adversity and sorrow are compensated by renewed strength,—strength to attempt and do,—real strength of personality.

History has chronicled many examples of perseverance under the grim shadow of disappointment. Thus Audubon, after years of labor, had two hundred of his choicest drawings of birds unfortunately destroyed; yet he did not despair, but straightway began the task of drawing them again. The manuscript of Carlyle's first volume of the French Revolution was used by a housemaid to kindle the kitchen fire. Carlyle at once began to rewrite it.

And as a practical consideration for us, as students of the speech arts, let us resolve that when we come to make actual use of what we have here learned, and the training we have here received, we will, in our choice of subject matter for public presentation, always select something of intrinsic worth, something which deals with what is interesting and wholesome and true. We should be alert to discover things that mankind would be better for knowing and

understanding, and, having discovered them, it should be our task to make plain that which we have perceived. A thing may not be uproarously popular, but if it embodies truth, surely it is our privilege to reveal it. The striving after truth, the coming into its presence and knowing it, and the pure delight of sincere belief in it, is the sovereign good of human nature.

Above all, be ever mindful that life is the great thing; that there is no real wealth except that which is found in a heart which is tender, and warm, and true. Through this consciousness only can we make our work a living truth and a labor of love. Oh, would that the power were given us to paint the thing as we see it for the God of things as they are! Each accomplishment is but as another touch of the artist's brush in the portrayal of the personal factor. Will the brush beautify or mar? Its colors are everlasting, and when at last the brush falls from our faltering fingers, what will the picture be? Will it stand forth in luminous colors, the delineation of a soul that lived truly and nobly, or will the cold eyes of the world perceive the withered and counterfeit presentment of what might have been a God-like man had he held the brush of personality in obedient fingers, and chosen from the palette of each day the colors that enrich and beautify?

When through the growth of the personal factor we have achieved in a measure success and honor, may we find faith to open our hearts to the mighty inspirational forces of the universe, and respond to the ceaseless throb of the great eternal Heart. Thus may we come to a realization that mortal power is limited; that there is an inexhaustible source from which flows all goodness, and beauty, and strength, and true life; and that it is only as we work in harmony with the laws of the Universe and allow the Divine power to work through us, unimpeded and unmarred by the conceit of our finite minds that we can create that which will triumphantly endure. Wisdom and strength to do are ours for "man can do or be the thing he wishes, if he hold that one thing dominant through night and day, and knows his strength is limitless because its fountain-head is God."

WILLIAM G. HARRINGTON, '08.

A Talk With the Alumni on Endowment.

To the Alumni and friends of Emerson College:—I am writing this article that I may tell each of you in a collective way, but individually what I'm sure each present student of Emerson would like to tell you in person. And more than this I feel safe to say that all I shall say will only be a prophecy of the thought and motive that rests with my classmates. To be fully understood and appreciated, this shall be all our thought and care. We address you in this way because we want you to be one of us again. We shall occupy no time in an attempt to dodge the issue, because the first line implies our wants. We can only be transparently honest about it. We want an endowment and we want you to help us get it. We trust that this will appeal to you as a privilege and not as a duty. If you can be one with us, as we are one, it will.

First, we need an endowment. We need it because our finances do not keep pace with our growth. If a man can assimilate \$3,000 and his income is only \$1,000, then his growth is retarded. He is running at only part capacity, like a factory with two-thirds of its hands laid off, or a three-thousand horse power engine with only one-third steam on. This is the position of Emerson. It can assimilate more. Its income does not parallel its development. Other institutions are glutted with money and are still receiving more, because the channels of philanthropy were long ago turned in their direction. It is not the amount of wealth in a country that makes prosperity, but the distribution. Emerson needs some of this distribution, and it is for us to get it.

Naturally you ask what has actually been done by our students. On the morning of April eighth the faculty and students held a mass meeting, presided over by Rev. Allen Stockdale, who opened the discussion of an endowment for Emerson by showing that every graduate of an institution owes his alma mater an immeasurable debt of gratitude. The students quickly caught the spirit of Mr. Stockdale's remarks and the response was immediate and enthusiastic. After several had shown that the cause was most worthy, and would surely meet the approval of alumni and philanthropists interested in educational work. Dr. Black brought

the matter directly home by not only pledging his support to any efforts made to interest outsiders, but by donating the sum of \$50.00, to be paid before January 1, 1909. The ball had been started rolling and before the meeting closed faculty, students and a number of alumni who were present pledged the sum of \$3,641 as a beginning—a sort of nest egg—for the endowment fund.

Meantime the question had arisen as to what means would be best to carry this matter to a successful termination. After some discussion, Miss Antoinette Tiller, '07, suggested that a Students' League or Association be organized, which should have for its general aim the betterment of the student body, and for its first practical object the taking of systematic measures to begin the securing of an endowment fund for the College. It was decided to hold a meeting the next morning for the purpose of organizing this Association. The organization was effected, and a full force of officers and committees are now busy formulating plans for effective work during vacation. In the autumn a complete constitution will be printed for distribution among the alumni.

To return to the original meeting: it will be interesting for you to know that at this meeting Dr. Phineas P. Field, '83, and Miss Mary Katherine Hill, '01, both expressed their hearty approval of the movement and pledged their services in gaining the support of all alumni to help carry the movement forward.

Now let us look at our position in relation to the philanthropical world. First, there is a great deal of money to be had. It exists; it is no myth. To illustrate by some figures of a recent year: there were thirty-six endowments made, and the smallest of these was \$50,000. To the cause of philanthropy there were left four estates of \$14,000,000, \$8,000,000, \$5,547,000 and \$2,000,000. Approximately \$70,000,000 is given away every year to philanthropic purposes in the United States. It hasn't been long since Mr. Rockefeller gave \$32,000,000 to the General Educational Board and Mr. Carnegie gave \$23,000,000 to the city of Pittsburg, Pa., for a library, museum and technical school building. Besides there are thousands of givers of relatively small sums. There is an ever increasing class of men and

women able to make large bequests, and willing to make them if only shown how. A rich man recently sent a letter of inquiry saying, "Will you please send me the names of the most worthy charities in New York?" The Board of General Education is often asked for advice along these lines. I say this to point out the existence of such a movement and to show its direction. These are the conditions which actually exist. We live in the presence of this system. What we are able to extract from it will depend upon our own action, and it is hardly necessary to call your attention to the fact that the tendency of modern philanthropy is more and more in the direction of education. Philanthropists have begun to realize that the best way to help people is to help them to help themselves. This principle underlies all charities which are most effective. This tendency is a very healthful one. And did you know that the test applied by the philanthropists to the people who receive their money in charge is effectiveness? What results does the money bring? What good does it do? People are beginning to realize that to carve the family name on a gold brick is not efficient giving. This is the unwritten law underlying the whole system of modern philanthropy. And are we not in a position to profit by these conditions; are we not right in the path of this movement? Yes, we believe Emerson College is in one of the best positions among institutions in this country to get an endowment.

What does it lack? Publicity!

We have something good. Now it remains for us to advertise it. Its being good avails nothing unless the people know about it. This is not only an age of publicity, but an age of urgent publicity. Even the Barnum methods are every where in evidence and are considered perfectly legitimate. We cannot say that we endorse them, but we must recognize the fact that the best things today must be set forward, pushed forward, driven forward and hoisted above the crowd before recognition comes. When this recognition is once obtained, the world buys largely and pays well. What we of Emerson need for our beloved College is recognition. Recognition at first by a few people and some philanthropist; then history tells us that the multitude will

follow in their wake. It isn't hard to get the second endowment.

Just a word about the motive back of our endowment movement. It is a definite, practical manifestation of the Emersonian spirit, that spirit which has been the dominant note in your life, that spirit which lies at the foundation of Emersonian philosophy—the spirit that gives to the world the best that it has. Why is Emerson worthy of our best efforts in her behalf and wholly worthy of endowment? The first and last of these reasons is because of the excellent work it does and the excellent methods used in obtaining great results. It aims first of all to make men and women of the noblest mold. Emerson teaches us that a man must get his sublimity into his blood. The wisdom of the sages can give us no better truth. This is what Emerson stands for to-day and what we mean it shall be a synonym for in the days that are to be,—superlative manhood and womanhood with love as the light and the law and love as the beginning and goal.

These are the conditions. What will we do with them? We must not forget that many great conceptions are born only to die unexecuted. Shall we have an endowment? Yes! We know we all want it, but do we want it bad enough to pay the price? There was a time when the independence of the United States existed only on paper, but it is one of the greatest and most commanding realities in the world to-day. Shall not we go and do likewise? The evidence is in—not all of it, for that would be impossible here—but enough that we can trust it with you for your verdict. Now we are willing to let your own heart and mind sit judge and jury over your decision. If your verdict is yes, then we would have you work with us for the endowment. Consult your own mind and work your own plan—but work!

The Students' Association has already secured the consent of the following well-known men to act as trustees: Mr. Charles P. Gardiner, of the New England Conservatory, President; Dr. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota; Dr. E. Charlton Black, of Boston University and Emerson College; Dr. William J. Rolfe; Mr. C. D. Burrage, President Sons of the American Revolution, and Hon.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Mr. Burrage has been elected Treasurer of the Board of Trustees and all money for the endowment should be sent to him at Needham, Mass.

WILLIAM R. MCILRATH, '10.

Editorial.

As a circle ends where it begins, as indeed does *The Magazine*. the great circle of Life, so do we—that is the editorial “we”—conclude our year’s work where we started,—by writing an editorial on “*The Magazine*.” In the initial issue three particular features were promised you: Biographical Sketches throughout the year, a Magazine Review department, and a Live Letter each issue. The reader must be the judge of the merit of our effort to keep our promise regarding features number one and two; of the “Live Letter,” modesty will permit us to speak. Perhaps no other one feature of the Magazine contributed so much real pleasure to the alumni far and near as this letter, each month fresh from the field of action. And just here the Management of the Magazine would take occasion to thank the friends of the College and of its periodical for their kindly support; and the earnest wish of the retiring Board is that the Magazine will receive the same loyal assistance next session. It depends upon you in a large measure as to what the Magazine shall mean to old graduates. A word from you by way of encouragement is always in order; and a bit of news or a literary article is ever timely.

One thing more: for seven or eight years the Magazine has guarded sacredly a possession, which neither time nor effort could appropriate; in fact this possession bid fair to pass down into posterity as the one sacred heirloom which “Maggie” in another locality and in after years might touch

with an icy but affectionate finger and say: "This, this is mine!" This offspring or annex of "Maggie" is familiarly known as "The Magazine Debt." But "was is not is;" the balance with which we began the year—\$330.00, with a minus sign preceding it—has breathed its last, and our readers will be glad to know that to-day our publication can look the world in the face and declare that it owes no man a cent. And so endeth the year for *The Emerson College Magazine*. That the future may hold for her many similarly successful years is the earnest wish of the retiring Board.

Commencement Week, May 3—8.

Sunday.

Baccalaureate.

The Commencement Week exercises opened on Sunday morning at the Union Congregational church with a baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Allen Stockdale. The Seniors and Post-graduates, in caps and gowns, occupied the center section of the church, while the Faculty were seated on the left. The service was simple and beautiful, the music most inspiring. But it was the sermon that the students had come principally to hear and it is the sermon that they will never forget. Rev. Stockdale chose for his text: "Take with you words;" and, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." With earnestness and simple directness he preached from this text a sermon, helpful and uplifting, and in every sense of the word truly impressive. This is the first baccalaureate sermon Emerson College has ever had, but if one is to judge by the general sentiment now prevailing, it will not be the last.

Monday.

Gymnastic Exhibition.

The second of the Commencement events was the exhibition at Posse Gymnasium on Monday morning, May 2nd. It was a decided success and thoroughly enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to attend. Emerson College is represented by two classes at the gymnasium, one wearing blue suits, the other red. The mingling of the two colors made a very pretty picture. The program was excellent; it consisted of such exercises as Arch Flexions, Heaving Movements, Balance Move-

ments, Vaulting and Jumping. The exercises were taken with spirit and precision, which showed the splendid development that had come from the work this year. Special mention should be made of Miss Esther Schenkel, the smallest member of the class. Her quickness and the precision of her work won continual applause. The exercises closed with an exciting game of basket ball, and was won by the Reds, by a score of 2 to 0.

Tuesday.

Physical Culture.

Tuesday, the third day of Commencement week, and still fair weather! Everything was as fine inside Chickering Hall as the day without. At 9.30 the exercises began with the Aesthetic Physical Culture in two divisions (a) Emerson Exercises, (b) Eastern Temple Drill.

It would be difficult to find an exhibition which would demonstrate the grace and beauty of the human body more fully than these two drills. The fifteen girls were dressed in the pure white Grecian costumes, and the hair done in a Grecian knot bound with two white bands. They advanced in three groups from the back and sides of the stage in perfect rhythm, forming a large triangle. The movements and the costumes were made doubly effective by the change of lights—white, red, blue, green and yellow. Strength, poise and unity were the leading characteristics, and each girl made herself a part of the whole, working in harmonious and exact relation to every other part, expressing the working of mind and body together, also the development which comes from careful training and practice.

Debate.

The Physical Culture Drill was followed by the Debate. Resolved, "That our American Universities do not provide courses of study adapted to the peculiar need of women, that are equally adequate to those provided for men."

Miss Elizabeth Baker, the class President, stated the question and introduced the speakers, and Miss Grace Thompson, the Secretary, kept the time. The Affirmative was opened by Miss Mary S. Bean, followed by Miss Kathryn E. Reagan on the Negative, Miss Grace Garvin, Affirmative and Miss Floris J. Perkins, Negative. The first three were allowed ten minutes each, the fourth fifteen, and Miss Bean five minutes for rebuttal. The judges were Dr. Arthur Little, Dr. Eliza Taylor Johnson and Mrs. Florence Scott Goodrich. All four debaters showed a remarkable ability for quick and clear thinking, and earnestness of purpose; and the speeches were marked by a strong touch of humor. Each speech had been most carefully prepared, and contained besides personal thought quotations from the statements of prominent educational men. The en-

thusiasm of the audience grew with each statement, and at the close of the debate there was some speculation as to the winners. When Dr. Little made the statement at the close of the Pantomime, he confessed that it had been a difficult thing to decide, owing to the splendid acquittal of each individual, but "on the whole" decision was rendered in favor of the Affirmative.

Pantomime.

The last division of the morning program was a Japanese Tragedy told in Pantomime—"My Blossom Maid"—written by Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert. Music arranged by Mrs. Patten.

The scene was laid in the garden belonging to Purple Eyes, and the time was at the close of a Festival Day. Hazel Jennings, as Purple Eyes, was surrounded by her four maids gaily flitting about in attendance, with parasols and fans. Purple Eyes finally dismissed the four little girls; and another still smaller Japanese maid, Esther Schenkel, in the role of Cherry Blossom, entered and had barely attended to the wishes of Purple Eyes, when Chi-Chi, the lover whom she had already rejected, came to plead again his love, but was dismissed as he came. Immediately after Ato, her accepted lover, and his mother, Setsu, came, bearing a gift to pay respects to the little Purple Eyes. During the call, Chi-Chi came in and seeing how matters stood, took an oath for vengeance. After their departure, Purple Eyes and Cherry Blossom arranged a trick on Chi-Chi, the little maid putting on Purple Eyes's kimono. Then purple Eyes left Cherry Blossom alone, sitting with her back to the entrance. Chi-Chi entered, and seeing, as he supposed Purple Eyes, stole foward and stabbed Cherry Blossom. Her head fell foward, and she seemed merely asleep. When Purple Eyes and the four little maids crept in, they danced about and tried to waken her with a tap on the shoulder. This failing, Purple Eyes struck her harder and the limp little body fell forward. Purple Eyes spied the knife which Chi-Chi had thrown upon the ground and the curtain fell on all five little maids bowed to earth in fear and grief. The music throughout was exactly fitted to the setting and added greatly to the general effect, and the pantomime work of all the cast was characterized by grace and feeling.

Everybody pronounced the morning a most successful and enjoyable one. It was especially a revelation to strangers seeing the work for the first time, and also to the undergraduates.

Senior Recital.

One of the most anticipated events of Commencement Week is the Senior Recital. This year it was held on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 p. m.

Carmen Ercell, better known at Emerson as Miss MacIntyre, opened the program by a violin selection, "Romance," by Soeusen. This selection was received with great applause, and she charmingly re-

sponded with "Gavolli," by Ramcan, as an encore. Her playing was sympathetic and her manner so simple and unassuming that she completely captivated her audience.

"Memories of Lincoln," by Eleanor Atkinson, was the first number on the program. Charles E. Farr gave this difficult bit of impersonation most artistically. He told the story of the old Indian settler's memories of Lincoln, his early boyhood, his manhood and tragic death, so directly, and with so much of the pathos of the old man that he held the audience throughout the entire rendering.

Marguerite Rand was the next speaker, and her selection, "A Careful Man," a piece of broad comedy, was given in her usual finished manner. The audience was at once interested and amused by the story, and Miss Rand's impersonations showed her to be an entertainer of much merit. She was gowned in light green and looked most stately.

"LaCinqtainaine," by Gabriel Marie, was Miss MacIntyre's choice, and for her encore she gave "Traumerei," by Schuman.

Quite in contrast to the last speaker was Ruth C. Hobart, who next appeared. She wore a dainty creation of blue. Her selection "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by Lowell, was beautifully rendered. It was not of the easiest type, but Miss Hobart proved herself equal to the occasion. She was brilliant and sympathetic and brought out the beautiful lesson in the poem with a marked artistic ability of which few readers can boast.

Grace S. Reed, the last reader on the program, gave a cutting of Rudyard Kipling's, "The Story of the Gadsby's." Miss Reed appeared in a clinging gown of pale blue. The subtle comedy of the selection was admirably portrayed in Miss Reed's inimitable style. Her technique was equally balanced by her inspiration, and, taken as a whole, the reading was a most creditable performance.

The large audience which had gathered in Chickering Hall for the Recital, enthusiastically applauded each member on the program, thus expressing in no uncertain way their warm appreciation of a most delightful afternoon.

Post-Graduate Play.

An audience which filled every available seat and left many standing, witnessed the performance of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," presented by the class of '07 in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening.

Every member of the cast played her part with a fine sense of proportion to the whole, bringing out to advantage the more subtle points of the delightful comedy. The richness and taste in the costumes together with adequate scenery, added much to the charm and prettiness of the effect of the production.

Miss Jessie Shaw, as Benedick, played her part with convincing and engaging manliness. In the earlier scenes with Beatrice her zest for

quarrelling and scorn for love, were balanced in the later ones by the ardor and tenderness she displayed as a lover. As the witty and sharp-tongued, but generous and kindly impulsive Beatrice, Miss Nellie Caseday was very pleasing and charming, showing cleverness and discrimination. Miss Clara L. Sibilla, as Leonato, Governor of Messina, and father of Hero, gave a good representation of the stately old man and fond father. Her voice was particularly fine. Miss Vertie A. Coyne, as Claudio, in love with Hero, was most graceful and comely, and acted with earnestness, while the Hero of Miss Frances True was convincing in its simplicity and sweetness. Miss May H. Parlin, in the roll of Don John, Don Pedro's bastard brother, showed strength and sincerity; while Miss Susan Applegate, as Borachio, gave us a thorough villain. In the role of Dogberry, a constable, Miss Lou M. Goyne portrayed very realistically to the great satisfaction and merriment of the audience, the "all-sufficient unto-himself" constable; and her make-up, and conception of the part were capital. Miss Blanche Williams, as Verge, also contributed to the mirth of the audience. Miss Charlotte M. Wheeler, as Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon, filled her part very acceptably, as did also Miss Edna M. Fox, as Conrade, one of the followers of Don John, Miss Mary R. Brennan, as Antonio, brother of Leonato, Miss Hughena Thomson, as Friar Francis and George Seacole, and Miss Helen S. Hammond, as the gentlewoman who attended Hero.

In the fourth act, a pleasant feature was the singing of the Emerson College Glee Club as choir boys, celebrating the wedding of Claudio and Hero.

In every way it was a very commendable performance and the audience repeatedly and emphatically showed its approval.

Wednesday.

Victorian Prose Program.

On Wednesday morning the Seniors gave us a rare treat. The three sketches presented were of distinctly different types, and offered splendid opportunities in character acting.

The first of the three was "Masks and Faces," by Charles Reade. Miss Eulalie Bradstreet, as Triplet, kept the audience in an uproar of laughter at her comical portrayal of the character. Miss Griffith was delightful in the character of big-hearted "Peg Woffington." As "Mrs. Vane," Miss Suter got a firm hold on our heart strings, and in her touching appeal to "Peg" there were few dry eyes in the audience. Miss Simmons, Miss Tyler, Miss Beales, Miss Blood, Miss Trow, Miss Nickles, Miss Belcher, Miss Turner, Miss Thompson, Miss Gill, and Miss Hammond completed the cast, and each deserves a great deal of credit for her excellent work. The play was coached by Miss Tatem and was without question one of the finest features of the week.

The second sketch was a scene from George Eliot's "Romola." The manner in which Mr. Sparks and Miss Myser created an atmosphere and held the interest of their audience was especially praiseworthy. The acting of each was strong and dramatically true, showing clearly the results of excellent training by Mrs. Whitney.

The final offering of the morning was from "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Dickens. The Dean was the man behind this production, and he must have taken keen pleasure in witnessing the performance. It was an all-star cast, consisting of Mr. Davison as Dick Swiveller, Miss Scates as Sam Brass, Miss Scott as Quilp, Miss Bannon as The Marchioness, and Miss Fulton as Sally Brass. No one of them could be singled out for special praise without being unjust to the others as the work of each was so adequate.

Senior Play.

On Wednesday afternoon, May fifth, the Seniors presented "The Princess and the Butterfly," in Jordan Hall. The drama, by Pinero, is in five acts, and from the standpoint of plot and progress of plot development the play is decidedly Pineroesque. At times it would seem to be lacking in movement, and this lack is compensated for only in part by the more intense dramatic situations. The students, therefore, are to be doubly congratulated upon their excellent handling of a drama presenting such difficulties. Much credit is due Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks and Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp for their efficient direction. In the matters of stage settings and costumes there was but little more that could be desired.

The work of Miss Josephine A. Crichton, as Sir George Lamorant, and that of Miss Elizabeth Keppie, as Fay Zuliani, deserve special mention. Throughout, their character work was vivid and well sustained. As Princess Pannonia, Miss Gertrude Lawson's acting was thoroughly adequate. In the role of Annis Marsh and Mrs. St. Roche, Miss Edith Thayer and Miss Cora Jacoby, respectively, did definite and particularly pleasing work. Miss Lillian Waggoner handled well the difficult role of Edward Oriel. Miss Ailene Powers, as Lady Ringstead, presented a character true in voice, body and gesture; her work was dramatically effective from start to finish and contributed not a little in the way of true atmosphere to the working out of the play. Lena M. Reid, as Maxime Demailly, displayed unusual excellence in this decidedly difficult role, and the dramatic decision of her acting was one of the best features of the play. Miss Morris's Lady Chichele, and Blanche Hodgkin's Sir Robert Chichele also deserve praiseworthy mention. The remaining members of the cast—Kathryn Sharp, as Denstroud; Elizabeth Hardenbergh, as Ronald St. Roche; Marguerite Chaffee, as Arthur Eave; Winifred Ingalls, as Adrian Mills; Corinne Babcock, as Bartley Levan; Jessie Arguello, as Percival Ord; Lena Sanborn, as Faulding; May

Phillips, as Mrs. Marsh; Edith Blood, as Blanche Oriel; Jennie Archibald, as Mrs. Sabiston, and Katharine Tracy, as Catharine—all did commendable work, as was evinced by the hearty applause accorded them.

Thursday.

Class Day.

The Class Day exercises took place on Thursday morning, May seventh. The underclasses were seated together, and the guests were all assembled when the marshal ushered the graduating class into Chickering Hall, leading to the platform those who were to participate in the program.

The Salutatory was given by the class President, Elizabeth M. Baker. In a few sincere words Miss Baker welcomed the Faculty, the classes and friends. Then she turned to her class and gave her message to them in the words of "Life's Mirror," by Madeline Bridges: "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

The Class History, by Grace Garvin, was unusually clever and original. As she read the history of the class of 1908 during their progress at Emerson, all who heard her wished that they too might have belonged to the class of which she spoke.

The next feature of the program, the Oration, by William G. Harrington, was very deserving of the hearty applause it received. Mr. Harrington spoke on "The Personal Factor." His forceful, dignified delivery with which he presented the many beautiful thoughts created a lasting impression.

The Poem, by Agnes Garfield Smith, was unanimously considered one of the best pieces of original work ever presented at a commencement of the College. As the poem appears in this issue of the Magazine, comment upon the exalted theme and its scholarly development, as well as upon the real literary merit and poetic beauty of the lines, is unnecessary. Of her rendering it should be said that Miss Smith's voice responded in a most beautiful and sympathetic manner to her real spiritual appreciation of the poem.

Last of all came the Prophecy, by Margaret A. Fulton. She said she had obtained a magic gem from her favorite star, and on setting it in the lens of her camera was enabled to secure the portraits of her classmates as they would appear in 1908. If the prophetess did not err, the careers of the members of the class of 1918 will be varied and interesting. Miss Fulton's delivery was most pleasing and effective, and the prophecy itself proved a fitting close to a week of excellent student work.

The Alumni Banquet.

The Annual Reunion and Banquet of the Alumni was held at the Hotel Lenox on Thursday evening. Mr. Charles W. Kidder presided over the business meeting. The present officers were re-elected for next year with the exception of Charls W. Paul, '97, now in the University of Vir-

ginia, whose place was given to Elizabeth Baker, '08. After the election of officers an animated discussion followed regarding the endowment movement, in which discussion Miss Alice Daly, '08, Professor William G. Ward and Dean Southwick took the most active part. The discussion was closed by a call from Mr. Tripp, for adjournment to the banquet hall. The alumni and their friends at once formed in line in order of their classes and filed down to the dining room, which had been prettily arranged with numerous small tables to accommodate the hundred and forty banqueters. During the intervals of waiting between courses the guests entertained themselves with the hearty singing of appropriate "ballads," led by Mrs. Kenney at the piano, while Mr. Kenney wielded the baton. The new song, "Good Old Banquet Time," by J. A. Garber, '07, proved a particularly popular number.

The Alumni were still enjoying their demi-tasse when Dean Southwick arose for a speech, which he prefaced with the remark that he was about to make a surprising announcement. The announcement was a surprise indeed for it was to the effect that his place as Dean was to be taken by Harry Seymour Ross, acting Principal of Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass. Mr. Ross is a graduate of Emerson College, class of '97, and for several years attended Oberlin College, Ohio. A sketch of his life will be found elsewhere in this issue.

After the Dean had paid affectionate tribute to Mr. Ross, who has long been his close personal friend, Mr. Ross himself arose and announced the second surprise of the evening, the promotion of Dean Southwick to the Presidency of Emerson College. The Dean then explained this change by announcing the resignation of President William J. Rolfe, who reached his eightieth year in December and who feels that he can no longer assume the responsibility of active presidency. The sincere regret which was expressed on all sides for Dr. Rolfe's withdrawal was lessened in some measure when it was learned that Emerson College is to be honored by having Dr. Rolfe act now in the capacity of President Emeritus. Furthermore, President Southwick's relation to the College will remain practically unchanged—a fact which was made perfectly clear the next morning when the new President stated at the Commencement exercises that he would still have his classes and his regular office hours and that his promotion meant really no change of duty but merely a change of name.

It was almost eleven o'clock before the guests dispersed after an evening of thorough enjoyment. The unqualified success of this reunion was due, as it has been for many years past, to the hard work of Mr. Tripp, who spared no efforts to make the banquet a delightful event from every standpoint. It was truly an occasion which will live long in the memory of every fortunate who braved the storm and came to feast with classmates and friends.

Friday.

Commencement.

The Commencement exercises, which took place on Friday morning, were in every way a charming and appropriate close to a most delightful week. The seats on the right and left, which were occupied by the Juniors and Freshmen, were beautifully decorated with large arches of gold and white, the Senior colors. The center section was occupied by the Post-Graduates and Seniors, while the Faculty sat in state upon the platform. The Commencement address was made by Prof. William G. Ward who, with his characteristic charm and humor, compared the outgoing students to the great Athena and showed that if they would truly succeed they, too, must be women of war, women of wisdom, and at all times the inspirers of men to noble action.

In the absence of President Rolfe, Dean Southwick presented the diplomas, and as soon as these had been received the students again came to their seats carrying the laurel ropes and numerous contributions of beautiful flowers bestowed upon them while they were "behind the scenes." After a benediction of tender and heart-felt simplicity by the chaplain, Rev. Stockdale, the students, filed out to the corridors under the gold and white arches held by the loyal Freshmen and Juniors, whose ardor in their farewell song to the Seniors seemed unabateable. Yells and congratulations were then in order, and for the next two hours the graduates and their friends enjoyed themselves at an informal Faculty reception held in Chickering Hall. Everyone was eager to meet the new Dean and sorry to say good-bye to "President" Southwick, who left that evening for the Pacific Coast. Expressions of regret at the absence of President Rolfe were universal and there were expressions of still deeper regret at his withdrawal from active Presidency. The letter which he sent, as a substitute in case he could not be present for the exercises, and which Dean Southwick read after the presentation of the diplomas, is given below, that the students may have his words in permanent form.

Thursday, May 7.

DEAR SOUTHWICK:

I do not give up the hope of being with you tomorrow, but if I should not be so fortunate, please tell the company how deeply I regret it, and how heartily I congratulate the graduates on the honorable completion of the college course, with my best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness.

If I were to say a few words to them tomorrow, I think I would take the words, "*Alma Mater*," as my text for a five-minute sermon.

Alma literally means food-giving (as in *aliment*) or nourishing, and, figuratively, kind, bountiful, and benevolent. As applied, with *mater*, to the college, it recognizes the *maternal* rather than the paternal relation of the institution to the student as the more intimate, the more enduring,

the more memorable relation. It suggests all the loving and lasting associations connected with the name of *mother*—affection rather than authority, love rather than law, sympathy and guidance rather than control and restraint. It is a matter of the heart rather than of the head, of the emotional rather than the intellectual part of our human nature. In the school or college it grows out of the *social* element in the institution rather than the educational—though this is in itself educational in the best and highest sense. I have always felt that the better part of my college life was the social part—the personal relations with my teachers and fellow-students rather than all I got from the collegiate curriculum. The recreation, the relaxation of the life was in some respects more valuable to me than the regular lessons and lectures—the *play* more valuable than the *work*—more valuable as *culture* in the broadest sense, intellectually, no less than socially and morally. The daily companionship and intercourse, the friendships, more or less intimate, that are formed in college, are all educational. The voluntary work in the literary and other societies is educational. And it is these features of college life that we remember best, and *enjoy* remembering most heartily, after graduation. They are the basis of alumni organizations, and thus they renew and perpetuate the most delightful associations and reminiscences of our college youth.

But this is only the text of my little sermon, which I cannot take time to develop—and besides I am not the regular preacher on this occasion, and must not trespass on Professor Ward's allotted time.

Develop and apply the thoughts suggested by the text for yourselves. Remember that *love* is the law—the higher law—of life—life here and hereafter, now and forever. Remember your *alma mater* always and affectionately, as she will ever remember you. W. J. ROLFE.

Harry Seymour Ross, the New Dean of Emerson College.

The following sketch, which has been clipped from a Worcester paper, will be of interest to friends and alumni and present students of Emerson College:

"Harry S. Ross was born in East Haddam, Conn., in 1868. His father was a seafaring man, as were many of his ancestors. He received a common school education, when he was not compelled to work.

"The sea appealed to him and for a while he followed it. He also worked in a country store, but the hankering to rise higher in the world was uppermost in his mind, and when he was 20 years old he went to Oberlin College, Ohio, where he took his preparatory and College work.

"After leaving Oberlin he entered Emerson College of Oratory and made a special study of English Literature and Oratory. He graduated in June, 1897, and in the fall came to Worcester Academy as an instructor in elocution, English and history. He was at the bottom of the list of

teachers, but three years of hard work brought its first reward. His work was recognized by his superiors, and in 1900 he was chosen Master in English.

"This honor was not what Mr. Ross sought, and he continued his work of turning out pupils who were a credit to the school, and five years later he made another step forward. This time he was chosen first assistant to Dr. D. W. Abercrombie, principal.

"During the past year Mr. Ross, in the absence of Dr. Abercrombie, has acted as principal.

"Mr. Ross has traveled in Europe considerably, and in the summer of 1902 he went over to make a study of the famous places. It was while on this trip that he met Miss Ella McDuffee, of St. Johns, N. B., who is now Mrs. Ross. She was at that time a teacher in Buffalo and was traveling to study the old world.

"The following year they were married and passed their honeymoon in England, Scotland and Wales. The greater part of the time was passed in Scotland, as both trace their ancestry to ancient clans of Ross and McDuff."

The Grilley—Rogers Recital.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 8, Mr. Charles T. Grilley gave a recital in Chickering Hall, assisted by Mr. Van Veachton Rogers, harpist. These well-known entertainers were heartily received by their old friends, and those who were not old friends at first were new friends at the close of the recital. Mr. Rogers's solos were restful and helpful. He has a rare touch. Mr. Grilley's first selection, "A Straggler of Fifteen," was a remarkable piece of work. The character of the old man was very realistic as was clearly shown by the appreciation of the audience. But Mr. Grilley's ability embraces more than one style of work. He can change from pathos to laughter almost instantly, without a jarring transitional note, as is so often the case with many readers. Comedy is his strong point and he surely brought out his powers in "Injins," "The Lady Marionette," "The Colored Lochinvar," and a tale of a young couple who spent their honeymoon on the way to Europe—in the usual way. This was set to the music of "In the Gloaming," and was most touching! The audience became almost hysterical. Mr. Rogers's incidental music added greatly to the general effect of many of the selections. But the gem of the afternoon was a little selection in Italian dialect entitled "Rosa." Simplicity was the keynote and the deep human pathos caused the tears to come into the eyes of the most hardened. Mr. Grilley included all of his audience from the outset and kept their sympathy through the entire afternoon. His encores and short selections in dialect and impersonation were extremely funny, and everybody who attended went away the better and happier for a good hearty laugh.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The last Southwick Literary recital of the season was held in Chickering Hall on the afternoon of April twenty-third. At this time Miss Gertrude McQueston thoroughly delighted her Audience with a most excellent presentation of Shakespeare's comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In a recital of this kind in which there is everything to commend, the difficulty lies in choosing which point of excellence to name first. Perhaps, however, we are safe in saying that what made the greatest impression was the exceptional ease with which Miss McQueston vividly delineated every character in the play, using for this delineation such a gamut of varied voices as must have astonished even those most ignorant of the difficulties of her task. In the short space of an hour and a half to impersonate successfully lords and ladies, fairies and elves, laborers and clowns, in fact, man, woman, and beast, is something that few attempt and still fewer accomplish. Miss McQueston did both and thus gave indisputable evidence that she practices what she preaches along the lines of vocal technique. The recital, as a whole, was a realistic portrayal of the charming and ridiculous, and the audience were as much impressed with the grace and airy sweetness of the fairies as they were with the stentorian voice of Bottom and the heart rending wails of the heartbroken Thisbe. We venture to predict that Miss McQueston's "Midsummer Night's Dream" will be an unqualified success wherever it is given.

Captain Letterblair.

The play presented by the members of the Alpha Tau Lambda Sorority in Jordan Hall on the evening of April twenty-fifth was a most pleasing and creditable performance. "Captain Letterblair" is a four-act comedy which gives ample opportunity for effective character work, and this opportunity was well improved by each member of the cast. Sincere commendation is due them all, but special mention must be made of the excellent work of Mrs. Maud G. Kent, who played the leading part and whose acting throughout was simple, forceful and dramatically adequate. Captain Letterblair Litton held the audience by sheer force of personality. Frances D. True, as Dorathea Haddon, also captured the hearts of the audience, and proved as charming and lovable a heroine as one could desire. The work of Luella Cook, who took the part of Mr. Seton, Dorathea's trustee, was a surprise to those who had not before had opportunity to witness her dramatic work. She played the role with strength and decision, in character delineation and in atmosphere satisfactorily meeting the demands of this decidedly difficult part. Another member excelling in character delineation was Harriet Sleight, who, with inimitable manners and an inimitable voice, played the part of Jarkins to

perfection. Smithers, taken by Jessie Arguello, was another character the audience will long remember, if for nothing else than the astounding leap which landed him safely upon the office stool. May Ross, as Polly Messiter, and Lillian Righter, as Hyacinth Messiter, did very pleasing work, and were nobly upheld by the remaining members of the cast—Marguerite Chaffee, as Francis Merivale; Marguerite Weaver, as Dean Ambrose; Ellene Corbin, as Pinckney; Ruth Blodgett, as Blakely; Minnie R. Richardson, as Lord Willoughby, and Hazel Shine, as Henry—all giving evidence of thorough training and considerable innate ability. The stage business, scene effects and costuming were effective and picturesque, a splendid tribute to the excellent taste and hard work of Mrs. Hicks, who coached the play. The proceeds of the performance are to be used next year as a tuition scholarship for some member of the present Senior class.

College News.

The Students' Association.

The regular work of the Students' Association will commence with the new Collège year, at which time a complete copy of the constitution will be placed in the hands of each member of the student body. At the first regular meeting held in April the following officers were elected for next year:

President—Alice Daly, '08.

Vice President—Katherine Kelly, '09.

Secretary-Treasurer—John Taylor, '09.

The ballot presented by the Magazine Board was unanimously accepted. The staff for next year will consist of the following students:

Editor—Mary Slifer, '09.

Business Manager—Nathaniel Rieed, '10.

College News—Isabelle Ellis, '09.

Y. W. C. A.

The annual election of officers for the coming year has been held since the last issue of the Magazine. They are: President, Miss Catherine E. Carl; Vice-President, Miss Jessica Powers; Secretary, Miss Mildred Clark; Treasurer, Mrs. Jane Allen.

On April 17, Miss Cecil, of Wellesley College, gave us a very interesting talk about the Silver Bay Convention. Emerson will be represented this year by Miss Carl, Miss Williams, Mrs. Allen and Miss Cady.

Our farewell meeting was led by Miss Jessica Powers.

We hope that next year the girls will come back ready for work, in order that the Y. W. C. A. may be made a telling feature at Emerson.

If any new Emerson girls would like to be met on entering the city next fall and will send their names to Miss Jessica Powers, Randolph, Mass., with the time of arrival, we will be glad to introduce them to E. C. O.

Sororities and Fraternity.

Phi Eta Sigma.

Miss Lou Goyne, who was called home at Christmas time, came back to us just in time to accept a part in the P. G. play.

The last meeting of the Phi Eta was given over to the election of officers for this coming year. Lou Goyne, President; Maude Heusch, Vice-President; Lena Smith, Secretary; Edna Van Clowes, Treasurer; Mildred Clarke, Cor. Secretary.

Mrs. Vivian Cameron, one of our former presidents, has found it possible to prolong her stay in Boston, much to the pleasure of the sorority.

Kappa Gamma Chi.

Miss Berenice Wright left May 2nd for Townsend, Vt., where she accepted a position in the Department of Oratory at Leland and Grey Seminary.

Miss Ethel Scribner, of Wellesley, spent Saturday and Sunday of Easter week with us.

We enjoyed visits from Miss Heston and Miss Farnum before school was out.

We regret very much that Miss Conklin was unable to complete the course this year on account of ill health.

Miss Christine Hodgdon, in company with a party of friends, made a tour of Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago. While there she had the privilege of hearing Speaker Cannon call the House of Representatives to order.

Miss Alice Davidson attended Junior week at Dartmouth.

Miss Lita Heinemann, our president, underwent a serious operation for appendicitis before the close of school, but we are glad to announce that she is recovering rapidly.

Mrs. Chas. Dudley and Miss Cora Sylvester were guests of Kappa recently.

It was with a great deal of pleasure we welcomed back one of our former members, Miss Mann, of the class of 1905, who called on us last month.

Kappa Gamma Chi was "At Home" to the Faculty and the members of the three sororities May 19.

We have enjoyed having Mrs. Whitney and Miss Smith several times during the past few weeks.

We have received the wedding announcement of Miss Cora Eaton to Mr. Walter Franklin Potter.

During the last of the school term many of our girls were blessed with birthdays and boxes from home. And thus were our spirits fortified for the ordeal of final examinations by continuous feasting.

Kappa Gamma Chi entertained a number of friends Monday evening, May nineteenth. The house was decorated in the sorority colors, green and white. With music and games the evening passed very pleasantly.

Kappa Gamma Chi announces the following officers for the coming year: Pres., Miss Wright; V. Pres., Miss Davidson; Sec., Miss Curtis, Treas., Miss Kimberly.

Delta Delta Phi.

A most pleasant evening was spent at the Delta Delta Phi Chapter House, on Tuesday, April the ninth, when Mr. Tripp was our guest, and presided over the chafing-dish.

Delta Delta Phi enjoyed the charming hospitality of Kappa Gamma Phi at an afternoon reception, Monday, April the twentieth.

Mr. and Mrs. Holder, of Lynn, Massachusetts, were guests of Delta Delta Chi at dinner on Monday, April the twentieth.

Delta Delta Chi was entertained by its new members, Saturday, May the second, by a dinner at "The Delft," and an after-dinner dance at the college:

Phi Mu Gamma.

The Alpha Tau Lambda Sorority became the Iota Chapter of the Phi Mu Gamma Sorority April twenty-seventh.

Miss Janet Chesney and Bernice Loveland have been added to the list of members.

The officers for 1908-'09 are: President, Marguerite Weaver; Vice-President, May Ross; Secretary, Minnie Reese Richardson; Cor. Secretary, Marguerite Chaffee.

Miss Marie Hinckley, Miss Viola Mountz, Miss Mary Lou Thompson represented our alumnae at the Sorority Play.

Phi Alpha Tau.

The annual frat banquet was held on the evening of April eighteenth in the upper banquet hall of neighbor Shooshan's. An appetizing menu was provided and all feasted right royally. Then Toastmaster Lean arose and such a flow of wit and wisdom followed as would have made Demosthenes and Webster forswear their laurels. No one of the Alpha Tau's was too full for utterance and the midnight hour found them still speaking. Those present were the Dean, Prof. Tripp, Dr. Ward, Messrs. Lean, Burnham, Whittier, Farr, Harrington, Taylor, Rieed, Mac Kenna, Sparks and Fager.

On April twenty-fifth was held the annual election of officers. The following were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Sparks; Vice-

President, Mr. Mac Kenna; Secretary, Mr. Taylor; Treasurer, Mr. Rieed; Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Burnham.

It has been a pleasant year and we part reluctantly. In the words of Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one!"

The Classes.

'07.

We were most fortunate and happy in having with us for commencement week Miss Lon Goyne. She was obliged to leave College in the fall on account of illness in her family. Her return to us at this time was most opportune, for she kindly consented to take a part in "Much Ado About Nothing." Her work was fine and one of the best bits of the evening.

Miss Hughena Thomson will next year fill a position in Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Washington. The position is a fine one, and we congratulate Miss Thomson.

Miss Susan Applegate is filling a four week's engagement at Coe's Academy, Northwood Centre, N. H. She has charge of the annual declamation contest and the commencement work.

Miss Frances Dora True has charge of the commencement work in the High School at Waterville, Maine.

'08.

The Seniors are occupying so much space in the Magazine this month that it is hardly seems necessary to give them extra space here. However, a few lines must be written to call attention to the Class Book issued two weeks before College closed. It is in purple binding with lettering and Emerson seal in gold, and its appearance alone is bound to make it popular. But the contents are even more attractive. Besides pictures and sketches of all the Faculty and of all the Seniors, numerous clever caricatures add to the value of Emerson's first Class Book. Then there are pictures of Chickering Hall and of class rooms, pictures of all the sororities and the fraternity, pictures of the Canadian Club, Glee Club, Y. W. C. A., etc., a sketch of the Endowment Movement, a history of the E. C. O. Magazine, a complete account of the Senior Stunt, a wonderful calander of "College Diddings," and poems of all kinds and sizes. Best of all, the price of the book is only \$2, and it has sold so well that there are only a few copies left. These few will be shipped by express to the first fortunates who send \$2 to "Editor of Year Book, Emerson College, Boston."

'09.

The Junior Promenade was given to the Seniors, Post-graduates and Faculty on the evening of Friday, April the tenth. The matrons of the evening were Mrs. Southwick and Mrs. Whitney.

The following officers and representatives were elected for the Senior year of the class of 1909: President, Miss Berenice Wright; Vice-President, Mr. Frank Mac Kenna; Secretary, Miss Elsie Thomas; Treasurer, Mrs. Fisher; Magazine Representative, Miss Conant; Members of Students' Council; Miss Rhea Kimberly, Miss Mary Slifer; Members of Endowment Committee: Mrs. Fisher, Miss Katherine Kelly.

'10.

Since Miss Gannon's marriage, matrimonial breaks have been prevalent. The spirit has even crept into the rhetoric class. Miss M—— informed us the other day that metonymy was a change of name. Mr. Garber has made the figures of speech very interesting, and there has been some fun as well. Question—When you say your feet take you somewhere, what is that? Answer—A joke.

Our Vice-president, Mr. Stuart, sailed for Paris the first of April.

On Saturday evening, April 11, the Freshmen entertained the Seniors at an informal shirt-waist dance in the upper rooms of the college. The music was furnished by a hurdy-gurdy, which made everyone feel gayer than ever. Rooms 1 and 9 were waxed for dancing, and the couples whirled merrily from one room to another through the hall. Room 4 was fitted up with pretty cosy corners—which were well patronized. The spirit of relaxation and fun prevailed and when the party broke up shortly before midnight, everyone pronounced it one of the jolliest affairs of the year.

The election of officers took place Friday, April 24th, with the following result: President, Miss Jessica Powers; Vice-President, Mr. Warren Brigham; Secretary, Miss Eunice Story; Treasurer, Miss Pocahontas Stauft; Magazine Representative, Miss Bertha Fiske.

My Dear Mr. Garber:

Don't you want a bit of material for the magazine?

I gave a big benefit here Monday night at the Town Hall for the Chelsea Relief Fund, and two of your people and one E. C. O. graduate were kind enough to help me out. Miss Jessica Powers, of your Freshman class, read the "Last Love-feast." Her stage presence is striking and she did some really strong work. I have told her that either freshmen nowadays are more brilliant than they were ten years ago, or she is a very unusual freshman. Miss Cora E. Jacoby gave "Bobby Unwelcome." As a price of art her work was almost perfect—keen, polished, exquisite—a revelation in finesse. Robert Howes Burnham, class of 1901, made a decided "hit" with "Through Fire and Water," from "Capt. Eri." His work in impersonation was most adequate, and that he pleased is evidenced by the fact that numbers of people have been asking when we may have him here again.

It really "did me proud" to have dear old E. C. O., so ably represented here, and it occurred to me that you might care to mention the success that your people made.

Very truly yours,

M. K. HILL, ('01).

Alumni Notes.

General.

May, and the last issue of the Magazine this year; the editors wish the alumni a happy and profitable summer, and hope that the interest they have shown in the Magazine during the past year will continue through the ensuing year.

The Emerson College Club, of Hartford, entertained their friends at the home of Mrs. Campbell, in Windsor, on the evening of April the second. Two Yeats' plays were presented: "A Pot of Broth" and "The Land of Heart's Desire." The work was most artistic and was enthusiastically received by the audience. A dainty luncheon was served at the conclusion of the program and over sixty guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Club.

Margaret L. C. Cave, '07, who is teaching in Bowling Green, Ky., sends an account of a program presented by her pupils April the 10th in Potter College Chapel. The opening number was a physical culture drill which was followed by musical numbers and various readings. Miss Cave received much favorable commendation for her work.

The Inter-State Debate was held at Grand Forks, North Dakota, on March the 13th. The North Dakotans won by a unanimous decision, from the South Dakotans. After the debate, a banquet was held at the Hotel Northern where all rivalry was soon forgotten in gastronomic and conversational pleasures. Prof. Koch, '03, of the North Dakota University presided as toastmaster.

"Resolved. That national banks should be permitted to issue, subject to tax and government supervision, notes based on their general assets." The above was the question at the annual John Hopkins-Virginia debate held the latter part of April. The University won by a unanimous vote. Mr. Paul, formerly of E. C. O. Faculty, now the University Faculty, coached the team. This is the second victory Virginia has won from John Hopkins within the last three years. At the close of the debate the speakers, judges and friends of the rival teams enjoyed a smoker at Madison Hall.

A son was born on February 20, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Rankin, of Boston. Mrs. Rankin was Bertha Wyman, '99. Through an oversight this notice did not appear in the March issue.

Norma L. Mitchell, '04, who is the "leading lady," of the Jekyll-Hyde Company, appeared in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" during the last week of April at the Globe Theatre. Miss Mitchell is equipped with natural poise, graceful and attractive appearance and finds it quite easy to captivate her audiences.

The pupils of the Nashua High School, under the direction of Miss Mattie A. Vickery, of the class of '08, presented a most creditable program on the afternoon of April 24th. Readings and scenes from Lord

Fauntlery comprised the first part of the program, while music and miscellaneous readings closed the matinee.

Irvin L. Potter, '05, who is a teacher in the North Carolina University, Chapel Hill, writes that he is closing a most successful year in the University. The production of "The Rivals" under his direction was a great success. He is now busy training readers for a prize-speaking contest.

Acadia Seminary, in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, has been granted certificate rights by Wellesley College. This means that a graduate of Acadia Seminary may enter Wellesley as a freshman, without examinations. The Seminary is one of the best known in the maritime Provinces and the only one which possesses this right. The Faculty recital this year was one of the best ever given. Josephine L. Goodspeed, '06, of the oratory department achieved a distinct success in her reading of Tennyson's "Falcon."

On April 12th under Miss Goodspeed's direction the pupils of the expression class gave a most pleasing entertainment, at College Hall. The program was concluded by a Flower Play which was novel in character and artistically presented.

"The Bulletin of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union" gives a program of a Dramatic evening presented by Emerson students recently. Four sketches, "Six and Eight Pence," "The Little Fepic," "Washington's First Defeat" and "Pickles," together with music by Sloanes' Orchestra composed the entertainment. Mr. Clark, '10, Miss May, '09, Mr. Hirschler, '07, Miss Lenk, '08, Miss Porter, '07, Miss Myers, '08, Miss Jennings, '08, and Mr. Sparks, '07 formed a happy combination. In the latter part of April they appeared before the Bath Fortnightly Club, in Maine, presenting the same program, and were enthusiastically received.

The Hudson News, of April 17, says of an entertainment given in the Congregational Church at which Mary Isabel Ellis, '09, was reader: "Miss Ellis made a decided hit, the audience being charmed with her manner, which was entirely free from ostentation. She was applauded upon each appearance."

Glowing accounts are with us of Francis White, who is teaching at the Northampton School for girls, Northampton, Mass. The school is preparatory for Smith. The expression classes are greatly interested in the Shakespearean scene work, and every year presents an entire Shakespearean play. The complete play of "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," "Winter's Tale," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" have all been given in previous years. This training in the preparatory school is shown when the girls enter Smith, as some of the leading parts in the Senior play at Smith are often taken by the girls who were trained at the Northampton School under Miss White. Miss White is also teaching in the Convent of the Good Shepard in Springfield, where she has coached a number of plays this year. Besides

teaching in both of the above schools, Miss White finds time to coach plays outside, and recently presented "The Heart of France," and "Valley of the Mohawk."

Alumni Briefs.

Just a word from some alumni who called recently at the Editor's work.

Alice May Crawford, '06, is teaching reading and expression in Johnstown, N. Y. She spent her Easter vacation at her home just outside of Boston.

Cora Morris, ex-'02, is at home in Lowville, N. Y.

Luvia Mann, '05, is teaching at her home in Woodsville, N. H.

Anna Flansburg, '07, is doing considerable reading this year in and about her home in Walnford, N. Y.

Gracia Bacon, '00, has spent this year in Somerville, Mass., as a "stay-at-home."

Mrs. Florence Garrett, '01, is teaching privately and doing concert work.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Elizabeth W. Lord, '97, whose father recently died at Otter Creek, Mass.

Fannie Luscomb, '96, of Boston, is conducting several private classes this year.

As a teacher in the Taunton High School and a platform reader, Marion Nichols, '05, finds herself more than busy.

The Cantabrigra Club in Cambridge, Mass., has been fortunate this year in having Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, '93, as teacher in the physical and expression department.

Another "stay-at-home," is Mrs. Marion Waltermann Smith, '97, who lives in Roxbury, Mass.

Lottie A. Jones, '89, is substituting in the Oneonta Normal School, Oneonta, N. Y.

Anna Butts, '07, of Hartford, Conn., who has been spending the year at home, was the guest of Miss Casseday at the Delta Delta Phi chapter house during the Commencement week.

May Conner, '07, has been teaching in a convent in Nova Scotia since Christmas.

The many friends of D. Floyd Fager, who has just completed a very successful season in "Under Southern Skies," were delighted to see him about the College during Commencement week.

A little daughter was born May 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Graves (Harriet Matthews, '97). She has been named Elizabeth Randall, and will no doubt prove as interesting as her little brother, Samuel Matthews, now six and one-half years old. Mr. Graves is Supervising Principal of the Strong District in New Haven and both he and Mrs. Graves are receiving congratulations from a host of friends.

Letter from Charles W. Paul, '97.

May 1, 1908.

DEAR EMERSONIANS:

To a person who has lived a dozen years in Boston and come to dote upon both her graces and her foibles, a change to even such a beautiful place as the University of Virginia is a rather severe uprooting. He is apt to feel at first that happiness is almost dependent upon an historic atmosphere to breathe; crooked streets and miles of parks to range; abundant libraries to consult; perennial lectures and ultrasims to bolt; archi-

ecture, art exhibits, and rubber trees to admire; concerts and plays to analyze; an educational reputation and multitudinous feminine critics to live for; and east winds and a moral halo to die of or for.

Soon, however, he is forced to remembered that the glorious record of the Bay State is rivaled by that of the Old Dominion. Adams, Hancock, Prescott, Warren; Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe—"write them together"; one may become a familiar street or square, the other, a familiar hall. The Monroe House "will start a spirit as soon as" the Adams House. On Monroe Hill just above the University it stands as a typical residence of old-time Southern aristocracy. Thomas Jefferson, the founder, is, however, the dominant personality here. From the heights of Monticello, three miles distant, his influence guards with jealous care the welfare of this child of his old age. The serpentine garden walls that he built are more sinuous than any Hubbic thoroughfare; and the sweep of the terraced Lawn, bounded by long ranges of classic buildings, all of his harmonious designing, mitigates the longing to be again in Copley Square. The queen of the architectural group is the Library Rotunda, a fair daughter of Athena, like her sister who sits in meditation opposite Trinity. From the Lawn in almost any direction, through rows of shade trees, lines of white columns glimmer against a background of blue mountains. Nor is wanting the counterpart of the Great Blue Hill of Milton with its crowning observatory, except that here a picturesque dome covers an astronomical telescope.

Popular lectures? Very seldom; for a hundred or two daily classroom lectures protest. Nevertheless, when our great president, Dr. Alderman, "the savior of Southern education," finds time to speak to us, we go eagerly to listen to his polished utterances. Dr. Weir Mitchell entertainingly told us of the great lecturers he has known, and recently Ambassador Bryce addressed us. Isms? They are heard only in whispers and reveal utter confidence in the listener. "How," I am asked, "can Boston be both an intellectual center and such a hotbed of fantastic cults?" Here, if you would cultivate exoteric--possibly esoteric mysticism--win election to numerous Greek letter fraternities; but, as you value your reputation, be orthodox in your philosophy. Hanging in the University Library, in the Colonnade Club House, and doubtless in many a private house are fine old portraits of Virginia celebrities. Nevertheless, you do not have pressed upon you, in the familiar way, tickets to the Charlottesville Art Club Exhibit, and you will wander in vain through the streets of the city, a mile distant, for a picture shop that is worthy the name. For months, I have gazed wistfully at a rubber tree in the window of a neighboring house. Was it mental telegraphy that prompted the recent invitation to call upon the professor's family? Surely they who foster the Boston tree must be susceptible to thought waves, else Boston culture leads to naught. No Symphony concerts, yet Bispham came almost directly from Symphony Hall to our Cabell Hall, and Sousa, Creator, and lesser musicians have followed. Not Cadet Theatricals, Tec' Shows, Gilbert Matinees, or Faculty Plays; but productions by Ben Greet, and light opera by our own "Arcadians" as men maidens minister to our emotional needs.

Like Boston, this university has achieved pre-eminence as an educational center. It is often called the "Harvard of the South." To organize here a new department that will reflect both the traditional scholarship and the Southern oratoric spirit is enough to live for day by day even though feminine approvers are a negligible quantity. Girls are at as great a premium here as men are, just before a sorority dance at Emerson. On Easter week, however, the natural balance is partly restored. The members of several prominent fraternities invite their sweethearts,

sisters, and friends; and entertain them with a round of social gayeties. Each "Easter Girl" has in advance a card made out for the week; she is scheduled perhaps to drive in the forenoon with handsome Mr. A, to attend the University ball game in the afternoon with jolly Mr. B, and to dance the German in the evening with polished Mr. C. She is also entertained with fantastic public ceremonies, called "goatings," at which the mettle of "the goats" is tested before they are taken into the fraternal fold.

Had Emerson lived in this sheltered valley where beautiful October weather lasts till Christmas, and spring comes by the middle of February, he would not have written,

"In May when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods."

A Bostonian may miss the familiar easterly shiver and yet be content to waken at Easter with the song of the thrush and the mocking bird and to find the dogwood blossom in the woods. Nor does his moral enthusiasm vanish from enervation. For many decades the University of Virginia has honored herself by the strength of her honor system. Not a proctor, but public sentiment condemns the man who violates the pledge that heads his examination paper. I recently attended a trial conducted by students before hundreds of fellow students at which a suspect was cleared of charges that had been preferred against him because of his thoughtless but innocent conduct during an examination.

"Set honor in one eye, and death'i the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;"

Yes, the ideal of the noble Roman will hold as truly for the University of Virginia as for Boston.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. PAUL, '97.

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